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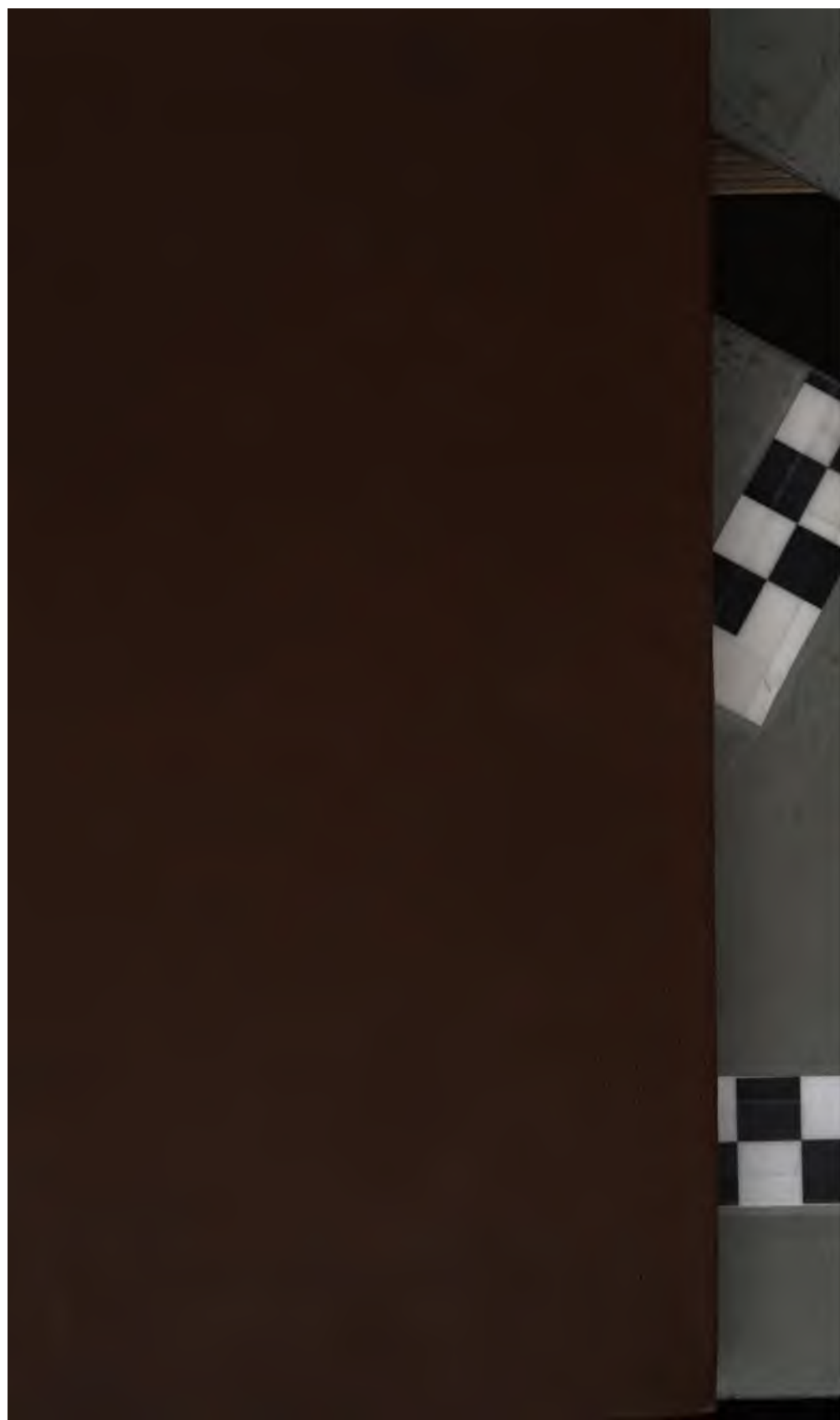
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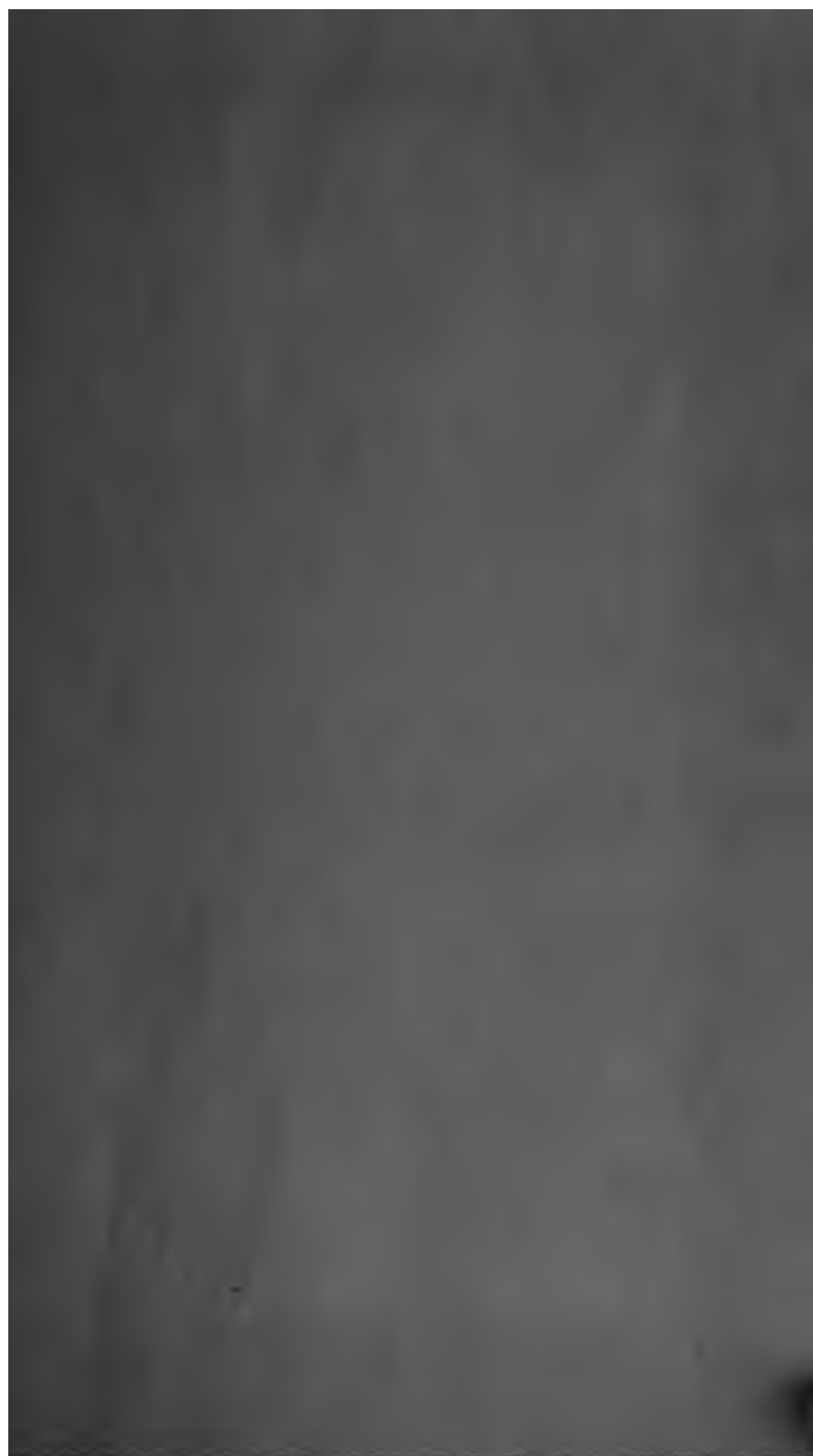




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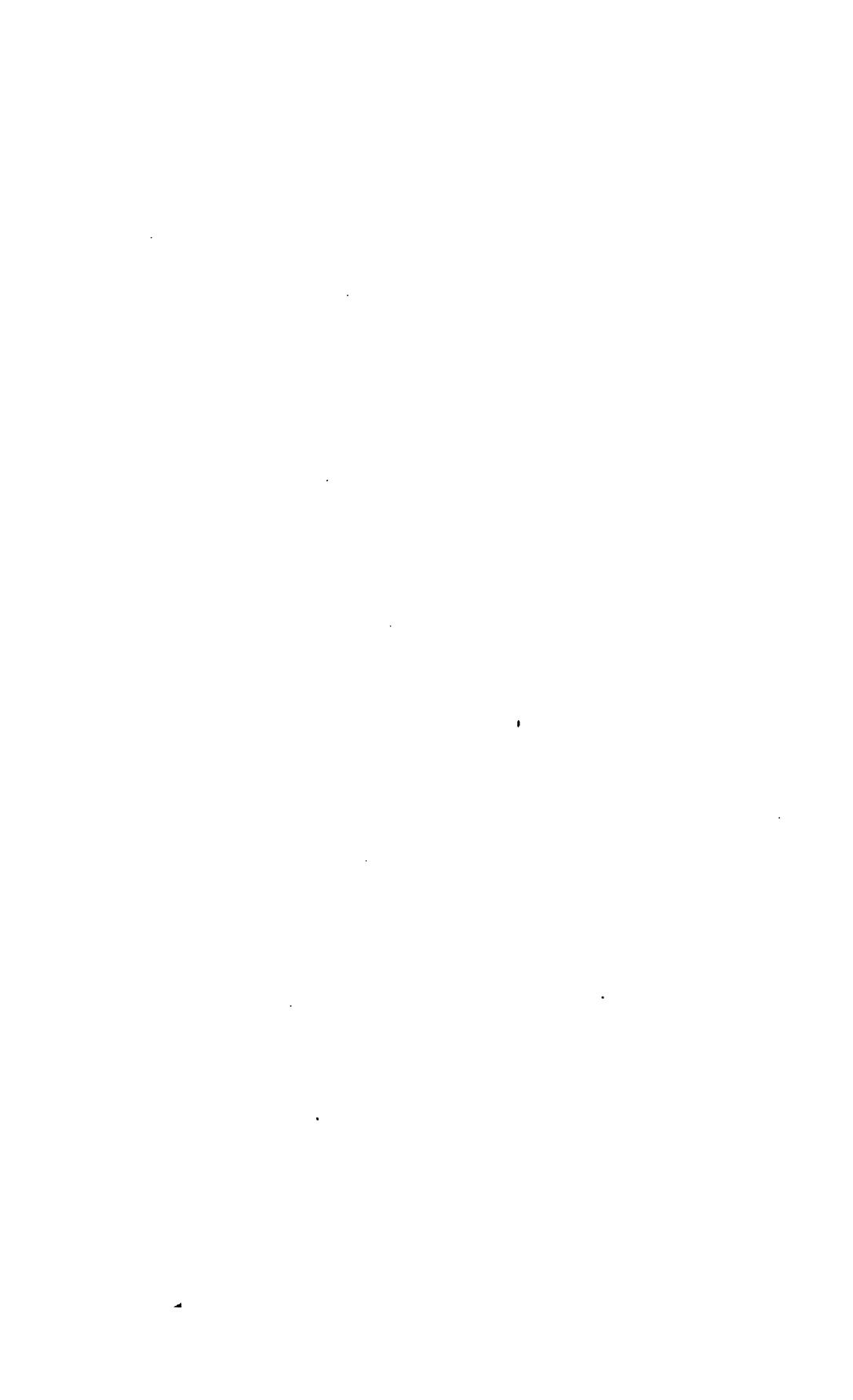
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BY T. DWIGHT SPRAGUE.

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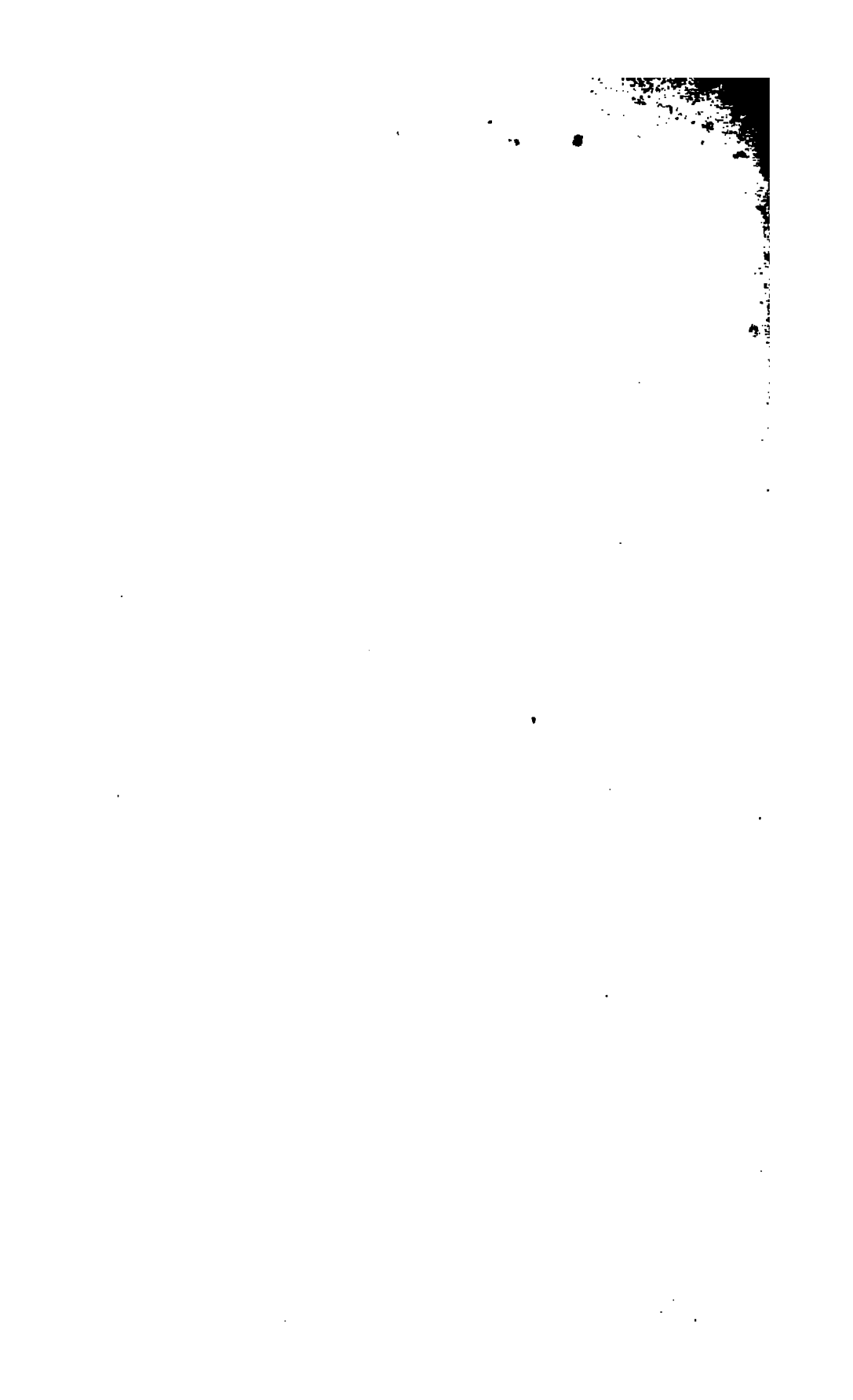
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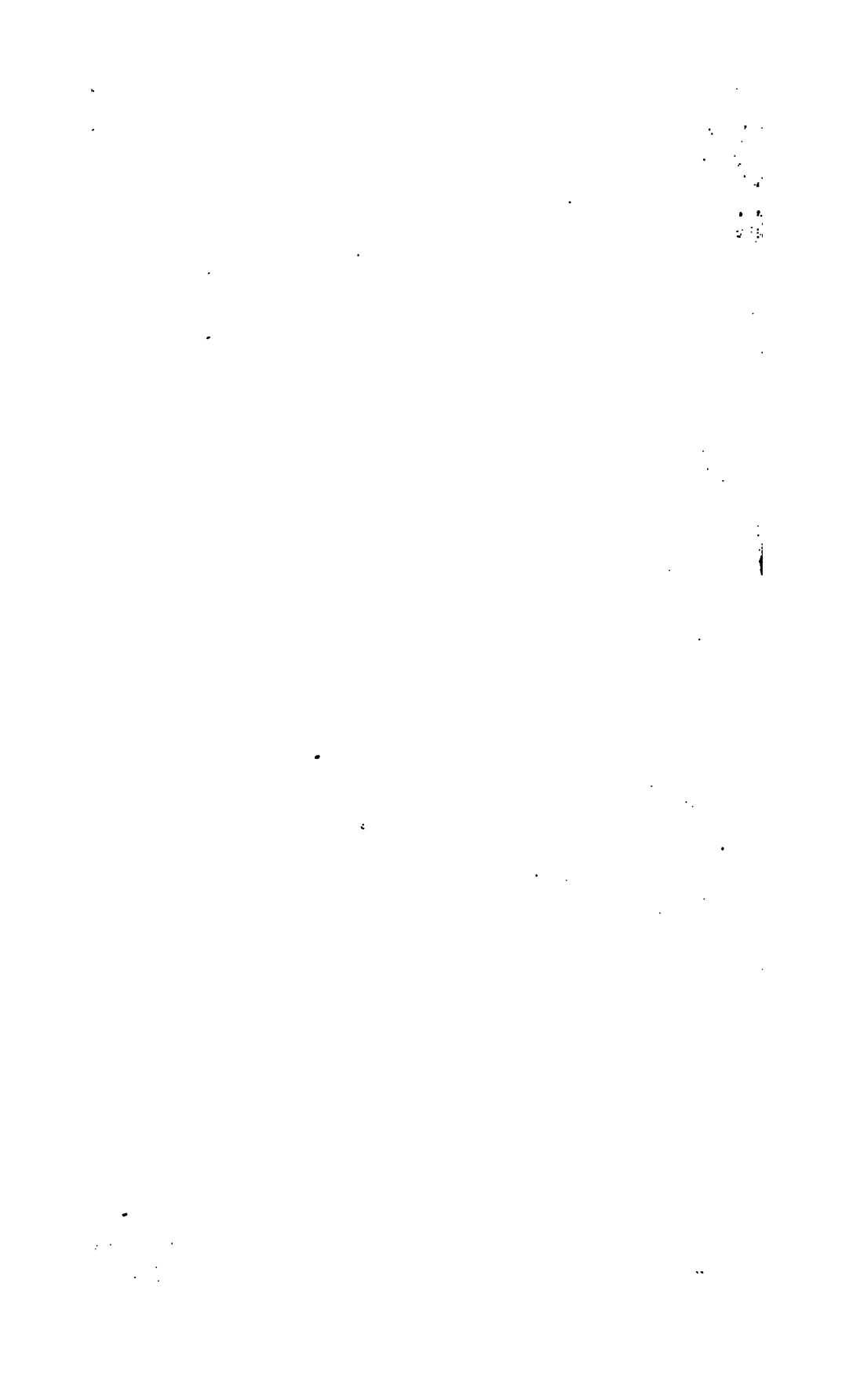
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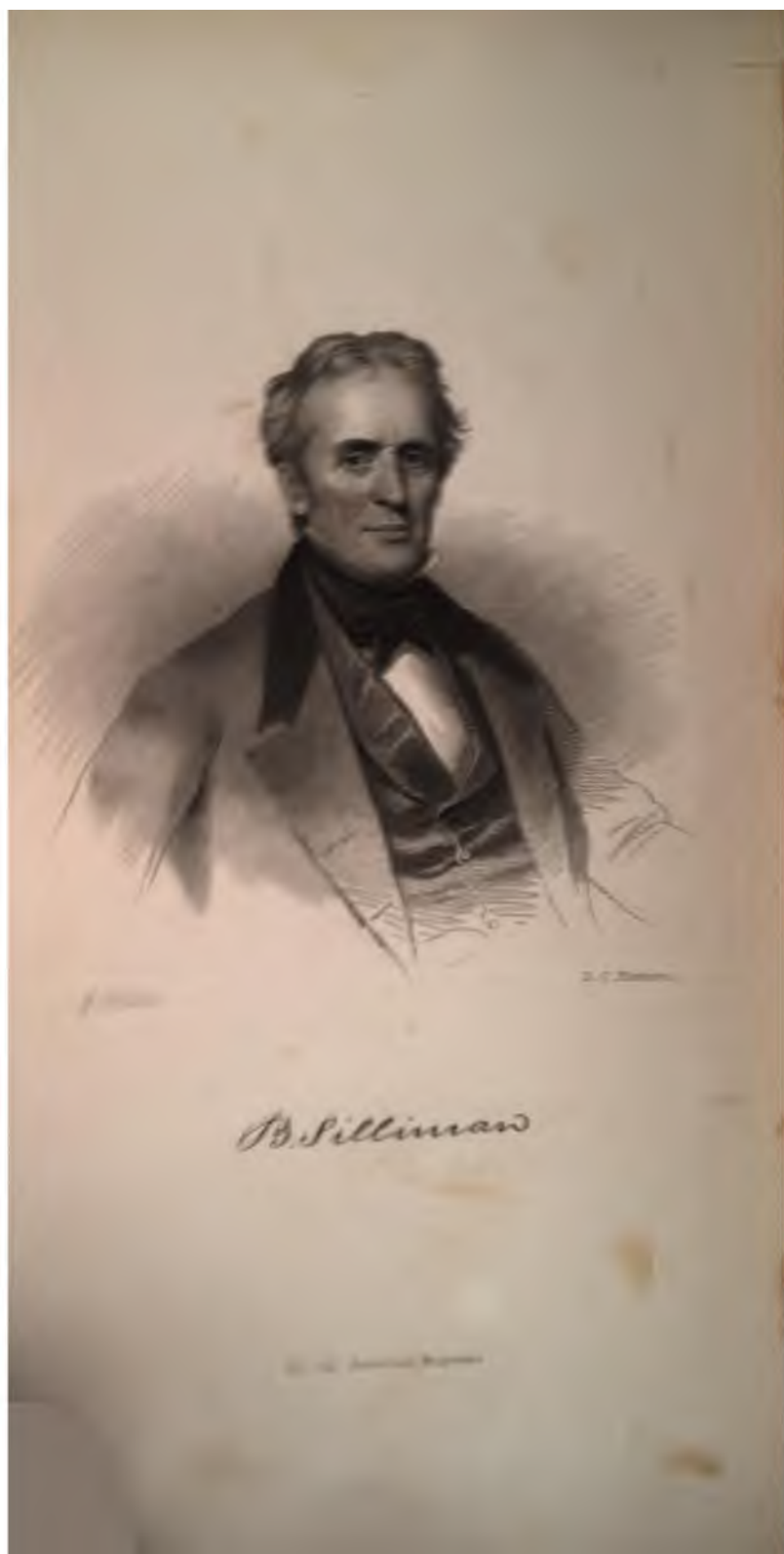


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AMERICAN LITERARY MAGAZINE.

Vol. III.

JULY, 1848.

No. 1.

BENJAMIN SILLIMAN.

THERE are few, if any, more eminent names recorded in the history of the physical sciences in America, than that of Benjamin Silliman. He was born, August 8th, 1779, at Trumbull, Fairfield county, Connecticut. Both his parents and grand-parents were of the higher class in society. His grandfather, who graduated at Yale College in 1727, was a distinguished lawyer, and judge of the Superior Court in Connecticut. His father, General Silliman, was also educated at the same institution, and for many years followed a similar profession, with superior success. When the war of the revolution broke out, abandoning the profession of the law, he hastily took up arms in his country's defence. His energy and daring raised him into public notice, and he was soon appointed Brigadier General, to guard the coast in the county of Fairfield. His services, so timely and important, are justly regarded with admiration.

With such examples before him, it was but natural to expect that young Silliman would lead a brilliant career. He was early prepared for Yale college, where he was admitted in 1792, at the age of fourteen, and graduated in 1796. While a member of college he was distinguished for activity of intellect and extensive range of thought. Even before leaving college, a striking proof was given of his original and innate talent for lecturing—an interesting presage of future celebrity and usefulness. He was appointed by an association of students to deliver a lecture on a subject to which he had not as yet, given attention. Though he had but little time for preparation, his lecture was an admirable effort, and was regarded as a great triumph of youthful genius.

After graduating he studied law, at the same time also pursuing a wide and varied range of studies in various branches of knowledge. In 1799 he was chosen tutor in Yale college, and was admitted to the bar in New Haven county in 1802.

The enterprize and energy of Dr. Dwight, procured the establishment of a professorship in the then new and rapidly rising sciences of Chemistry and Mineralogy, and Mr. Silliman in 1802, was chosen professor.

Mr. Silliman set out in his career a few years after Lavoiser had established the modern system of chemistry, and at about the same time with Sir Humphrey Davy and his compeers; early in a period which may perhaps be considered the most brilliant in the history of the physical sciences. In the early years of this century, the admiration of the whole literary and scientific public of Europe was attracted to the astonishing discoveries then making in the chemical constitution of the material universe. The mysterious constitution of all organized and unorganized matter, was daily unfolding through the labors of the great European chemists of the time. Not only the most studious, but the most aristocratic, wealthy, and fashionable portion of society in London and Paris were flocking to hear these discoveries announced in public lectures. But in this country the whole subject was yet to be introduced and public interest in it to be excited. Lectures had been but rarely given, and only in connection with the science of medicine. None, with the exception of a small number of medical students, had any opportunity of acquiring even as much knowledge of the wonders of chemistry as is now possessed by boys and girls in many of our primary schools.

For thirty years past no branch of the physical sciences has excited so universal an interest in this country, and been studied with so much zeal and delight as this. Few intelligent persons are ignorant of its most important facts and doctrines. The professorship of chemistry has long been considered an indispensable department in every college of whatever rank, and in all our higher academies. It is an established part of a complete female education; not only on account of the vast extent of the practical applications of chemistry, but for the sake of its expanding and ennobling influence, its effects in banishing superstition and superstitious feeling in connection with the wonders, laws and oper-

ations of nature, and in elevating the mind, through contemplation of the laws of the material world, to the Creator by whom they are established and maintained. It is to such expanded and elevated feelings that the study of chemistry owes its popularity, which has so long been maintained in this country. A mere operative chemist at the present day may be ranked as appropriately among manufacturers as among scientific men. In Europe the compounders of medicine, are, to a great extent, styled chemists. By such men, chemistry is practised merely as a trade. A practical chemist may be considered as ranking with a machinist or a civil engineer. (Observe, we are speaking of established branches of knowledge, and practical professions in society.) Great inventors or discoverers in the arts or sciences, form a class by themselves, as those who make new accessions to the stock of knowledge in the world. Their character and reputation are little dependent upon the particular branch of knowledge or the arts to which they make accessions. Mere practical chemistry, followed as it is by so many men as a trade, perhaps would not be considered as holding so high a rank, as was the case fifty years ago.

But Mr. Silliman's services to his country and to society are of the highest kind. Through his enterprise, energy and enthusiasm, not only chemistry and its kindred sciences, but, to a great extent, the whole range of the natural sciences have been introduced among his countrymen, and a wide-spread zeal awakened in their pursuit. To him also we are indebted not a little, for that enlargement in the range of our established courses of education, and the elevated feelings with which these branches of knowledge are pursued in our seminaries of learning. May we not safely say, that, in no country, are low and groveling superstitions, and the narrow-minded prejudices of ignorance, less prevalent throughout the great body of society, than in the United States? The more we reflect upon the necessary influence of this class of studies on the mind, the more we shall discover their value in improving the tone of thought and feeling in those who are engaged in the common pursuits of life. These studies, even if pursued to a small extent, train the mind, and may we not add, the heart, also, to sympathize with those great ideas of the Creator which are expressed in the laws of the natural world. Systematically, scientifically, and step by step do they lead us "through nature up to natura's God."

Upon being appointed to organize and establish this new department in Yale College, Mr. Silliman, after availing himself of all the resources afforded at home, immediately proceeded to Europe. The enterprise and energy which he evinced in qualifying himself for his great work, was truly remarkable. He traveled extensively both in Great Britain and on the continent, making the acquaintance of the first scientific and literary men of the age. He afterwards published a journal of his travels in Europe, which was pronounced by the highest literary authority in Great Britain, as one of the most successful efforts of American literature.

But his chief design in going to Europe was to acquaint himself with chemistry as taught by the great masters of the science. He accordingly studied it as a pupil of the ablest chemists of the day, in London, Edinburgh and Paris; taking pains to write out with the utmost care, notes of each lecture to which he listened. The zeal with which he pursued these studies was only equaled by the amount of knowledge he acquired. The minutest details given in the lecture-room were all treasured in his mind.

In his lectures, the reminiscences of his old instructors have been particularly interesting. The friendship and intercourse which he established with eminent scientific men, in Europe, have been very useful to the cause of science in this country. Not only by means of his journal, but correspondence, Mr. Silliman has been a principal medium of communication between the science of Europe and that of America.

As a lecturer, Mr. Silliman has been one of the most successful of the age. Many years ago, an intelligent Englishman, who had been accustomed to hear the ablest lecturers of London, at a time when Sir Humphrey Davy, Coleridge, and other most distinguished literary and scientific men of the day, were delighting large audiences in London, gathered from the most intelligent classes of that metropolis, and at a time when public lectures were frequented with fresh zeal and enthusiasm, upon hearing Mr. Silliman lecture, testified most decidedly to his preëminent ability, compared with the eminent lecturers of England. In this country, throughout the whole of his protracted course, Mr. Silliman has ranked highest in the estimation of the public.

It is impossible to convey to those who have never listened to

him in the lecture-room more than a faint idea of his extraordinary ability. We shall only hint at a few of his leading qualities, as they occur to us from personal recollections of him in the laboratory. Fluency, aptness and beauty of language, are always conspicuous in his lectures. Without any apparent effort, in an easy and graceful cadence, the words flow from his lips like notes from an organ; and to the richness and variety of tone which that instrument is capable of producing, his varied modulations may not inaptly be compared. From a soft and gentle, yet clear and distinct utterance, he sometimes rises to a lofty and sublime diction, carrying his audience along with him, until both orator and auditor are inspired, as it were, with feelings of awe and sublimity. His language is always well chosen. He has a word for every thought, and a thought for every word. He has a profusion of ornament, accompanied with a profusion of ideas. He scatters flowers with a liberal hand, but with the flower is always found the fruit. It is the orange tree, rather than the apple, where the fruit and the blossom are seen growing on the same branch.

He possesses remarkable originality and felicity of manner as a speaker. While Professor Silliman imitates no one, there are many who attempt to imitate him. A professor in a distant college, remarked that the professorship of Chemistry had been more sought after than any other professorship in our American colleges, each aspirant expecting to meet with a success like that of Mr. Silliman, and that thus far, all had been disappointed. Mr. Silliman's age and experience place him on vantage ground. Then again, he has been the pioneer in this branch of scientific knowledge in our country. He needs no text-book to refresh his memory. He is familiar with all the old foot-paths in the scientific world, and his genius is ready at hand when he lectures, to carry his audience out into new and unexpected fields of thought. Like the magician's wand, one stroke of his genius may reveal to the eye of the understanding, mysterious wonders in the chemical constitution of things. At the same time he is leading his hearers on in a way they know not, he does it as with a silken chord, gently conducting them on, step by step, from one point of grandeur to another, until they find themselves transported into the region of the sublime, where fancy comes in to their aid, and mag-



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Silliman is sure to be remembered to distant ages, as a chronicler and historian of science. The success of his journal for so many years is a surprising fact in the history of our period. He began with the most slender encouragement possible. In the earlier part of this enterprise several works of a similar character at different times sprung up, all of which were short lived; Mr. Silliman's is now in its thirty-first year. When first projected it seemed impossible that such an enterprise should succeed, so few in the country were able to contribute to it. The journal always has been valued and encouraged in England. It has exerted a powerful and constantly increasing influence in multiplying the number of scientific men in the country. It has been one of the chief causes of the great number of scientific men in this country who are attracting the attention of England, by their ability and success. As the journal has enlarged, contributors have increased in still greater proportion. For several years its publication has been bimonthly instead of quarterly.

Mr. Silliman is well known as the author of several important scientific works in addition to his journal, and his books of travel. By far the most voluminous and perhaps the least methodical of any of his works is his chemistry. Its most important use is as a book of reference, for which it was undoubtedly compiled. It will not add, perhaps, to the reputation of its author, but it is impossible that it should detract from it. He edited several American editions of Bakewell's Geology, and Henry's Chemistry.

One of the most interesting books of travel written by Mr. Silliman is that entitled "Remarks made on a short tour between Hartford and Quebec, in the Autumn of 1819." The spirited descriptions of this volume and the copious historical recollections of the numerous remarkable spots on the route render it as fascinating as a novel. It is decidedly a model, and will be studied by the tourist at the present day with pleasing profit. He will find its descriptions so true to the life, the imagery and beauty of language such a perfect semblance of the beautiful imagery of nature around him, that the one will seem to heighten the beauties of the other. Here we give an extract from the work, the description of Monte Video, which, though written many years ago, will have a special interest at this time, on account of the recent decease of the late worthy proprietor of these grounds, the Hon. Daniel Wadsworth of Hartford.

"After constantly ascending, for nearly three miles, we reached the highest ridge of the mountain, from which a steep declivity of a few rods brought us to a small rude plain, terminated at a short distance by the western brow, down which the same fine turnpike road is continued. From this plain, the traveler who wishes to visit a spot called Monte Video, remarkable for the extraordinary beauty of its natural scenery, will turn directly to the north, into an obscure road, cut through the woods by the proprietor of the place to which it conducts. The road is rough, and the view bounded on the east by the ridge, which, in many places, rises in perpendicular cliffs, to more than one hundred feet above the general surface of the summit of the mountain. On the west, you are so shut in by trees, that it is only occasionally, and for a moment, that you perceive there is a valley immediately below you.

At the end of a mile and a half, the road terminates at a tenant's house, built in the Gothic style, and through a gate of the same description, you enter the cultivated part of this very singular country residence.

Here the scene is immediately changed. The trees no longer intercept your view upon the left, and you look almost perpendicularly into a valley of extreme beauty, and great extent, in the highest state of cultivation, and which, although apparently within reach, is six hundred and forty feet below you. At the right, the ridge, which has until now been your boundary, and seemed an impassable barrier, suddenly breaks off and disappears, but rises again at the distance of half a mile, in bold, grey masses, to the height of one hundred and twenty feet, crowned by forest trees, above which appears a tower, of the same color as the rocks.

The space or hollow, caused by the absence of the ridge, or what may very properly be called the *back bone* of the mountain, is occupied by a deep lake, of the purest water, nearly a half a mile in length, and somewhat less than half that width. Directly before you, to the north, from the cottage or the tenant's house, and extending half a mile, is a scene of cultivation, uninclosed, and interspersed with trees, in the centre of which stands the house. The ground is gently undulating, bounded on the west by the precipice which overlooks the Farmington valley, and inclining gently to the east, where it is terminated by the fine margin of trees that skirt the lake. After entering the gate, a broad foot-path, leaving the carriage road, passes off to the left, and is carried along the western brow of the mountain, until passing the house, and reaching the northern extremity of this little domain, it conducts you, almost imperceptibly, round to the foot of the cliffs, on which the Tower stands. It then gradually passes down to the north extremity of the lake, where it unites with other paths, at a white picturesque building, overshadowed with trees,

standing on the edge of the water, commanding a view of the whole of it, and open on every side, during the warm weather, forming at that season, a delightful summer house, and in the winter being closed, it serves as a shelter for the boat. There is also another path which, beginning at the gate, but leading in a contrary direction, and passing to the right, conducts you up the ridge, to what is now the summit of the south rock, whose top having fallen off, lies scattered in huge fragments and massy ruins, around and below you.

From this place you have a view of the lake, of the boat at anchor on its surface, gay with its streamers and snowy awnings : of the white building at the north extremity of the water, and, (rising immediately above it,) of forest trees, and bold rocks intermingled with each other, and surmounted by the Tower.

To the west, the lawn rises gradually from the water, until it reaches the portico of the house, near the brow of the mountain, beyond which, the western valley is again seen.

To the east and north, the eye wanders over the great valley of Connecticut river, to an almost boundless distance, until the scene fades away, among the blue and indistinct mountains of Massachusetts.

The carriage road, leaving the two foot-paths, just described, at the gate, passes the cottage and its appendages, inclining at first down towards the water, and then following the undulations of the ground, where the ascent is the easiest, winds gently up to the flat on which the house stands. Along this road the house, the tower, the lake, etc. occasionally appear and disappear, through the openings in the trees ; in some parts of it, all these objects are shut from your view, and in no part is the distant view seen, until passing through the last group of shrubbery near the house, you suddenly find yourself within a few yards of the brow of the mountain, and the valley with all its distinct minuteness, immediately below, where every object is as perfectly visible, as if placed upon a map. Through the whole of this lovely scene, which appears a perfect garden, the Farmington river pursues its course, sometimes sparkling through imbowering trees, then stretching in a direct line, bordered with shrubbery, blue, and still, like a clear canal, or bending in graceful sweeps, round white farm houses, or through meadows of the deepest green.

The view from the house towards the east, presents nothing but the lake at the foot of the lawn, bounded on the north and south by lofty cliffs, and on the opposite shore by a lower barrier of rocks, intermixed with forest trees, from among which a road is seen to issue, passing to the south along the brink of the water, and although perfectly safe, appears to form, from that quarter, a dangerous entrance to this retired spot.

Everything in this view, is calculated to make an impression of the most entire seclusion ; for, beyond the water and the open

ground in the immediate neighborhood of the house, rocks and forests alone meet the eye, and appear to separate you from all the rest of the world. But at the same moment that you are contemplating this picture of the deepest solitude, you may without leaving your place, merely by changing your position, see through one of the long Gothic windows of the same room, which reach to a level with the turf, the glowing western valley, one vast sheet of cultivation, filled with inhabitants, and so near, that with the aid only of a common spy glass, you distinguish the motions of every individual who is abroad in the neighboring village, even to the frolics of the children, and the active industry of the domestic fowls, seeking their food, or watching over, and providing for their young. And from the same window, when the morning mist, shrouding the world below, and frequently hiding it completely from view, still leaves the summit of the mountain in clear sunshine, you may hear through the dense medium, the mingled sounds, occasioned by preparations for the rural occupations of the day.

From the boat or summer house, several paths diverge, one of which, leading to the north-east, after passing through a narrow defile, is divided into two branches; the first passes round the lake, and generally out of sight of it for a quarter of a mile, until, descending a very steep bank through a grove of evergreens so dark as to be almost impervious to the rays of the sun, even at noon-day, it brings you suddenly and unexpectedly out upon the eastern margin of the water, into the same road which was seen from the opposite side, and from thence along it to the cottage, beyond the foot of the south rock. The other branch of the path, after leaving the defile, passes to the east side of the northern ridge, and thence you ascend through the woods to its summit, where it terminates at the Tower, standing within a few rods of the precipice. The Tower is a hexagon, of sixteen feet diameter, and fifty five feet high; the ascent of about eighty steps on the inside, is easy, and from the top, which is nine hundred and eighty feet above the level of the Connecticut river, you have at one view all those objects which have been seen separately from the different stations below. The diameter of the view in two directions, is more than thirty miles, extending into the neighboring States of Massachusetts and New York, and comprising the space of more than thirty of the nearest towns and villages. The little spot of cultivation surrounding the house, and the lake, are lost with its picturesque appendages of boat, winding paths, and Gothic buildings, shut in by rocks and forests, compose the foreground of this grand Panorama.

On the western side the Farmington valley appears, in still greater extent, than even from the lower brow, and is seen to a distance of several miles, presenting many objects which were not visible from any other quarter. On the east, is spread before you, the

great plain through which the Connecticut river winds its course, and upon the borders of which the towns and villages are traced for more than forty miles. The most considerable place within sight, is Hartford, where, although at the distance of eight miles in a direct line, you see, with the aid of a glass, the carriages passing at the intersection of the streets, and distinctly trace the motion and position of the vessels, as they appear, and vanish upon the river, whose broad sweeps are seen like a succession of lakes, extending through the valley. The whole of this magnificent picture, including in its vast extent, cultivated plains and rugged mountains, rivers, towns and villages, is encircled by a distant outline of blue mountains, rising in shapes of endless variety."

The following description of Quebec, illustrates our author's conciseness of style :

" Quebec, at least, for an American city, is certainly a very peculiar place.

A military town—containing about twenty thousand inhabitants,—most compactly and permanently built—stone its sole material—environed, as to its most important parts, by walls and gates,—and defended by numerous heavy cannon, garrisoned by troops, having the arms, the costume, the music, the discipline of Europe—foreign in language, features, and origin, from most of those whom they are sent to defend—founded upon a rock, and, in its highest parts, overlooking a great extent of country—between three and four hundred miles from the ocean—in the midst of a great continent—and yet displaying fleets of foreign merchantmen, in its fine capacious bay—and shewing all the bustle of a crowded sea-port—its streets narrow—populous and winding up and down almost mountainous declivities—situated in the latitude of the finest parts of Europe—exhibiting in its environs, the beauty of an European capital—and yet, in winter, smarting with the cold of Siberia—governed by a people, of different language and habits, from the mass of the population—opposed in religion, and yet leaving that population without taxes, and in the full enjoyment of every privilege, civil and religious; such are some of the most prominent features, which strike a stranger in the city of Quebec."

Though he has reached that period of life when most men begin to feel the infirmities of age, and the decline of mental vigor, Mr. Silliman still exhibits the freshness of manhood. His step is elastic and firm, and his voice has lost none of its richness of tone nor is it at all enfeebled. The college in which he has labored with such brilliant success for more than forty years, may

yet hope that his important services will long be continued to it, and science too, we trust, shall yet receive, as the result of his future labors in the cabinet and the laboratory, many rich accessions.

Mr. Silliman possesses, in a great measure, those social qualities which are the ornament of domestic life and which render home the sweetest spot on earth. Some men of genius allow the duties of their profession to encroach upon the pleasures of the fireside, or to close, as it were, the avenue to the affections, which should brighten on the countenance of him who is the central light of the family circle.

In addition to the refinement of the scholar, Mr. Silliman always bears in his person, carriage demeanor, even in his gait, and certainly in his address, the perfect semblance of a polished gentleman. With that indescribable air which at once assures the observer not only of his complete self-respect, but of his respect for others; with a figure, portly but not abese; with features cast in the mould of manly beauty, and a step, dignified and vigorous, he is at once remarked by the stranger for his personal advantages and the prepossession thus excited is almost or quite invariably followed by a feeling of regard and reverence even more creditable to its object.

Not only does he possess these pleasing qualities of the man of society and the accomplishments of the man of science, but—more than all—he sustains the character of a consistent and exemplary christian. His piety, however, never wears an aspect of austerity; and why should it? It is of that serene and joyful cast, which makes the soul strong. With his fine thoughts on the grand study of the architecture of the world, generally called Geology, and on the subtle analysis of the kingdom of matter, called Chemistry, he often weaves noble conceptions of the great religious truths of external nature, and renders most fervent tribute to the God who made the mysteries, which science seeks to solve. Although he is above all romantic ambition to become a martyr to science, he once distinctly said to his class, that he would “as soon be taken away from life in the act of performing an experiment, as in his closet at prayer.” How natural is the wish of the writer in this connection, that the distinguished subject of this sketch may live

long before what the ancients called the "*atra dies*," shall come to visit him; which will, however, be to him rather the "*præclaru dies*" of Cicero, that illustrious day, when his soul shall suffer glorious expansion and incalculable knowledge shall be poured into faculties made infinite in eternity.

THOUGHTS OF A STRANGER WHILE RAMBLING
THROUGH MOUNT HOPE CEMETERY.*

I.

Sweet sylvan Mount! home of yon city's dead!
A stranger walks beneath thy leafy bowers:
To whom the gloomiest grave-yard hath no dread,
If hope but beam around, like budding flowers.
'T is sweet, though floods the eye with crystal showers,
To stroll where Death in holy quiet dwells;
Where roses bloom and myrtles climb the towers
Affection placed, in nooks and flowery dells,
To add, in graven lines, to memory's golden spells.

II.

Here nature vies with sweetly cultured art;
The wild-flower's fragrance blendeth with the rose;
The bird's soft carol melteth in the heart,
And mingled charms the stricken soul compose.
Fly Melancholy! cheerless child of woes!
'T is unbecoming here to hold thy sway.
Thee, hope expels—hope that divinely glows
In hearts made soft by mercy's mellow ray—
Love's purely lucent flame that smiles amid decay.

* The location of this beautiful cemetery, it is well known, is about one mile and a half south-east of the city of Rochester, N. Y.

III.

Heart-soothing hope ! light up yon cloud-cast brow
That leans, in anguish, o'er that late-trimm'd grave.
That garnered dust shall wake : Heaven's changeless vow
Hath made it sure, Death shall not long enslave.
His reign must cease, and sorrow's tumid wave
Like wind-born billows, soon be lulled to rest.
O'er the wan cheek, that bitter tears oft lave,
Shall play love's lambent light—that radiant guest
Which warms the pallid cheek and cheers the darkened breast.

IV.

Though stranger here, I love, Mount Hope, to roam
Thy rural paths that circle every hill.
Thou'st grown almost familiar as my home,
My cottage home beside the bounding rill.
I ask no richer boon, when Sovereign will
Shall summon me from life, than here to lie
Beneath the violet beds or daffodil,
That bloom so sweetly 'neath the summer sky ;
Frail life's fit emblems these, that blossom but to die.

V.

Sweet Mount, adieu ! earth's duties urge me hence.
Thy charms *unwritten* memory's page shall grace.
Each golden item, gathered by each sense,
Thither transferr'd, time's hand shall ne'er efface.
And as I journey o'er life's little space,
Like angel-whispers let these memories be,
To lure me upward to that resting place
God's chosen find, beyond life's restless sea ;
Then gladly, sacred Mount, I'd yield this clay to thee.

MUSINGS IN FERRARA.

NO. I.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHRISTMAS HOLYDAYS IN ROME."

THERE are few sights more desolate than a half-deserted city. To walk where was once the busy tread of thousands, and witness only a solitude, seems to send back a chill upon the heart. Such were our feelings when, as the day was closing, we drove into the silent streets of Ferrara. There is no place we have seen in Italy, which impressed us with such a sense of desolation. To us, gathering our recollections from the page of history, it was associated with the remembrance of all that was gay and splendid. Here for ages ruled the princely House of Este, and their court was unsurpassed for its brilliancy in Southern Europe. And mingled with these things come recollections of Ariosto and Tasso—names which shall live when the members of princely houses have long been forgotten.

But the glory of Ferrara passed away. Its royal court departed, and letters found no patrons within its walls. In 1597, on the death of Alfonso II, it was attached to the Church by Clemens VIII, on the pretext that Cæsar d'Este, the representative of the family in a collateral line, was disqualified by illegitimacy. Then a blight fell upon it. Its University decayed; its School of Art, which the ancient line of Princes had fostered, gradually became extinct; and with the departure of the high-born and chivalrous, vanished also that spirit of the Troubadours which had thrown a charm around the Court, and been the fountain of all that was elevated and elegant in poetry, and graceful and refined in modern life. Thus Ferrara became what we found it. Its hundred thousand inhabitants have diminished down to less than a quarter of that number, and these are collected in the centre of the city, or only thinly scattered over the outskirts, like a body in which the vital energy has deserted the extremities. Around the walls everything seemed to be as deserted as at Pompeii. The

grass is growing on the pavement of its wide streets; its magnificent palaces are untenanted and falling into decay; while the wild vine winds its way up through the broken doors and windows, and clammers over the stair-cases and balconies, wreathing them with its festoons. Everything, however, even in ruin, has an air of courtly grandeur in accordance with the ancient celebrity of the city; and as the carriage drove on through the melancholy solitude, we could not but repeat to ourselves those lines of Byron :

“ Ferrara! in thy wide and grass-grown streets,
Whose symmetry was not for solitude,
There seems, as 'twere, a curse upon the seats
Of former sovereigns, and the antique brood
Of Este, which, for many an age, made good
Its strength within thy walls, and was of yore
Patron or tyrant, as the changing mood
Of petty power impell'd, of those who wore
The wreath which Dante's brow alone had worn before.”

Directly opposite to our hotel stands the massive pile that was once the Ducal Palace, now the residence of the Cardinal Legate. It is a large building, defended at its angles by large towers, while its broad moat and draw-bridge speak to us of feudal times. There are, however, few traces remaining within of its Ducal grandeur, but it wears an air of melancholy, in accordance with the deserted aspect of the city. You may wander through its lofty apartments, and all seem to bring before you the desolation of a ruined race, and the neglect of centuries. The paintings by the masters of the Ferrarese school, with which they were formerly decorated, have entirely disappeared, except on the ceilings of the ante-chamber, and the saloon of Aurora, which have preserved their paintings by Dosso Dossi.

In 1817, Lord Byron came to Ferrara, and writes to a friend : “ Ferrara is much decayed and depopulated, but the castle still exists entire, and I saw the court where Parasina and Hugo were beheaded.” The tragedy to which he refers, is related by the old Italian historians, as occurring in this very palace in 1405, and is mentioned by Gibbon in his “ Antiquities of the House of Brunswick.” The narrative arrested the attention of Byron, and his genius has invested the gloomy fortress with an interest which most had never felt, until they read his Parasina. The story is told in a few words. The Prince of Este had married a lady much younger than himself, and who had been originally destined

for his favorite natural son Ugo. He discovers a criminal attachment between them, and with the sternness of Brutus, condemns his son to be beheaded before the eyes of his paramour. And we doubt whether Byron ever wrote anything more rich in poetic genius, than his version of this simple narrative. The very opening is soft and voluptuous, in a series of touches bringing before us a perfect picture of an Italian evening, yet still tinged with that indescribable air of sadness which is felt through the whole poem :

“ It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard ;
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whisper'd word ;
And gentle winds, and waters near,
Make music to the lonely ear.
Each flower the dew has lightly wet,
And in the sky the stars are met,
And on the wave is deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue,
And in the heaven that clear obscure,
So softly dark, and darkly pure,
Which follows the decline of day,
As twilight melts beneath the moon away.
But it is not to list to the waterfall
That Parasina leaves her hall.”

But this is a record of guilty passion, and is not its influence therefore injurious ? Is it not weaving the rich veil of poetry about crime, and thus, as it were, rendering it attractive by the magic touch of genius ? We confess we think not so ? The question was warmly debated thirty years ago, when the poem first appeared, and it was well argued at that time, by an anonymous writer in Blackwood, that the moral of the tragedy is preserved by the very rapidity with which punishment follows in the steps of crime. We scarcely have a single glance at the guilt before there comes the quick retribution. We have scarcely had time to condemn the sinning son, when we are hurried to the trial and the instant execution.

“ Hark ! the hymn is singing—
The song of the dead below,
Or the living who shortly shall be so !
For a departing being's soul
The death-hymn peals, and the hollow bells knoll :
He is near his mortal goal ;
Kneeling at the Friar's knee ;
Sad to hear—and piteous to see—
Kneeling on the bare, cold ground,

With the block before, and the guards around,
 And the headsman with his bare arm ready,
 That the blow may be both swift and steady;
 Feels if the axe be sharp and true,
 Since he set its edge anew;
 While the crowd in a speechless circle gather
 To see the son fall by the doom of the father!"

And so it is with Parasina. All recollection of her guilt is lost in the dreary contemplation of her uncertain fate. History declares that she, too, was beheaded after her lover; but perhaps the poet has rendered the story more impressive by leaving her end shrouded in mystery. We last hear of her at the execution, and as the axe falls on the block with a dull and sullen sound,

———" what cleaves the silent air
 So madly shrill, so passing wild?
 That, as a mother's o'er her child
 Done to death by sudden blow,
 To the sky those accents go,
 Like a soul's in endless woe.
 Through Azo's palace-lattice driven,
 That horrid voice ascends to heaven,
 And every eye is turned thereon;
 But sound and sight alike are gone!
 It was a woman's shriek—and ne'er
 In madlier accents rose despair;
 And those who heard it as it past,
 In mercy wished it were the last."

In that moment of unutterable agony, there must have been an amount of suffering condensed, which made a fit retribution for the guilt resting on her. Then the curtain falls, and her future history is left to the imagination.

———" Parasina's fate lies hid
 Like dust beneath the coffin lid;
 Whether in convent she abode,
 And won to Heaven her dreary road
 By blighted and remorseful years
 Of scourge, and fast, and sleepless tears;
 Or if she fell by bowl or steel,
 For that dark love she dared to feel;
 Or if upon the moment smote,
 She died by tortures less remote;
 Like him she saw upon the block,
 With heart that share'd the headsman's shock,
 In quicken'd brokenness that came
 In pity to her shatter'd frame,
 None knew—and none can ever know;
 But whatsoe'er her end below,
 Her life began and closed in woe!"

But the whole poem teaches throughout the same lesson of retribution. It reached still higher than the guilty pair. There is a retribution which came even to the proud father on his throne, and made him realize that in this tragedy he was himself only reaping the reward of his own early sins. It is only inculcating a lesson which the world has marked from the earliest time. It is the lesson which pervades some of the old Greek tragedies, when they set forth the darkness of that righteous visitation which hangs over the fated house of Atticus. It is a retribution moving with "a foot of velvet, but a hand of steel," tracking the family from generation to generation, until its time had come, and the blow was struck. It was heard in that voice which announced with prophetic solemnity to Agamemnon, the approaching and inevitable darkness of his fate :

"The gather'd guilt of elder times
Shall re-produce itself in crimes ;
There is a day of vengeance still—
Linger it may—but come it will."

So, as we said, life always is, and so it was with the House of Este. For years Ugo had been the pride of his father's heart, his companion in festival and fray, charging by his side in battle, as he himself describes it :

"We, all side by side, have striven,
And o'er the dead our coursers driven ;
My spurs have lanced my courser's flank
Before proud chiefs of princely rank,
When charging to the cheering cry
Of 'Este and of victory !'"

And now the very instrument of his agony is this son of the betrayed Bianca ; and the emotion with which Agamemnon listened to the awful chorus of the Greek tragedy we have already quoted, could not have been more powerful than those which shook the troubled spirit of Azo, when, before his tribunal of judgment, his son uttered the declaration :

"Thou gavest, and may'st resume my breath,
A gift for which I thank thee not ;
Nor are my mother's wrongs forgot ;
Her slighted love and ruined name,
Her offspring's heritage of shame.
See what thy guilty love hath done !
Repaid thee with too like a son !"

These were our musings on that April night in Ferrara, when we beheld from our window the massive castle, within whose walls this tragedy was acted, and the still and solemn moonlight fell in glory on each pinnacle and tower, while the broad shadows gave an added massiveness to the walls, and depth to the moat, which like a serpent wound around them.

THE MISANTHROPE.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

Day after day passed by him, like the clouds,
Wild, dark and stormy, urged on by the blast ;
His life was a drear waste ; the future black,
The present nought but sorrow. When he waked,
He sickened at the thought of dragging through
The hours till midnight gave him rest again.
Shadow on shadow blackened o'er his path ;
He felt that utter withering of the heart
Which made him turn from life and long to die.
Day was a dim grey waste of sky above,
And man an animated mass below,
A breathing wilderness that swept him by
Like bubbles on the surface of a stream.
He cared not for them, they cared nought for him.
And night—Oh ! gloomy, melancholy night,
Gemmed with the myriad solemn eyes of stars !
Night hid, 'tis true, mortality from sight,
But then his thoughts fed, Actæon like, on his heart ;
And when his head upon his pillow sank,
Sleep brought but phantoms, mocking at the fool
Who trusted hope, and found her fruit but ashes.

He wandered 'mid the busy throngs around,
Feeling no interest in their griefs or joys.
Eyes cast their love-light into other eyes,
Voices spake music in reply to tones

Breathed in the moonlight—wild ambition urged
On to high deeds, and at the shrine of home,
Content, blue eyed and golden haired, smiled sweet,
Whilst he, though moulded of the self same clay,
Viewed every scene around without a throb
Of sympathy, but feeling all the while
Chained to the stern, cold rock of destiny,
The hungry vulture feeding on his heart.

The seasons changed unheeded. Winter's snow
Fell pure and soft and light as Innocence
Ere the world sees and taints it at a glance ;
The dark, wild grandeur of the storm swept o'er,
And the fierce blasts made nature quake with fear ;
The laughing spring came dancing o'er the earth,
Showering her buds, and singing in sweet glee ;
The golden summer, with her blazing sun,
Her leaves, her flowers, her sunsets, streams and winds,
Proud, gorgeous autumn, with his waving grain,
His harvest gatherings and his reaper-songs,
All woke no joyous change in him.

The moonlight, broad, and rich, and beautiful,
Bathed him, but gave not those sweet, gentle thoughts
That thrilled him in his youth. Oh, for those hours
Which circled by him like gay warbling birds,
When hope was like the almond, and each joy
An amaranth, when the feelings of his heart
Came sparkling upward like rich rosy wine
Within a golden chalice ; but the world,
Blear-eyed, harsh-voiced, with its strong iron-grasp,
Rent the sweet harp that breathed forth gentle sounds,
And left a broken and discordant frame.

REFLECTIONS ON THE CHARACTER OF RICHARD HOOKER.

BY A. N. L.

If time be only a part of the process by which greatness is evolved from the human soul, it is yet less when viewed with reference to greatness once established. At best, only an accident in the unfolding of high moral and spiritual forces, it quite loses the dignity of this relation when those forces have achieved their work, and assumed a positive, recorded attitude. All greatness worthy of the name, is but an aggregate of developed moral forces, which, while they work in time, transcend it. It is a voice from the moral order of the world, poured through the medium of an individual nature; a voice spoken from that part of human nature which is ever sunned by the favor of Heaven. Hence when delivered in time, true greatness no more shares its mutations, than the original whence it sprang. It has the universality and immortality of the moral order of which it is a part, and an expression. Time has only two offices to perform respecting greatness. It serves as a condition of its development; and it acts as the eliminator of all fleeting and accidental elements which, of necessity, interweave themselves with the process of development. Greatness developing, needs time; greatness developed, is independent of time. For when developed it is in some sense stript of its individual type, and reabsorbed into the moral order of which it is always a constituent part.

It is for this reason that great men, who long ago departed hence, seem to constitute a perpetual presence to the onflowing generations of the race, a very cloud by day and pillar of fire by night. The lapse of time cannot make them distant, because they are above its reach. They have entered into and become a part of the order, which moulds and directs all. They are as familiar to the succeeding states and moods of collective humanity, as the laws and forces which control the tides, and the sun, numbers and

quantities. They are no more estranged from us by the vicissitudes of religious and political life, than are the stars by the masses of vapor which roll beneath them. Homer is as near to us as to the Greeks of the time of Pericles. The mellow light of Plato's genius has in no way diminished or receded. As it rested upon the early fathers of the church, so now it rests upon us. Dante, Angelo and Raphael, still walk with the race, perpetually disciplining its steps to sublimer, holier measures, and adjusting its mien to a more heavenly mould. These considerations will furnish all the apology we wish to make, for calling attention through an article of this sort, to the name of Hooker, a name which if any, has its place fixed in the memory of the world. It is well sometimes to turn from those moving about us in the living present, great though they be, to the grand old countenances, which look down from the cloud of witnesses by which we are encompassed. It is well to turn occasionally from the contemplation of the types of greatness which we have, to those which we have not, to those, which, framed under other and more adverse times, have a fuller cast, a stouter fibre and a braver, loftier look. There is no age but accomplishes something, but has some sort of greatness, some sort of claim upon the sympathy of the ages following. There is no age but has tendencies and impulses, requiring to be corrected, currents of achievement needing to be purified, enthusiasms and aspirations, needing to be brought under restraint. To ascertain what these are, and how they are to be valued, corrected, purified and restrained, what way more simple and easy than to scan the best features of other times as gathered up and concentrated in the greatness of master spirits—to use the illustrious and the good of other days, as mirrors in which may be seen and read the sort of language spoken by the present and the nature of the impress which it is leaving upon the world. This is the use we shall now make of the name of Hooker. We do not propose to draw a formal comparison of the moral drift of Hooker, which was certainly the most lofty and comprehensive of his day, with that of the present; nor to plant side by side the type of greatness which he wrought out, and the type of greatness which we have in our own day. We have an earnest and a stronger; and we wish to tell the reason we the impress which it stamped its lineaments to bring out

its most conspicuous lights and shades. This attitude is assumed in order that the desired tribute of love and admiration may be paid without bringing down from the serene atmosphere in which it dwells, the memory of the "*clarum et venerabile nomen*," and soiling it by contact with the differences, the disputes, and the struggles of the present. The inferences, the lessons, the admonitions to be drawn from the points which we shall notice in the character of Hooker, will readily suggest themselves to the reader, and will be possessed of a force, greater or less, as he may chance to look upon the intellectual, moral and religious aspects of his own time.

The constituent elements of Hooker's greatness may be most easily come at, by ascertaining how he stood concerning certain fundamental modes of doing and thinking, of resisting and achieving, of conserving and innovating; modes about which there has never been perfect unanimity of opinion, and yet, for or against which all men must act, who would influence the aspects of the world. What then, let us briefly inquire, was his attitude as to those religious, social and philosophical movements of humanity, which in some shape, inform and guide and control every age?

At no time, since apostolic days, has Christianity been fully and perfectly brought to bear upon the world. There are always certain features which assume such prominence as to obscure others. In the zealous assertion of some doctrines, others equally essential, fall into neglect. In fostering a vigorous growth of some virtue, others equally important are left to languish. Thus by the same process, men develop and cramp, energize and paralyze. Christianity is so vast a fact, so infinite a truth, so measureless a revelation, that it overpowers the faculty of expression, even more than it transcends the faculty of comprehension. Like the horizon, it can be seen only in segments. It would seem that but one, or at least but a few of these, are fully disclosed to the vision of single generations. This has given rise to the long line of conflicts, of which sacred history is but little more than a record. What one generation forgets, another labors to revive, and in the process itself, loses sight of what yet another must in turn struggle to bring forward. To reach completeness, wholeness of view, and oneness of life and teaching, is ever the aim of Christian humanity. In this work it always adopts one of two methods. It always advances in the line of invention, or the line of restoration,

It seeks to accomplish its end by one of two classes of means, by the class which has been from the beginning, which accompanied the introduction of the faith, and has ever moved contemporaneous with it, or by that which changes with the changing aspects of the world, and has its origin in the invention of the human understanding. If it adopt the first class, then in the work of restoring what is lost, or reviving what is dead, will it draw around itself the shadow of venerable authorities, and look anxiously to the recorded experience of the world, it will move along the path of ancient and positive revelation, and cling trustingly to the great objective guides which men have been forced to heed in widely different conditions of life, and stages of advance. But if it adopt the second class, it will attempt to restore and to revive, by inventive processes by a farther abandonment of old positions, and by framing new schemes, upon novel principles, schemes whose thoroughly modern air shall banish every remnant of antiquity. It will labor to restore the old, or what is lost, by inventing the new or what has never before formed a part of the Catholic system. For criteria of judgment based upon the wisdom of successive generations, and constituting a sort of effluence from the reason of universal man, it will substitute the notions, the opinions, and subjective impressions of the individual understanding. For the voice of the collective past, and the original witness of primitive days, it will substitute the voice of a shifting present, and the testimony of the insulated intellect. This last has been the method by which Christian humanity, since the reformation has labored to reach oneness and completeness of life and doctrine. In saying this we make only a general statement which we are aware admits of many an important modification.

This last method was not the method of the "judicious" Hooker. Though he lived at a time when of all others there was most to prune away as being useless, and most to revive as being dead, yet, he uniformly and tenaciously adhered to the traditional type of the faith, or that mould of life and doctrine which was framed by the associated wisdom and experience of the past, once forsaking this for the ideal type, or that framed by the separate, independent judgements of the private understanding. He sought for old, not new positions; and amid the fluctuating phenomena of the religious world, he was content to submit his reasonings and his notions, to the ancient formula, *quod semper, quod abique, quod*

ab omnibus. And there was no other rejuvenescence of Christian truth, which he cared to labor for, than that which could be derived from the cleansing waters of apostolic founts.

What, let us now inquire, was the stand point, whence Hooker was wont to look upon the phenomena of political society; what according to him is the nature of the state; how and to what extent is the life of the individual blended with the life of the mass. Ultimately there are but two ways of viewing the state. According to the one, it is the creature of man, and is human; according to the other, it is the creature of God and is divine. According to the one, it is a mere aggregation of individual units, subject only to self-enacted laws, and in which the will of a numerical majority is the Supreme authority. According to the other, it is in the last analysis an idea patterned after a form as holy and immutable as that of the family; an idea whose outward shape and dress may change with the accidents of human condition, and may be regulated by human judgment; but whose inner life and soul, are above, and may not be touched by these. It has an organic life independent of the several lives of which it is composed, or in other words it has a life, which, amid the perpetual flux of its component elements, preserves the principle of continuity and identity. It has a voice and a law; it has a will, supreme over those of a fluctuating, physical majority.

This last was the view of Hooker. He believed the State to be as much an institution of Heaven as the family, and its discipline to be so ordered as to be at once only that of the family enlarged and transfigured, and a mode of probation of the faith and will of man: of the faith, because claiming an authority which would counsel submission under circumstances where the right to resist would be deferred only on the ground of duty to God, of the will, because subordinating through obedience, its depraved severalty and discordance to a principle of unity, working in a political form. He believed the State to be a divinely established mould for shaping human character, and the law of its growth to be organic, not operative: or in other words, he believed its growth to be the result of expansion from a fixed centre, not of a process of external accretion. These two modes of viewing the State are the tests of all statesmanship. They are the starting points of vast and complicated systems of practical legislation, which move toward the same end, indeed,

but through widely different means. To say that a man who is at all great, adopts one of these in preference to the other, goes far toward deciding the particular cast of his greatness; for it shows his drift on one of the most important subjects that can engage human attention.

The third constituent element of Hooker's type of greatness may be seen by ascertaining his position in the sphere of philosophy: and here we must necessarily be brief. By attributing to Hooker a position in this field of thought, we do not mean to imply that he occupied one in any way definite, or publicly expressed, or that he professed any consciously formed system. He had, as has every great soul, a certain philosophical tone, a bias toward some particular method of solving the ever recurring problems which gather about this mortal state. It is this, and this only, that we wish to come at. To which, then, of the great divisions of all philosophical systems did Hooker incline, to spiritualism, to mysticism, or to materialism? To the first, we reply, unhesitatingly. To show this, no labored proof is needed. It is enough to refer to a single fact; namely, his uniform recognition of the distinction between reason and the understanding—a distinction whose neglect has flooded the world with shallow metaphysics, and exposed to the cavils of scepticism the sublimest mysteries which the Christian Faith proposes for human belief. This distinction pervades every part of the works of the judicious Hooker. It is the informing, vital spirit. So thoroughly does it possess him, that he often, while engaged in strictly theological investigation, travels far back into the shadowy realms where Plato's genius wrought, and gathers about him those high mystical intuitions into the secret place of life and being, which have ever been at once the glory and the delight of earth's noblest spirits. Our space is too brief to say more on this point or to attempt to show how the comprehensiveness, the subtlety and dignity of the master mind of antiquity were revived in the genius of Hooker. They both walked along the shores of "that immortal sea which brought us hither" the one by the torch-light of wandering tradition, the other by the flaming splendors of the Christian dispensation. They both repeated through a heavenly rhetoric, the awful voices uttered there, and both have a presence in the world's story not to be put by. With Plato, Hooker believed that the living soul of man derives its

light from a higher source than the dying body: that it is dowered with a stock of knowledge looking above and beyond this world,—ideas of truth, duty, order, goodness, which are the fundamental laws of its being, the luminous centres of thought, the very energy which shapes the impression of the senses, and bridge over the abyss between the regions of spirit and matter. And as this belief prepared Plato to recognise, in himself and also in all about him, an indiscriminate and transcendent power which he called, an *energeia*, so it prepared the mind of Hooker to recognise the same power working in bolder forms—in the world of grace—a power which Revelation has named the Eternal Spirit of Truth—and to receive in all their fulness, not only the doctrinal and preceptive teachings of the Divine Faith,—but also the sacramental, or those which represent the Church on earth to be one vast sacrament, through which she works upon the souls of men, the third person of the Trinity. In one word, this belief prepared him to recognize, in Christianity, not only a doctrine and a precept, which mainly appeal to the logical faculty, and aim to convince, but also an energy, a force, spiritual in its nature, and of course transcending any mere intellectual conception,—a sort of preparation, we may add, which but too many of the theologians of past and present days have not had.

It has been our aim, in what we have written, to bring together a few of the constitutional elements of what is believed to be the highest order of human greatness. The points alluded to have been used only as exponents, of a moral and intellectual tendency—(for in this, not in specific acts, or thoughts, is character embodied)—of an underflow of soul, which is attuned to the moral order of the world, and times its movements by those of the divine forces which Heaven has vouchsafed to man for his regeneration—an underflow which, when it rushes up to human sight, issues in a type of greatness which is the blended result of genius, learning and piety—poised upon principles (some have been named) that lie at the very heart of natural and revealed truth.

With this species of greatness—as a lofty representative of which, only, have we spoken of the venerable Hooker, we have no wish to compare a certain sort most in favor now. We will name a few of its features, and leave the inferences to the reader.

It is inventive,—eager for novelty of doctrine and life. It is aggressive,—not satisfied with the powers that be, preferring the pride of independence, to the humility of obedience, measuring human advance, rather by the extent to which *Rights* are asserted and guaranteed, than by the extent to which *Duties* are performed,—and shaping its path through the tumults and phrenzies of revolutions, rather than through exercises of faith and acts of submission. It is sceptical, doubting all, challenging proof for all, spurning mystery and wonder as aliens in the commonwealth of the soul. It is prudential, esteeming its chief glory to consist in adapting means to ends, in discerning the safe and the expedient, rather than the true and the just, with the spiritual hazards which attend them. Might we not say, in one word, it is “of the earth, earthy?” This is not the only sort of greatness the world now has, or appreciates,—far from it; but it is the kind which receives the largest share of popular admiration.

NEW ENGLAND HOMESTEADS.

BY F. G. B.

There are happy, quiet homesteads, that smile 'mid light and shade,
Scattered over dear, New England, in every vale and glade,
They crown the verdant hill-top, in plain and dell they stand,
Those happy, quiet homesteads, the glory of our land.
I am thinking of a dwelling in a green and quiet nook,
Where the air is ever vocal with the babbling of the brook,
With the music of the zephyr, that murmurs through the leaves,
And the twittering of the swallows that hover round its eaves,
By the elm and chestnut shaded, with the sloping lawn before,
And the roses and the woodbine that cluster round the door.

It is a low-roofed cottage, half nestled 'mid the trees,
There is music ever round it, the tones of birds and bees,
It is a low-roofed cottage, of brown and sombre hue,
You may see it by the road-side, the chestnut's branches through ;
You may see the moss-grown bucket, upraised the well beside,
And the little rural gardens, the cottage matron's pride ;
The green and waving tassels of the young and tender grain,
In the blessed sunlight smiling, all fresh with summer rain ;
The graceful undulations of yonder verdant hill,
And the deep green woods that crown it so darkly wild and still.

Then the green, far-spreading meadow, so shady and so cool,
And the foot-path trod across it, where the children go to school,
Those happy cottage children, with their tiny shouts of glee,
With their merriment and laughter, so innocent and free,
That happy childish laughter, that gushes up as gay
As the tinkle of the brooklet that leaps across their way.
They are sturdy little urchins, these brave New England boys ;
They are blest with freedom's birth-right, and freedom's countless
joys ;
You may see it in their bearing, in their fearless open glance,
And the honest independence in each sun-burnt countenance.

Then the maidens of New England, these merry girls of ours,
That bloom within the homestead, its loved and cherished flowers.
Say, where are merrier glances, or lovelier lips and eyes,
Than these which hover round us, 'neath dear New England skies ?
And where are trusting spirits more true and pure than theirs,
And who 's a nobler birth-right, than her's she proudly shares ?
Those rights our fathers fought for, a soil no slave has trod,
A free, untrammelled conscience, a right to worship God ;
And whose proudest, purest honor she feels it is to be
The cherished wife, the daughter, the mother of the free, !

Oh, happy, happy homestead, my spirit round you clings ;
Ye live in memory ever, amid its treasured things ;
With beauty blooming round you, in spring's soft glad some hours,
As ye smile in light and shadow, amid our new-clad bowers,
Or in the golden summer, that festive summer time,
When a thousand flowers are round you, in all their blushing prime,
Or in the merry harvest, when the autumn's golden grain
Is borne amid your meadows upon the lumbering wain,
Or in the depths of winter, when round the fireside hearth,
The household band has gathered, with song, and oy, and mirth.

In climes beyond the ocean their stately homes may stand,
 Their dark old feudal castles, their towers so stern and grand,
 And battlement, and fortress, in stately strength may rise,
 Drawn dark, and stern, and boldly, against Old England's skies ;
 But dearer, lovelier, fairer, though humble ye may be,
 Those happy, happy homesteads shall ever smile for me.
 Long amid our quiet valleys may these in beauty stand,
 The homes of happy freemen, the glory of our land ;
 Smile still, oh, skies of Freedom, upon our quiet bowers !
 A health to dear New England, and those happy homes of ours.
 New Haven, July, 1848.

THE LIFE OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

BY J. T. HEADLEY, AUTHOR OF "NAPOLEON AND HIS MARSHALS,"
 "THE SACKED MOUNTAINS," "WASHINGTON AND HIS GEN-
 ERALS," ETC., ETC.

MR. HEADLEY has approved himself one of our most prolific as well as most popular authors. Such a series of books appearing in such rapid succession, written with so much life and spirit, and commanding such an extensive and immediate sale, is unquestionable evidence of something, which, however some may affect to depreciate, all of us would most willingly possess. That the author is a man of real substance and bottom, is further evident, in that his last book is his best. If the spring had not a good deal of depth, so much dipping would be sure to draw up some mud. Mr. Headley's books certainly have faults ; but it is worthy of remark that their faults are not of such a kind as to promote their sale ; they do not appeal to any of those vulgar and vicious passions, whereby an undeserved, and therefore unstable popularity is so often gained ; indeed, their faults are

such that they may be safely said to be popular in spite of them, not in consequence of them. For example, there are many grammatical, and some historical inaccuracies in them ; but their success, as it cannot reasonably be attributed to any of these, must obviously be owing to some merit or merits which counterbalance, and more than counterbalance them. Moreover, if any one thing more than another characterizes the American people, those to whom and for whom Mr. Headley writes, it is the love and worship of freedom, secured by republican institutions ; and it is absurd to suppose that he succeeds by representing Cromwell and Napoleon as apostles of freedom, since we all know, and cannot but know, that those two were among the most determined and most successful enemies of freedom the world has ever known.

The truth is, men read Mr. Headley because he keeps them awake ; by his glowing enthusiasm and graphic power he seizes their minds, interests their feelings, and transports them to the scenes he is describing, and by portraying the great and splendid qualities of his heroes, without disclosing or even remembering their follies or crimes, he continues to reconcile a personal interest in them with our characteristic national passions. We thus have a set of imaginary benefactors developed in and through a portraiture of actual historical events. We know that Cromwell and Napoleon astonished the world with their exploits ; and we cheerfully submit to the illusion that those exploits were performed in behalf of our favorite object.

It is often objected against Mr. Headley's books, that they tend to cherish a martial spirit. We could hear this objection with more patience, if those who made it would show themselves equally opposed to something far worse than a martial spirit. It is common, indeed, for war to be spoken of as the worst of all possible evils ; whereas in reality, there are several worse evils, such as national cowardice, national infidelity ; and national mammonism. To worship Mars is better than to worship Mammon ; and if Mr. Headley's books will cultivate a martial spirit, and thereby do something towards arresting the spirit of money-making which is threatening to cut the life and soul out of us, they will deserve still higher praise than any they have yet received. And, indeed, the very tendency to regard war as the greatest of evils, may be interpreted by some as a sign that greater evils than war have

already got hold of us ; evils, perhaps, which war may be the most effectual means, under Providence, of defeating.

As to the efforts which have been made in certain quarters to bring discredit on Mr. Headley and his enterprising and honorable publishers, we have only to express the hope, that they will prove as impotent and ineffectual as they are ungenerous and illiberal. Of the representations which have been put forth for this purpose, it is enough to say, that they are secured against being refuted by their exceeding stupidity. If any one can muster up resolution enough to read through them, he will probably understand how apt some men are to suspect or pretend dishonesty in all transactions that do not make for their own interest.

To return to Mr. Headley. The best recommendations of his books are to be taken from the pages of the books themselves. Here is his description of Buckingham, no less just than lively and penetrating, and which, to be remembered, needs but be read :

“Of a handsome person, courtly manners—bold, daring and unscrupulous—he sought power only to gratify his love for magnificent display and the baser passions of his nature. He neither rejoiced in the prosperity of his country, nor felt for its disasters. Absorbed wholly in his selfish schemes, and capable of beholding nothing but himself aggrandized, he used his power so recklessly that he became a public calamity. Implacable in his hatred, fickle in his friendships, promoting his flatterers to places of trust, thinking more of seducing a woman than of carrying a great political measure ; gay, gallant and unprincipled, his death was a great blessing to England. Formed to shine in courts, he dazzled awhile, and then disappeared from the kingdom he had helped to undo.”

The account of Laud is rather more liberal than we should have expected from Mr. Headley. It would have been more just, however, as well as more complete, if he had added, that Laud's bigotry and severity were in defence of the doctrines and institutions of his fathers, while the bigotry and cruelty of his enemies were in behalf of their own inventions. Bigotry is certainly bad enough at the best ; but as there is no bigotry so violent as that of innovation, so there is none so inexcusable. The bigotry of conservatism is not inconsistent with many just and generous feelings ; the bigotry of radicalism generally springs from the worst form of selfishness ; a selfishness that “mistakes the giddiness of the head for the illuminations of the spirit.” Here is our author's account of Laud.

"Still, Laud has probably been as much maligned as Cromwell. He was a bigot; so were many of the Puritans, fanatics. The former persecuted the dissenters; so did the latter the Papists. Laud hurried men before the star-chamber and court of high commission, and had them punished for no crime but that of speaking against oppression; nay, caused them to be put in the stocks, publicly whipped, and their ears cropped off:—equally violent measures were adopted by the Puritans against the Irish Catholics. Now, to allow for the intolerance of the one, and not for that of the other, is manifestly unjust. The age and the times in which men live, must be taken into consideration, when we judge of their characters. Laud was, doubtless, a sincere and honest prelate. He did what he thought was for the good of the church. Believing that it could not prosper in the midst of dissensions and radicalism, he set about their eradication in the way he thought best to secure his object. That he should see nothing but discord and ruin in the spirit of rebellion against the church and the state, that was abroad, was natural. There was no more bigotry in his looking upon dissenters as criminals, than in the Puritans regarding the Papists as such."

Still finer, perhaps, than either of the above, is the following short, vivid, expressive portrait of Cromwell:

"Add to this, a face whose features seemed wrought out of iron, a large rubicund nose, wrinkled and warted cheeks, heavy and shaggy eye-brows, with a majestic forehead above them, rising like the front of a marble temple over the coarser features beneath, and around it rich and clustering hair, parted in the middle, with a single lock straying loosely by itself—firm-set lips, deep and solemn grey eyes, piercing you through and through, and when lit by excitement terrible as lightning, and you have the personal appearance of Oliver Cromwell."

Such are some specimens of our author's talent for describing persons. It is vain to say that such writing is the work of a "humbug;" at least, no people need be ashamed to be humbugged by such writing. Those who are fond of guarding the public taste would do themselves more credit by beating than by reviling an author who writes thus.

But it is in the description of battles that Mr. Headley is generally, and perhaps justly thought to excel; and as he has few equals in this art, so there are few subjects that would afford him a better field for exercising it, than a life of the Protector. Of course, his descriptions of battles are not so individual as those of persons; the subject does not admit of it; but what is

wanting in individuality, Mr. Headley amply makes up in soul-stirring excitement.

We should be puzzled to tell where the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war" is more powerfully depicted than in his pages; and if he does not give to these efforts all the variety that might be desired, he does what is better, he makes us forget their uniformity. We shall subjoin two or three specimens in this kind. The first is the battle of Marston Moor.

"Rupert took up his position opposite the parliamentary right, where Fairfax was stationed with his cavalry. It was now seven o'clock in the evening—the cannon had been playing since three, and the setting sun was almost on a level with the glittering plain, on which stood near 60,000 men in battle array. A short pause followed, during which the two hosts, waiting the signal to advance, gazed anxiously, almost breathlessly, upon each other. Then a mass of white cloud, hugging the earth, rolled out in front of the royal force, followed by the flash and roar of artillery, and the great struggle commenced. Rupert dashing, with his usual impetuosity, on Fairfax holding the right, after a short but fierce effort, routed him completely. In the centre the struggle between the infantry was awful. Wrapt in a cloud of smoke, amid which rang the clash of weapons, and shouts of men and roar of guns, the stout yeomanry of the two kingdoms fought with a stubbornness that the utmost gallantry of the cavaliers could not overcome. 'The Scotch delivered their fire with such constancy and swiftness, it was as if the whole air had become an element of fire in the summer gloaming there.' On the left, Cromwell with his strong Ironsides, stood for awhile and saw the infantry near him mowed down by the royal batteries; till, unable longer to view the havoc, he turned to his men, with one of those explosions of passion which made him so fearful in battle, and ordered them to charge. Clearing the ditch, he had scarcely formed on the open ground, when down came Goring's cavalry in a wild gallop. Receiving them, as the rock the waves, those Ironsides, with a shout, charged in turn, crushing the royal squadrons like shells beneath their feet; and falling on the artillerists, who were making such carnage in Manchester's infantry, sabred them at their pieces. They then rode leisurely back towards the ditch, as if they had only been executing a manœuvre. At this moment, word was brought Cromwell that the whole right wing of the army was routed; and as the smoke lifted a moment before the breeze, he saw that it was true. Fairfax had been borne wounded from the battle; and the enemy's cavalry careered, almost unchecked, through his broken and flying ranks. But from the rapid and crashing volleys in the centre, and the leveled pikes now advancing to the charge, and now forced back, he saw that it was yet unbroken.

Twilight was now settling on the field, and Cromwell for the purpose of relieving the left, where Rupert was dealing death amid the followers of Fairfax, ordered his squadrons to face to the left. Wheeling on his centre, he saw Rupert only a quarter of a mile distant, executing a similar manœuvre to meet him; and in a few moments these formidable masses of five thousand cavalry, stood face to face;—the plumed, the gay, the hitherto invincible, horsemen of Rupert on one side; and the stern Ironsides, clad in simple buff and strong grey steel, without a decoration on their good steeds, or a plume above their helmets, on the other. Ten thousand horses sweeping to the shock is, under any circumstances, terrific; but now, when two such leaders as the renowned and headlong Rupert, and the stern and steady Cromwell, were at their head, still more so. Each knew the temper of his antagonist; and each resolved never to yield.

At this critical moment, Cromwell saw a body of royal pikemen advancing to turn the Scottish centre, and exposing, in their hasty movement, their right flank to his horse. With that sudden inspiration which belongs to genius, he ordered a squadron to charge them at once, and, riding through their ranks, fall on Rupert's flank. Saying this, he gave the order to advance, and with his face blazing with excitement, shouted "Forward!" with a voice like a trumpet call. Rupert's five thousand horse, pressing hard after their leader's gay banner, fifteen feet long, and streaming in the wind, were coming up in a plunging trot, shaking the earth as they moved, when down swept Oliver with his Ironsides like a rolling rock. The shock in the centre was terrible. Each refused to yield an inch; and hand to hand, and blade to blade, the maddened thousands struggled in close encounter, while the ringing of sabres on each other, and on steel armor, was heard above the trampling of steeds and shouts of men. It was then the detachment Cromwell had sent off, did him good service. Falling on the naked flank of Rupert, it carried disorder through the ranks, while the steady bravery of those in front gradually forced rents through the firm-set squadrons. At length, victory declared for Cromwell. Rupert's renowned cavalry were utterly broken; yet, disdaining to fly, they rallied in separate bodies, and charged home with the energy of despair. Four times did Rupert, maddened by disappointment, and burning with rage, rally his own favorite regiment, and hurry them forward with an impetuosity and daring that deserved a better fate. But each successive time they rolled back from that iron host, thinned and wasted. Though wounded, Cromwell still kept his saddle; and calling off, and re-forming his own regiment, he fell on Rupert so resistlessly, that he was borne backward over the field, and finally turned in flight, pursued by the Puritans even to the gates of York."

The next is the first day's fight at Preston, which we the rather insert, because we do not recollect to have seen it noticed at much length by any other writer.

"The English were drawn up on an enclosed moor, a short distance from Preston. The ground was well chosen to prevent the charge of Oliver's Ironsides—a body of cavalry which had become the terror of the royalists—for, intersected by hedges and fences, and made soft and miry by the heavy rains of the past week, it furnished constant barriers to the horses, which sunk fetlock deep at every step, even when on a walk. A lane, enclosed with a high hedge, and trodden into mire, led straight up to the English centre. In this, Cromwell placed two regiments of horse—his own and Harrison's—while the infantry stretched out on either side like two arms. Two regiments of horse flanked the right wing—one regiment was stationed as a reserve in the lane, to act in case of need, and the rest of the cavalry guarded the left. Thus arrayed, Cromwell continued to advance under the heavy and constant fire of the enemy. The English cannon swept the lane, while from every hedge close and deadly volleys of musketry were poured. But nothing could stay his progress—the solid squadrons of horse advanced slowly but firmly to the charge—the leveled pikes cleared every hedge, and pushing home every advantage, he never allowed the battle to recede for a moment. Still, every inch of ground was contested with noble resolution, and not a regiment fell back until it had left the ground covered with its dead. It was one of those close-handed fights, where there is no cessation to the tumult—no pause in the storm—but the clang of sabre, rattle of musketry, shouts of men, and ever and anon the blast of trumpets, conspire to make a scene of indescribable wildness and terror. Sir Marmaduke rode hither and thither, encouraging his troops to bear up bravely, and strained every nerve to maintain his ground. But nothing could resist that republican host. Bent on victory, they received the close and deadly fire of their foes without shrinking, and pressing fearlessly on the stands of leveled pikes, bore down the firm-set ranks with a steady pressure, against which every effort seemed powerless. It was not headlong valor, but constant and resolute courage that decided the day.

We have room for but one more, and out of so great a number, all excellent, we are not a little at loss which to select. Let it be, then, the battle of Worcester.

"In the meantime, the scene of carnage had commenced. Amid the roar of cannon and shouts of defiance, Fleetwood had charged like fire on the strong defences of the Scotch, and, driving them from hedge to hedge, threatened to carry everything before him. In the tumult of the fight, he did not hear the clat-

tering squadrons that were hurrying over the bridge to the relief of the enemy, and was pushing his slight advantage gallantly when these fresh troops burst upon him. He bore up nobly against the overwhelming numbers, and for awhile successfully breasted the torrent; but, gradually overpowered, he gave ground, and was rolling heavily back towards the Team, when Cromwell, who saw his danger, hurried battalion after battalion, with his astonishing rapidity, over *his* bridge of boats, which rushing with shouts to the attack restored the tide of battle. The king and his officers, from their elevated position, had a bird's eye view of the whole scene, and hence could take advantage of every change. No sooner, therefore, did they see what heavy forces Cromwell was taking over to the assistance of Fleetwood, than they resolved to sally out, and fall on those left behind before help could be rendered. In a moment, the trumpets sounded, and the excited columns began to pour forth. But Oliver, whom no surprise could find unprepared, was already back amid his men, and cheering them by his presence and his voice, waited the attack. The onset of the Scotch was tremendous—despair lent them energy, and discharging their pieces in the very faces of the republicans, they rushed on them with levelled pikes, and the conflict became close and bloody. Cromwell, finding his troops beginning to shake, forgot he was lord-general, and with his sword flashing over his head, and his eye glancing fire, galloped where the shot fell thickest. His rough voice was heard above the tumult, as, carried away by that strange excitement which mastered him at Dunbar, he cheered on his men. Hour after hour, they stood under the murderous fire, and charged desperately on the stands of pikes, but not an inch did the resolute Scotch yield. At length the republicans gave way—many of them being raw recruits—and the bleeding line swung disorderly back. In this dreadful crisis, Cromwell dashed up to his own favorite regiment, which he had held in reserve, and led them on in person. With the terrible shout, that rolled so ominously over the fields of Dunbar, "THE LORD OF HOSTS! THE LORD OF HOSTS!" this veteran regiment closed sternly around their beloved chieftain, and in one, dark, resistless wave, swept full on the victorious enemy. The panic-stricken Scotch, arrested in their onward course, borne back, trampled under foot, and broken into fragments, before that astonishing charge, turned and fled into the town. The excited republicans followed after, and swarming around Fort Royal, summoned it to surrender. The commander refusing, "it was carried, in all the wild triumph of victory, by a furious storm." And fifteen hundred men swept, as by a sudden tempest into the world of spirits. The guns were then turned upon the enemy, and the cannon-balls went ploughing through the shot, with a most frightful effect.

Fleetwood, too, vicariously, was driven from his position, and

the town:—then the sacking and slaughter commenced. The clatter of flying cavalry—incessant volleys of musketry—the close struggle between victorious and despairing men—the shouts and shrieks, the groans of women, children and combatants, combined to make the night hideous, and the last battle of Cromwell one of the most fearful of his life.”

Whatever may be the defects of these and other such passages, our readers, we think, will all agree with us, that the author, in writing them, did not dip his pen in poppy; there is nothing soporific about them: indeed, it is not easy to conceive how anything could be more stirring and effective; nor do we know where these descriptions have been surpassed, unless by Mr. Headley himself.

Now, that we have said so much, Mr. Headley will not take it hard if we question the generosity, not to say justice, of some of his statements. For example, speaking of the King, he says: “On his departure for Holmby the next day, he said that ‘Fairfax was a man of honor, for *he had kept his word with him*,’—a compliment not one of the King’s enemies could reciprocate.” Now we have always liked the remark of a certain historian, who, when censured for saying some good things of a certain character, Thomas Becket, we believe, replied, in effect, that if but few good things could be said of him, there was the more reason for saying those few. It strikes us as rather ungenerous, thus to return the King’s acknowledgment of Fairfax’s virtue with such a stab. Why not allow one undisturbed gush of emotion for the King, not, indeed, for any virtue in him, for that Mr. Headley denies him, but for his appreciation of virtue in an enemy? Truly, if Charles never kept his word with anybody, it were unkind to thrust in the charge at such a moment. But what are the facts? Dr. Lingard, who is certainly far enough from being a champion of the King, and who omits no reasonable opportunity of exposing his alleged insincerity, informs us that when the King, after his seizure by the army, was transferred from Oatlands to Hampton Court, “He was suffered to enjoy the company of his children, whenever he was pleased to command their attendance, and the pleasure of hunting, *on his promise not to attempt an escape*.” Truly, one would think the army had some confidence in his word. Some two months afterwards, however, the King began to have apprehensions for his safety, and

to entertain thoughts of escaping; whereupon, the same author tells us, "Charles had formerly given his word of honor to Colonel Whalley, the Governor, not to attempt an escape: *he now withdrew it, under pretence that of late he had been as narrowly watched as if no credit were due to his promise.*" A little later he did escape to the Isle of Wight, notwithstanding that, upon the withdrawal of his promise, it was made much more difficult for him to escape. Again, about a year later, soon after the negotiations at Newport, the same author tells us that, upon being informed that a military force was on its way to make him prisoner, "Charles immediately consulted the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Lindsey, and Colonel Coke, who joined in conjuring him to save his life by an immediate escape. The night was dark and stormy: they were acquainted with the watchword; and Coke offered him horses and a boat. But the King objected, that he was bound in honor to remain twenty days after the treaty; nor would he admit of the distinction which they suggested, that his parole was given not to the army, but to the Parliament." Instances of a similar nature might easily be multiplied; but these are enough to show that if "not one of his enemies could reciprocate the compliment," it must have been their fault, not his. As to the general question of the King's sincerity, we have nothing to say. Hallam, who shows as much impartiality as can well be expected, on such a subject, though he greatly blames the King's insincerity, excuses it in a great measure, on account of "the extreme hypocrisy of many of his enemies."

Again: Mr. Headley asserts that Charles "was always under the influence of weak men." Now, before the meeting of the long Parliament, among the King's chief councilors were Strafford, Coventry, and Laud: that Strafford was an able man, will hardly be questioned; all agree that Coventry was both an able and an honest man; and no one who is at all acquainted either with Laud's writings or his administration, will pronounce him a *weak* man. After the meeting of the Parliament, his leading councilors were Lord Falkland, Lord Colepepper, and, more influential with him than any of the others, Sir Edward Hyde, confessedly one of the greatest and best men of the age. Next to these, he was under the influence of such men as Hertford, Southampton, Capel, Hapton, Juxon, Hammond and Sanderson; men whom if any one chooses to call weak, it would seem hardly worth

while to dispute with him. But what, perhaps, will weigh still more with Mr. Headley, the King was for some time considerably under the influence of Mr. St. John, who, as a member of his council, treacherously advised him to do things which he knew to be wrong, and then miserably betrayed him, turning the very things which himself had been the first to advise, into a ground of proceeding against him. So much for the statement that Charles was always under the influence of weak men. Numerous other similar statements might be specified, which would be found, upon examination, equally deficient in candor. These are real blemishes in the book ; they hinder its success with many, without helping its success with any.

Wishing well to the book and its frank, generous author, we here dismiss them, hoping that the one will have an abundant circulation, which it well deserves, and that the other will hereafter write with more sobriety, which he can do certainly without any prejudice to his popularity.

THE NEW YEAR BELLS OF GOTHAM.

FROM "MARSCHALK MANOR."

"Ding dong,
My ceaseless song,
Merry and sad,
But never for long."

'Twas new year's eve, fifteen years ago. For hours thick drifting snow was lightly strewn from Heaven upon earth, gladdening the hearts of the rich with thoughts of the morrow's joy, and chilling the hearts of the poor with dreadful forebodings of the morrow's suffering.

Eight ! nine ! ten !

Still the snow continued to fall, until there could no single

nook or corner be found, where the tiny flakes had not nestled snugly together. The morning had found the year sombre and grey, with thoughts of its speedy dissolution. Now, ere the year was fairly dead, a thick winding sheet was thrown loosely over it, and the night-wind, sweeping round each corner and down each street and lane, sighed forth a mournful elegy.

Eleven !

The storm now ceased to rage, for the shroud was fully woven. The wind no longer mourned its plaint, for the dying year's elegy was sufficiently sung. The dark file of lowering clouds passed slowly from off the face of the sky, like mourners bearing away the mighty deceased. And the little stars looking forth blinking joyously, and eagerly watching to see the new-born successor come in.

- Twelve !

At the first stroke of the hour, responsive echoes caught up the tone, and each steeple pealed forth the gladdening news that the sun had commenced a new course. And immediately, all memory of the old year was flying aside, and his white shroud seized as a beautiful christening robe for the new.

Twelve !

The hour was struck, but still the merry bells were swung madly on. Old Trinity first set the gladsome tune ; St. Paul's joined in with a sweet concord ; and soon, many were the iron tongues which helped to swell the harmonious symphony.

A quarter past twelve ! Half past twelve ! A quarter to one !

The joyous bells were yet tossed to and fro, ringing forth a merry exhilarating New Year's chime. Awakened sleepers turned heavily in their beds, and, wondering at the sound, fell to dreaming again. Belated revellers started and listened, and paused in their frequent toasting of the new-born child of time, to add their loud huzzas to the boisterous clangor. And the watchman in his round, gazing fearfully up at each shaking steeple, shuddered, as between each returning note, he heard the sullen creak of the self-turned wheel ; and, if a good Catholic, piously crossed himself, as he believed it to be the agency of some benignant saint or spirit ; or, if not brought up in a reverential belief in saints, ran swiftly by, as gloomy fears of scheming devils and grinning imps tortured his mind.

Wherefore did these bells thus awaken the echoes of night, unaided by mortal hands ?

There was more meaning in the sound than mortal men knew of. For those midnight bells were the mouth-pieces of things which that night were endowed with sympathizing spirits, and permitted to hold communion together.

It was Old Trinity that raised the first note of friendly greeting, and he loudly called to St. Paul's;

"Dost thou sleep, Brother?"

"How can I sleep, when the new year must be hailed with glad notes of welcome? Or how could I wish to sleep when my increasing age makes each returning year so much more interesting to me than the last? For when I ring my yearly anthem, I can but think of days long past, when other men lived and moved around me. Upon each returning year, by-gone times are yet more disregarded; for present magnificence has eclipsed former simplicity, and the flaunting pride of gorgeous wealth forbids a frequent remembrance of honest ancestral poverty. Men gaze but on the present and the future. Let us leave the heart to turn back and greet old forgotten times. Then ring on, Brother Trinity, and let it be a merry strain; for while we joy over the new year, we should also rejoice that they who once raised us from the ground have not lived to see their fond work despised, and insulted with contemptuous criticisms."

The two bells thereupon were rung together in a merry peal, when, from a neighboring steeple, a third one broke in upon their sweet concord.

"Hark! It is our brother, the Middle Dutch. What say'st thou?"

"How can I keep silence, when such subjects are revived to my recollection? Would that I could speak to men as I now speak to you! What tales of wonder could I not reveal? I could make the wealthiest, the proudest and the most overbearing tremble at the deeds of Revolutionary misery and bloodshed I could chronicle. And I would so speak to him of his ingratitude in forgetting his worthy ancestors, by whose economy he has gained wealth and by whose years of war he has gained peaceful enjoyment, that he would writhe under the consciousness of his shame and self-abasement."

"And I too," was responded through the silver-toned bell of the North Dutch. "I could tell harrowing tales of the time when men were brought to me in fear and trembling, and with a dread-

ful prospect of years of cruel imprisonment ;—when few left my portals except for hasty burial ;—and when even the free of the city hurried past with averted looks, and wonderingly asked Heaven, why, having been built for the spread of peace and mercy, I should thus be allowed to become a scourge."

"We can all tell our tales," a grim, dark frowning building in the Park, added, "Have I not also seen woe in all its depth ? Have not my cells been tightly crowded with unhappy prisoners ? Have not the small-pox and the fever raged within my walls, remorseless and uncontrolled, for months at a time ? Did not my door daily open, that the corpses of the untended dead might be carried out, and in their place, new patriot victims consigned to my fetid contagious atmosphere ? Have not the horrors I could mention, been tinged with a yet deeper hue, by the cruel, cold-blooded atrocity of a Cunningham ?"

No loud-toned bell bore these words from the old Jail. The awakened sleeper, and the belated reveler, heard no unusual sound from its gray walls to excite their wonder, nor did the watchman tremble to pass its frowning front, for all seemed cold and still. But there was a voice which stole gently through the air :—a sympathetic whisper, which Trinity and St. Paul's, the Middle and North Dutch all heard, and to which they simultaneously answered :

"Aye, you, like us, could reveal strange tales to man, were it so permitted. Are there none else who could read the rich proud egotist a lesson from the past ?" —

"Can not I ?" said the old German Lutheran. "Have not I been a prison-house for a patriot array ? Have not I heard sighs and groans, and seen the dead and the dying ?"

"Cannot I also ?" came a voice from Fort Clinton, mingled with the dull beating of the bay against its base. "Who has known more noonday drills, and midnight musterings than I ? And have I not had colors flaunting on my flag-staff, which the next day were torn down and trampled under foot ? Have I not seen brave fleets approach in triumph, and again depart in disgrace ?"

"And I also could read the wealthy upstart a lesson," the Bowling Green murmured. "What of the days of old have I not seen ? Who can speak to him better than I, of the several outbreaks of that liberal spirit which paved the way for his present security of wealth and fortune ?"

"I could tell many a brave tale of the war," the Walton house remarked; "but my experience has been mainly of rich and costly halls and assemblies, held by the gayest and the most honored of the invader's chivalry and the wealthiest of their partizans. While you can all speak of cruel bloodshed, I can only tell of the sparkling wine which night after night flowed at my table. You can tell of patriot misery; I can only speak of tory magnificence. I fear that the proud and wealthy can glean no moral from me."

"Then be silent to-night," Old Trinity cried, "for now we must let our thoughts tend to some useful purpose. Yet be not saddened at your banishment, for remember that in later times, the glad shout of peace was first echoed from your halls."

And the Walton House sunk into silence, mightily consoled for his exclusion by the reflection thus kindly offered.

Then Trinity continued:

"Are there no more who could benefit posterity by their experience? Are we indeed the sole poor remnants of a former age?"

A faint whisper came floating through the air from the distant shrines of the East River. "Let me join your company," it said, "for few have seen more in their day than I."

"Listen! listen all!" Trinity spoke forth. "It is the Kip's Bay House which speaks. Venerable in years and teeming with interesting recollections, naught which is uninstrusive can come from it."

"As one of the oldest mansions on the whole island, my existence has been chequered in the extreme," said the Bay House. I was already old ere many of you were raised, and can remember how you were accounted rich ornaments to the growing city. Those times are sadly forgotten."

"Alas they are;" the rest doled forth.

"My revolutionary experience, like that of my brother Walton House, can add but little to the moral already drawn, for feasts and frolic mainly consumed the time. Yet the sad fate of Andre, who set out on his unfortunate expedition from me, with the toasts and good-wishes of all his brother officers, casts a deep gloom over these my brightest and most joyous recollections. Still, it is from my earlier years, when revolt was unheard of, and men paid their tribute and taxes with willing hands, that the

purse-proud citizen can draw instruction. Is it not so, my brother Stuyvesant?"

"It is so," the Stuyvesant House answered.

"You can remember much of note."

"I can."

"Then to you will I commit the task of commenting upon these earlier ages. In you, the greatest of Dutch Governors has lived and died. Surely your words cannot fail to be of interest."

"Why have you not spoken before?" St. Paul's inquired of the Stuyvesant House.

"Truly, because of my old age, which always loves better to stand aloof and hear others speak. But now, such a flood of recollections crowd upon me, that I cannot longer keep silence. You, who are of revolutionary note, can tell those who roll in wealth, that with all the magnificence and ease of this period, men are no better than of old; that in olden times, the frame was as stout and the mind as honest, the pulse as generous and the heart as free, as now: that then the fire of patriotism burnt full as brightly as it has since: and that, with all his poverty and simplicity, man was then as little lower than the angels as now. All this you can do."

"Yes."

"It is then yours to vindicate Revolutionary times from neglect. My brother of Kip's Bay, and I, must go farther back, and show the senselessness of the ridicule and reproach which some have attempted to cast upon our founders. A general impression has been produced, that the early Dutch, were a lethargic people, incapable of exerting or of cherishing any feelings of ambition. So that now, when their memory is recalled, the mind is immediately clouded with a confused vision of cocked hats and leather breeches, long waistcoats and short pipes, contented burghers and thrifty wives, until, little by little, it has come to be believed, that their whole business was to dress alike, and, sitting under the shade of wide-spread elms, smoke away their lives and cares together. All this gives an impression of laudable virtue, which the actual lives of our early citizens would well maintain, yet it is calculated to strip them of all that credit for hardy activity and persevering enterprise, to which their long years of toil have so justly entitled them. The numerous hunters and trappers who defiled through the wildernesses; the parties which yearly left

the safe neighborhood of New Amsterdam, and bravely settled themselves among tribes of savages who were either suspicious friends or unrelenting foes :—all there gave evidence of Colonial spirit, which should be recorded in a more generous manner than has yet been exhibited. Ah ! would that we could for once speak to men and tell them our several stories ! ”

“ Would that we could ! ” old Trinity responded. “ But now we have but the sight of our time-worn walls, to point a moral. ”

“ Even those will fail ere long, ” the Stuyvesant House replied. “ How long do you think it will be, ere many of us are levelled to the ground ? ”

“ Are you a prophet among us, that you speak so ? ” said Trinity.

“ He who judges from facts, does not prophesy, ” was the answer. “ Is it prophesy to say, that the stone which is cast into the air, will return unto the ground ? ”

“ Certainly not. ”

“ Nor any more to say, that, when the walls begin to crack and the tower leans, and the mortar drops from the crevices, the building itself will ere long fall ;—or that, when a corporation once poor, becomes rich, it will no longer be content with the simple structure which served it in plainer times. This is your case, Trinity. Ere long you will be levelled, and a more magnificent structure will be raised in your place. But repine not. For, since you were built from days when simplicity was a fashion, dictated by honest poverty, and since you have thus outlived those times, your purpose has been amply fulfilled. ”

“ And what shall be my fate ? ” asked St. Paul’s.

“ You may survive for many a year, for your walls are not yet weak and tottering, and you have been fashioned with those graces and adornments which serve to delight mankind. So you may be suffered to remain yet awhile. But to you, my Dutch and German friends, I cannot hold forth the same cheering predictions. You are all yet strong, and have all been endowed with some elegant appliances of art. But this may avail nothing. The tide of religion will gradually give place to that of business ; desire for gain will prevent any observation of your several beauties ; you will be looked upon with jealous speculative calculation ; and soon, men will demand your fall, or will ask why property of such increasing value, should be allowed to remain devoted to the ser-

vice of God, when mammon's eager appetite is yet unsatisfied. Alas! that too much can ever be sacrificed for religion!"

"And to what does my destiny tend?" the Old Jail inquired.

"To speedy ruin, since man will not allow that to remain, which has neither beauty or usefulness. For you were built when architectural taste was uncultivated, and stout impregnable qualities, amply atoned for lack of external elegances. Neither can you now do proper services, for your walls cannot compass half the detected villany to be found in this increasing city. A more capacious habitation for guilt, will soon be erected, and you will be uprooted from your settled foundation."

"And I?" the Walton House, inquired.

"You may be suffered to remain, but not from regard to any associations or traditions connected with your name. Were it not that business could be prosecuted in your halls as well as masquerades were formerly, no hand would be stretched forth to save you from our common ruin. And now, my brother of Kip's Bay, tell what shall happen to us."

"What can happen but total and speedy destruction? Lo! even now our rotten timbers creak and shake in every passing gust of wind, and the rain pours freely through our worm-eaten roofs. And though we cannot sustain ourselves many years longer, yet happy shall we be if we are allowed to perish by such natural decay. For the great city is rapidly and surely marching on; daily its long lines gather nearer and nearer; soon it will commence to encompass us; and then the impatience of man will seal our doom, and the axe and the saw will finish what the wind and the rain were so long in performing. But cheer up, brothers, for have we not had our day of approbation? Have we not well performed our allotted services? And when we fall, although forgotten by many, will there not be some generous hearts who will mourn over our ruin? Then ring on a merry peal for the opening year, and, in the same strain, shout forth exulting joy, that new sights and sounds have not turned us from our proper allegiance to olden times."

The bells, which had been silent while the Stuyvesant and Bay Houses were speaking, paused yet a minute, and then were made to strike up a simultaneous chorus of joy. So loudly, so merrily gaily did they ring, that the again awakened sleeper, peered anxiously forth from his window, the startled reveller let his glass fall

from his hand, and left the half uttered toast to remain unfinished, and the terrified watchman stood aloof, nor, with all the assurance of mingled prayers and curses, dared any longer pass below.

Hither and thither, up and down, to and fro, leaping and turning and twisting and writhing, until every old steeple shook and tottered, as though each succeeding peal would prostrate it to the ground,—so did these bells bravely celebrate their owners' fixed adherence to youthful recollections.

One !

It was a bell of wondrous weight and power which struck the time. Workmen had toiled and panted and sweated as they watched it in the furnace, or day and night incessantly pounded on its hardened sides, with their heavy mallets. Journals had reported its progress in the foundry, and dilated ceaselessly upon its enormous size and cost. Curtis had listened with admiration to its thrilling far-sounding stroke, and pronounced it the prince of bells.

But with all this, *it had no spirit !* Faultless in size and weight and cost and beauty of tone, it was not the mouth-piece of any venerable old pile. No legends of ancient times were sent forth at its heavy stroke. It doled forth the hour—and *that was all !*

One !

As men of true aristocratic refinement proudly retire from the presence of the blustering parvenu, so was the present field of conversation yielded to the clamorous intruder. Each other wheel and crank turned no more ; each other iron tongue hung motionless in its circumference ; and the old bells of Gotham sunk into silence, to commune together no more for ever.

SKETCH OF CHATEAUBRIAND.

THE Steamship "Hibernia," which arrived at an American port on the twenty-first day of the present month, brought the unwelcome intelligence of the death of Francis Augustus, Viscount of Chateaubriand,* Peer of France, and Member of the French Academy. The event took place on the fourth of this month, (July,) a day which, by the most singular coincidence in

* François Auguste, Viscomte de Chateaubriand.

history, is scarcely less memorable as the anniversary of the death of several distinguished patriots, than as the birth-day of American liberty.

Amid the exciting tidings of political turbulence on the continent of Europe, and especially in France, the demise of Chateaubriand escapes almost without comment from foreign journals; although he was conspicuous among scenes more bloody and terrific than the revolution of February, or the insurrection of June. This deficiency of the newspaper press of the day, we design, in a measure, to supply, notwithstanding our lack of leisure to collect materials, and our dread of furnishing a very meagre sketch of our subject.

Chateaubriand was remarkable as the best French essayist and critic of his times, as a statesman of profound sagacity, as an orator of no mean pretensions, as a poet of decided merit, as a historian of Christianity, as a noted tourist in this country and in the East, as a soldier, and, more wonderful than all for a French hero, a man of the highest moral courage and purest piety: a catalogue of distinctions more honorable than all abbreviated titles, whether conferred by royalty, by learned associations, by national legislatures, or by literary institutions.

He is, perhaps, best known in this country, as a traveler, and a eulogist of WASHINGTON; in England, as the soul and centre of the bold diplomacy of France in the Spanish Question, a translator of Milton's "Paradise Lost," and a most kindly critic of English literature; in France, as the object of the alternate admiration and hatred of Napoleon, a stern defender of Christianity in an age of scepticism, and a Minister of State.

He died at the advanced age of eighty years, in the full possession of his reason, and with the liveliest faith of a sincere Christian. In creed a rigid Catholic, although most liberal in his feelings, he clasped the cross with fervency to his breast, a few hours before his decease. He had been long ready to depart. The loss of a beloved wife, last year, gave a severe shock to a system, which old age had already made painfully sensitive, and he had remarked, shortly after that event, that his "life was dried up at its source, and was thenceforward only a question of months."

* * * * *

The traveler in France, who directs his steps through the department of Ille and Vilaine, in the late province of Brittany, will find, a few miles from Saint-Malo, as he crosses a bridge with a broad sheet of water on one side, and a row of cottages, bordering a narrow race-way, on the other, a castle rising before him, of most quaint and ancient appearance. Its many-pointed towers, resembling the heads of rockets, rise far above the dense forests, with which it is surrounded, and for which this part of France is remarkable. This is the château of Combourg, the ancestral domain of the ancient and noble family of Chateaubriand, and here was François-Auguste born in the month of February, 1768.

His ancestors* and paternal relatives had generally devoted themselves to the study of theology, or the practice of navigation; and fancy or fact might easily lead one to conclude that the strong religious bias, and fondness for travel by land and sea, which characterized the young Chateaubriand, were physiologically inherited. However, his ambition, rather than his instinct, led him, upon his entrance into active life, to choose the profession of a soldier, and he was soon enlisted in the regiment of Navarre. His family title gave him at court the rank of captain of cavalry. But he had no wish to be a drawing-room officer, or a military martinet, and, abandoning for active service the luxuries and unwon honors of Versailles, he took the field with his regiment, as a simple second-lieutenant of infantry.

Scarcely had he thus entered upon the service, before the severity of discipline in the army—copied from Prussian tactics, and really despised by all the nobles who held military rank, (who were admirers of the American system)—had so far alienated the army from the Government, that their defection was apparent: a defection which was among the earliest signs of the rapid strides of the Great Revolution of 1789. This defection could not, of course, be countenanced by a loyal nobleman, and Chateaubriand's military career, for the present, was ended almost as soon as it begun. His disappointed ambition left room for the workings of instinct.

* He was not a descendant of the old Chateaubriands. His father was a Monsieur Lepretre, engaged in the codfish trade at Saint-Malo, but who became rich enough to purchase the estate and title of the extinct family.

While he was a mere youth, and while wandering along the shores of his native Brittany, he conceived the idea of a North-west passage. He intended to set sail for the Western coast of North America, and to strike it at some point far above the Gulf of California; then, forcing his way into the Polar sea, to penetrate to the United States by way of Hudson's Bay, Labrador and Canada. But the execution of this plan was postponed, until an Englishman had achieved all that could be accomplished towards the realization of the project, and a river, which flows northward into the Arctic Ocean, had been lawfully christened with the name of the great navigator, McKenzie.

But he had a remaining reason for desiring to visit America. He longed to look upon that practical liberty of which he saw vain theories in his country, preparing to explode with wreck and ruin all around them. How forcibly does the impulse of the young Chateaubriand remind us of the dialogue between Virgil's swains:

"MELIBŒUS. Et quæ tanta fuit Romam tibi causa videndi?

TITYRUS. Libertas."*

Bidding farewell to his aged mother and to his many relatives, whom proscription would scatter and the revolutionary sword lay low, he embarked at Saint-Malo, in the Spring of 1791, for America. His fellow-passengers were a company of young monks, setting out, under the direction of a Superior, for Baltimore, as missionaries of the Catholic faith. He had not omitted, before his embarkation, to obtain from his friend, the Marquis de la Rouarie, a letter of introduction to the great WASHINGTON.

After a long, but pleasant voyage, during which he had studied infinity in the ever-changing ocean, and assisted his pious comrades in conducting religious exercises, and in teaching the sailors to adore the Virgin Mary as the "Star of the Sea," he saluted the free soil of America, gave the captain of the packet a parting dinner at a hotel in the then "pretty city of Baltimore," and took stage at four o'clock the next morning for "cold and monotonous Philadelphia," in search of "le grand Washington."

Chateaubriand's visit to Philadelphia cost him what he calls a great "political disappointment." Instead of ancient republican

* MEL. And what at Rome wast thou so mad to see?

TIT. 'Twas freedom!"

simplicity and equality, of which he had dreamed, he found men and women elegantly dressed, luxurious equipages, conversational levity, inequality of condition, immorality, gaming houses, balls and theatres. "Nothing," says he, "indicated that that I had passed from a monarchy into a republic." "I found," he remarks afterwards, "that now-a-days, it is not necessary to have hooked finger nails and a grizzly beard in order to be free." After he had waited fifteen days at Philadelphia, for General Washington, the first sight of him in a carriage, drawn by four gay horses, still more deranged the republic of the third century of Rome, which he carried about with him in his fancy. Washington lacked an essential feature of Cincinnatus. He was not holding a plow-handle, or driving a yoke of oxen with a pointed stick. "When, however," says our traveler, "I carried my letter of introduction to that great man, I *found* the lost simplicity of the ancient Roman."

The reader will easily pardon us, if we here insert Chateaubriand's own description of his visit to Washington.

"A little house, in the English style, not distinguished from the neighboring dwellings by any magnificence, was the palace of the President of the United States; with no guard in front, or valet in the hall. I knocked: a little servant-girl opened the door. I asked if the General was at home: she answered that he was. I went on to say, that I had a letter to deliver to him. The girl asked me for my name, which is hard to pronounce in English, and she could not remember it. So she says to me, softly, "Walk in, sir;" and she marched before me, through one of those narrow passages which serve for the vestibules of English houses. She introduced me into a parlor, where she begged me to wait for the General."

The want of ceremony necessary to an interview with the Chief Magistrate, seems, to the Frenchman, a most capital joke, which it is enough to tell in a style of charming simplicity, without note or comment.

"I was not excited. Greatness of character or fortune do not overawe me. I admire the first, without being crushed by it: the second inspires me rather with pity than respect. The face of man will never trouble me.

"At the expiration of a few minutes, the general came in. He was a man of tall figure, and of an air rather calm and cold than

noble. He is well represented in the engravings. I presented him my letter in silence. He opened it, glanced at the signature, which he read very loud, exclaiming, "Colonel Armand!" For so had the Marquis de la Rouarie signed himself.

"We sat down; I explained to him, tolerably well, the object of my tour. He answered me in French or English monosyllables, and listened to me with a kind of surprise. I perceived it, and said to him with a little vivacity: 'but it is less difficult to discover the north-west passage, than to create a people as you have done.' 'Well, well, young man,' said he aloud, extending at the same time his hand. He invited me to dinner for the next day and we parted.

"I was promptly at the interview. The guests numbered only five or six. The conversation turned almost entirely on the French Revolution. The General showed us a key of the Bastille: for keys of the Bastille were toys so simple, that they were distributed about then in both hemispheres. * * *

"I left mine host at ten o'clock in the evening, and have never seen him since. He left next day for the country, and I continued my travels.

"Such was my interview with that man, who has freed a whole world. Washington went down to the tomb before that any sound of fame echoed under my footsteps. I passed before him as a being utterly unknown. He was then in all his glory, and I in all my obscurity. My name, perhaps, never lingered a day in his memory. Happy, however, that his look has fallen upon me, I have felt myself in a glow ever since. There is a virtue in the look of a great man. * * *

"Some mysterious stillness enwraps the actions of Washington. He moved slowly. One would say that he felt that the liberty of future time was entrusted to him, and he dreaded lest he should compromise it. This hero, so novel to history, was borne along not by his own destinies but by those of his country. He did not suffer himself to trifle with that which did not belong to him. But from that mysterious shadow, what gleams of light have darted! Look for the wilderness in which flashed the sword of Washington. What will you find there? Graves? No, a world! Washington has left the United States as a trophy upon his battlefield."

During his American tour, Chateaubriand gathered materials for his early literary efforts, aside from his book of travels, written some time afterwards. He, of course, lingered by Niagara, endeavoring to comprehend its lonely sublimity, and has introduced into his most agreeable romance of "Atala," a gorgeous description of that famous cataract. Pressing forward into the primitive wilds of our country, he found himself at last in the

far South-west, on the banks of the Mississippi. Here he sojourned among the Natchez Indians, living as they lived, and wandering from one bark hut to another, to study their habits, like the ancient Ulysses. Upon their manners and customs he has written beautiful treatises, and, upon what he saw of their primitive life, founded the strange but truthful romances, entitled "*Les Natchez*," and "*Atala*." His acquaintance with the reality of the things described in them, gives his sketches the air of sparkling originality, while the sober graces of refined taste are by no means wanting.

It was while enjoying these primitive scenes, that he read, by the pale light of a hospitable fireside in an Indian hut, on a fragment of a newspaper, of the progress of the Revolution, of the flight of Louis XVI, and his arrest at Varennes. The intelligence touched his loyalty to the quick, and he instantly set sail for France.

Arriving on his native soil, he applied in vain to be admitted to fight, musket in hand, in the ranks of those who had enrolled themselves under the banner of St. Louis. His adventurous spirit was not appreciated then, and he was compelled to take the sword, and risk a loyal death as a cadet of Brittany. He was dangerously wounded at Thionville, when that place was unsuccessfully bombarded by the Austrians in 1792.

He shared the exile of the royal family, and lived in London for several years, having lost all his property, and depending on his pen for subsistence. Here he wrote, among other works, his treatise on "*Ancient Revolutions*."

In 1800, he returned to his country, with no means of support except his own perseverance, and literary talent, and began to publish works, which, although often weakened by the vicious luxuriance of a youthful writer, contain many original beauties. "*Atala*," and the "*Genius of Christianity*" appeared very shortly after Chateaubriand's return to France. The eloquence of the latter work, and the moral courage of the writer, who thus dared, in the midst of desecrated altars, to render a glowing tribute to despised religion, did not escape the quick and ever-watchful eye of Napoleon, then First Consul. Under his encouragement, the book became popular, and Chateaubriand a Bonapartist.

While the clergy were warmly commending the work, Napoleon

offered its author the post of Secretary of Legation in the embassy to the Pope of Rome. As the Consul had at this time some little affairs to arrange, which depended on the good nature of the pontiff, it was not bad policy to send among other members of his legation, the young "defender of the faith." After a first impulse to decline had been overcome by a reference to the example of Romish prelates, who had accepted similar stations, Chateaubriand joined the embassy of Cardinal Fesch. The tortuous policy of Napoleon, which he was obliged to see through, and might not either approve or betray, soon brought him back to Paris.

Having before his departure for Rome, been connected with the *Mercure* and *Journal des Debats* (a paper still flourishing,) he resumed his contributions to the *Mercury*, which had now passed into his hands as its proprietor. Struck with the moderation of Napoleon, and yielding to the influence which the latter well knew how and ardently desired to exercise over so free and independent a spirit as Chateaubriand's, our hero was soon after prevailed upon to accept the post of "Minister of France to the Valois." But when the bold designs of Napoleon upon supremacy were unmasked by the horrible assassination of the Duke of Enghien, Chateaubriand resigned, the moment it was announced. Scorning to flee, he awaited the outburst of imperial vengeance, but the outburst did not come. The Emperor was more anxious than the Consul to win over to his interest the lofty character of Chateaubriand. No offers of place, however, could find their object weak enough to yield to their temptations. Napoleon was chagrined.

To escape the petty inquisitions of police, he determined to defer no longer his projected visit to the East. He had in the "Martyrs," given the literary fruits of his researches in Rome, but his "Oriental Tour," far exceeded that in picturesque description, and in the fire and nerve of enthusiasm. Jerusalem was the Mecca of the French pilgrim. He visited that Sepulchre which, "alone of all graves, will have no dust to give up at the Last Day."

In 1811, he was appointed by Napoleon to the Academic Chair of the Institute, to fill a vacancy caused by the death of Chenier. It was customary for the successor to signalize his inauguration by a eulogy of his predecessor; but Chenier was one of the

regicides of Louis XVI, and his address, on being submitted to the censors, and by them confidentially shown to Napoleon, was interdicted, and Chateaubriand was banished from Paris.*

TRAVELING EPISTLE.

W————, July 11th, 1848.

DEAR DUX :

Never, I believe, have you been a sojourner in this village ; but that is your loss, not mine. Every summer, I make it my valley of Arcadia, retreating hither to escape the blistering suns of the canine days, and to imbrown myself in the pleasant pursuit of wood-sports : perhaps, in part, to bask in smiles which, unlike the poet's cup of tea, "cheer *and* inebriate." I call it Arcadia, mainly on account of the exceeding fairness of the Phyllises and Amaryllises who inhabit it :

"Fair gracious maids, with tender eyes,
Whose hue is ocean's or the sky's,—
With glossy hair of dark or brown,
And velvet cheeks, whose tinted down
Vies bravely with the rosy red,
That o'er their perfumed lips is shed."

It is also Arcadia-like, inasmuch as, like that ancient valley, it blooms amid an amphitheatre of hills, on the most rugged and loftiest of which ice is found, even amid the heats of midsummer. A Sabbath-day's journey—I do not mean a journey taken on Sunday—will carry you to the "Natural Ice-House" at any time. I was there but yesterday,

* The unexpected length of the article excludes the concluding passages from this number, and the writer furnishes in their place the following epitome :

"After Napoleon's banishment to Elba, Chateaubriand wrote "Bonaparte and the Bourbons." In consequence of this on Napoleon's return, he took refuge in Ghent. When Louis XVIII was permanently restored, Chateaubriand was created a Viscount and Peer of France. He was afterwards Minister to Berlin, Ambassador to London, and to the Congress of Verona, and Minister to Rome. His pamphlet on the Freedom of the Press, offensive to Royalty, is well known. In 1829, L'Avocat and LeFevre, publishers, gave him about \$100,000 for the copy-right of his complete works, which were accordingly published.

After the Revolution of July, being a partisan of the Duke of Bordeaux, he refused to take the oath of allegiance to Louis Philippe, and gave up his peerage. Ever since, he has devoted himself to literature. He translated Milton's Paradise Lost into French prose, wrote his pleasant essay on English Literature, and compiled his "Memoirs from the Grave," which are personal reminiscence of one who has seen the three most eventful eras of French history, and which are expected to be a treasure akin to that anticipated from the publication of the Diary of John Quincy Adams.

Chateaubriand's funeral was not extravagant or imposing ; but was attended by many of the most distinguished literati and statesmen of France.

took a chill-bath, and was glad enough to find my way to sunshine again.

If you only spin through this place in a rail-car, you will conclude that a man who owned a dozen acres of its soil, would be a proper candidate for the poor-house, and that the more he owned the poorer he would be. I doubt whether a square foot of it would breed a blade of grass in several summers. That part of the township seems to have been providentially designed for railroad sleepers, and for "nothing else."

On driving into the centre of the town, you will find the whole aspect of things changed. One street cleaves as clean a carpet of verdure as you ever saw, and a delightful "contiguity of shade" will stir at once all the love of rurality you have in you. The neat white houses—uniformly neat and white—which meet your eye everywhere, are signs of thrift and comfort; while a wooden church, gothicized, and sprinkled with sand in imitation of some unknown variety of stone, and another, with a steeple that rises ambitiously for a short distance, but was prematurely tapered off into a spire, on account of the giving out of the ecclesiastical treasury,—will convince you of the taste in art of the people.

Here, too, is the finest country-seat in the State, so far as elegance of situation and natural advantages go. It extends down a westward slope for about a furlong, lying in terraces, and profusely stored with flowers and fruit. Without leaving the manor, I have this day been wet with the sprays of fountains, have culled water lilies, baited some half-domesticated trout, lain down in arbors, smoked in a log cabin of cedar, swung between two trees in a Mexican hammock, mounted garden towers, bathed in a luxurious bagnio, plucked the princely blossoms of the magnolia, wandered through orchards, flower-gardens, melon yards and corn-fields: in short, have amused myself with a variety of most agreeable rural pleasures. The walks, with their margin of turf enclosing borders of flowers, lead you among all sorts of vegetable beauty, skirting areas covered with fruit trees of the best and rarest kinds; now bringing you to the banks of a fish-pond, now under a long bower of grape-vines, now under arches of Madeira ivies and creepers, now to a garden house, now by the side of a delicate jet of water falling into a stone basin. And all this spectacle of beauty has been wrought under the hands of a single person, whose ambition has been to make home as enchanting a spot as possible, and to add to that natural impulse which makes even bleakness and rudeness sacred under the name of home, the attractions of all that can appeal to a cultivated taste, or a genial fancy. Moreover, it is free to all the world, and, by daylight and moonlight, strangers thread its walks, penetrating its many arbors,

trailing dresses over the long grass of the orchards, and perhaps making their way to the neat little cemetery, which lies at the foot of all, in which two fountains are perpetually throwing up their silver showers, to keep fresh and bright the memorials of enduring affection.

Human nature exhibits some strange developments here. If "all the world 's a stage," a "strong bill" in the line of farce might be procured here. The village seems to bring forth strange and odd characters, as if the "prentice hand" of nature was rather freakish when she wrought humanity for this region. And what is better—as is generally the case in villages—every body knows every body else's peculiarities and eccentricities. For instance, there is the "Dominie," whom you could pick out of a thousand, as the Boniface of a jolly country hotel. His whole face is expressive of the fact, that he has taken almost every thing but—the pledge. Those red filmy streaks across his face were "never made by drinking cold water." His nose, I may be permitted to say, is a paragon of a nose for a taverner. It may be in hue what Bardolph's was, but Bardolph's was no match for it in size. It indicates that its owner, like Dr. Monoculus, is not afraid to take his own medicine, so long as the recipe prescribes "*best Cognac Brandy, warm, with.*" Not only is it a sizeable and conspicuous member, naturally, but it is swollen almost to bursting, with the rich concentrated essence of smashers and cock-tails innumerable. Alcohol could not do more for a nose, than it has done for the Dominie's.

Then there are the "Mates," a pair, who, having arrived at that age when matrimony is purely a question of boiling kettles and chopping wood, have mutually agreed to love, honor, obey and support each other, without the trouble of announcing anything of the kind before hand, in the presence of a gentleman in a white surplice, and with a prayer-book in his hand. Abelard and Eloise were not more faithful or recluse than they.

John, too, has a little of the aroma of oddity about him. He is constitutionally a heathen, and is morally impenetrable as a crocodile or rhinoceros can be physically. He is a trapper by trade, although he does some useful work in his *leisure* hours. He knows the subterraneous whereabouts of every fox, coon, rabbit, wood-chuck, and (I think likely) mole and muskrat within the township. On Sundays, his favorite amusement is to climb a tree in the vicinity of some animal's burrow, and watch for its tenant, until the latter starts out to gather his Sunday manna. I believe, he keeps an account of all the litters, both *in esse* and *in futuro*, of all the class of mammalia, called *Rodentia*, that inhabit the woods of ———. When a fox-hunt is "on the carpet,"—rather a strange place for one, but such are the incongruities which grow into language—John is invaluable, and a fox-hunt is no uncommon occurrence.

during the cold months in these parts. Although we have a full pack of well-trained fox-hounds, "boarding 'round" among the villagers, (few are rich enough to own more than one of the animals,) John's scent is considered quite equal to that of the best of the dogs.

Our amusements of this kind are not exactly after the models of an English squire's. We manage to yell "tally-to" sometimes, with an air of verdant enthusiasm, and can very often, about night-fall, after a hard day's chase, say "stole away"—from the bottom of our hearts. But we do not wear scarlet jackets or sporting caps, or carry long whips or even ride full-blooded "hunters." We always give chase on foot, with guns loaded fearfully with duck-shot, the recoil of which we expect to lay us up for a fortnight, if we are so lucky as to get a chance to snap the trigger at Reynard. If we are not so lucky, we prudently draw the charge. However, with all its technical deficiencies, our fox-hunting is most cheery sport on the hale October mornings, without the perils of steeple-chases, or the trouble of laming our country cobs in teaching them to skin their knees against rail-fences.

Another amusement, in which we occasionally indulge, is the picnic. And here allow me to say, that few people in the world know how to enjoy a pic-nic. The fuss and flurry of some, the starched propriety of others, not seldom make these out-door soirees any thing but delectable. But with a choice party, in dashing spirits and utterly forgetful of ceremony, dressed in linen and dimity, so as to care neither for the stains of grass nor the casualty of showers, talking loud and laughing louder, a pic-nic is an ambrosial scene. Imagine me, for instance, starting off at nine o'clock on one of the sunniest and breeziest days of July, with a precious cargo of eight fair ladies in my vehicle, and whipping up an indefatigable horse. Imagine that vehicle to be a sort of farm-yard mnibus, with no springs but the axle-trees, no seats but loose unplanned boards hurriedly provided for the nonce, and no cover at all. Imagine the horse to be one of those steeds, which seem to be the peculiar developments of country diet, with their flesh all aggregated just under their centre of gravity, as if it had slipped off from their ribs, haunches and shoulders, to add to the vast convexity below. Now observe the contents of the vehicle; at a bird's eye view a mass of sun-bonnets, sun-shades and muslin. But look under those bonnets, and find there the swimming blue eyes of C——. and the firm, hearty smile of her ripe lips. The curls you need not look for; they have straggled far below the cape of her bonnet, and lie in black masses upon her breast and shoulders. You own she is a fair, fair girl; I read *that* in your eloquent look. Then there is E——; did you ever see a mouth more tempting, or that parted more sweetly over a set of white and even teeth; or a round, pleasant face, more strongly indic-

ative of all the delicate self-possession of a true woman. Her flushing cheek shows how quickly and keenly she enjoys. You see also one, noted for the cheery ring of her laugh, another for her nascent skill in domestic affairs, another for unfailing spirits, another for her quiet way of making and enjoying fun. You note, too—you need not deny it—R——’s large, dark, amiable eyes, so deeply brown you might call them black, did not so soft and variable a light stream through them. Ah! could you but hear her sing, you surely would love her voice well by day-light, or yet more when harmonized to the silence of the night. C——, too, adds a beautiful alto, but, confound it, she requires teasing for “a long hour by Shrewsbury clock,” before she will begin to charm you with it.

Now, we are in motion. Selecting carefully the roughest parts of the road, we make our way amid laughter and screams innumerable; for we actually give “an accompaniment on the bones,” as the Ethiopians say, to the creaking of the wheels and the clatter of the waggon. E—— and I are engaged in exchanging impertinences, and the rest in canvassing the chances of an overturn or a break-down. There—it is just as I expected—what is a pic-nic without a “scrape” of some kind? The horse has broken the hames, and stands several feet from the whipple-tree, with the major part of the harness occupying the disputed territory between. We sit and broil in the sun, in the midst of a sandy road, until a cavalier rides away on horseback to procure a rope. The harness is soon patched up, and off we go at a gallop, W—— reading a letter on horse-back at our side, which the more sentimental ladies call a love epistle, and the saucier ones, a “dun.”

Reaching at last the vicinity of the woods, we unship the fair cargo, and, after a reasonably long debate whether the bars of the fences shall be taken down, or whether the ladies shall walk over them upon a rail placed obliquely against the fence, the latter recommendation, being strenuously pressed by the gentlemen, prevails. Soon, the beautiful spot, selected for our afternoon revel, appears before us. On the edge of the wood is a beautiful glade, the approach to which is a steep descent, covered with long grass, and overshadowed with oaks. The glade is as smooth at the bottom as a floor, and a chattering brook cleaves it in twain, lined with the tallest trees and the thickest alders. As the gay party¹ rush down to the smooth plain below, C—— and myself are so pleased with the sight, that we sink down on the side of the descent and watch them, as with all the hurry and preparation of a gipsy camp, the laughing girls and busy youth spread the cloth and begin to empty the baskets, under which the masculine part of the troop had been per-spiring for several minutes. The delightful breeze seemed to touch the

very fibres of life pleasantly, and not even the profusion of varieties of cake, or the first apple-pies of the season, or the sandwiches lure me from the spot on which I have spread myself. The sights and sounds around me are too natural and free not to excite natural and free emotions within the breast of so sober an old fellow as your correspondent, and I am afraid I half told C—— how much I admired her. But grey-headed gallants are never noticed, even if they grow tender and impassioned.

But gastronomy has its corresponding emotions in the human breast, and we at last leave sentiment for the senses. I was vainly endeavoring to touch the bottom of a plate, piled up with cold delicacies: for my lady comrades, concluding from the rotundity of my visage, that I was addicted to the habit of eating, amused themselves infinitely by overloading my piece of china. In short, swallow as much as I would, my plate was as unfailing as the widow's cruise, and, when my appetite flagged from exhaustion, a portentous mass still rose before me. The *manes* of sandwiches and biscuits were lying around me, and the guests were regaling themselves with conversation instead of edibles, while I was hopelessly struggling to do justice,—for I am a Brutus in doing justice to dainty articles of food,—to the substantial part of the picnic, amid broadsides of the most impudent comments and the most officious offers to replenish my stock on hand. What fair game is an old bachelor among a band of light-hearted girls!

Afterwards, I resumed my romantic humor, quarreled with E——, discussing human nature as developed in herself; a favor which she had first extended to me. Then, I wandered 'across the brook with R——, and took a long, sweet lesson in the study of womankind. What I talked, I remember not, or hardly what I thought. I hope she does not.

But I am carrying my epistle too far, friend Dux. I will spend no more time in telling you of the swing, and the dance, and the soft and silvery duett which rose under the piazza of the "Young Bachelors' Hall" of —— . It is enough to know, that the moon had bathed the world for hours in her light before we reached our bed-sides and suggested a hunt for wood-cock on the morrow. Of that anon.

Yours in good nature,

P. S. You are professionally an editor, and no doubt apt to look at friendly letters with a business eye at times. But don't put this in print, prithee.

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ELIHU YALE.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING IN THE GALLERY OF
YALE COLLEGE.

(American Literary Magazine)

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the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are under 15 years of age is expected to increase from 1.1 billion to 1.5 billion. The number of people aged 65 and over is expected to increase from 200 million to 400 million. The number of people aged 15 and over is expected to increase from 3.5 billion to 4.5 billion. The number of people aged 15 and over is expected to increase from 3.5 billion to 4.5 billion. The number of people aged 15 and over is expected to increase from 3.5 billion to 4.5 billion.

2. *How can we best understand the relationship between the individual and the community?*



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ELIHU YALE.

THE name of Yale needs not the aid of the biographer's pen, to give it perpetuity. It has already found a record, wrought in more enduring materials. The institution with which it is associated, occupies no ordinary position in the literary world. Though second in age in our country's history, it yields the palm to none in point of rank, either as regards extent or literary excellence. Its superior merit is at least tacitly acknowledged, throughout the length and breadth of our land; so that no section of the country is now slow to bestow upon it patronage, and secure a share of the rare privileges it holds out to all. Founded at first in prayer, and with the express object in view, of raising up men who should be qualified to stand as guardians of our country's morals and religious faith; it has ever continued in its leading characteristics, true to the intentions of its original founders. Thus it has a basis, at once broad and firm; and which insure to it both a permanent existence, and a proud rank in coming generations. And we doubt not, it will bear the name of its principal founder unsullied to the latest posterity.

Not alone upon wood and stone, has the name of Yale been engraved. It has been deeply inwrought in the hearts of a grateful people; in whose memories, as sweet incense, it rises to heaven. And in their affections it will continue embalmed, when the material universe and all the perishable objects of time shall have been consumed.

But little as such a man needs a historian to transmit his name to other times, his very notoriety creates a desire, on the part of his fellow men, to know something of the minute details of his history. Such details respecting Gov. Yale, so far as we have been able to ascertain, are nowhere in existence. The principal facts of his life that we have ever met with, are the few handed down to us by President Clap, in his history of Yale College, published in 1766.

Elihu Yale was born at New Haven, April 5th, 1648. His ancestors were of Welch descent, and through them he possessed several manors near the city of Wrexham, the capital of Denbighshire, 180 miles north-west of London, affording him a yearly income of five hundred pounds. His father, Thomas Yale, Esq., ten years previous to the birth of Elihu, had, like most of the early settlers of these colonies, left his own country and come to America for the sake of religious freedom. Rev. Mr. Davenport and Gov. Eaton, characters distinguished in the early history of the New England colonies, were companions of his voyage. Elihu, at about the age of ten years, went to England, where he appears to have spent the next twenty years of his life, in acquiring an education and laying the foundation for those business habits which he must necessarily have possessed, ere he would be qualified for the stations he afterwards filled, or for the accumulation of such an amount of property as he appears to have collected.

When about thirty years of age, Mr. Yale went to the East Indies and engaged in business, where he spent the succeeding twenty years of his life, and accumulated a very great estate. During this time he was made Governor of Fort St. George, on the coast of Malabar. And it was also during this period, that he married the widow of Gov. Hinners, his predecessor in office. She was an Indian lady, and possessed of considerable fortune. Consequently, from this time forward, Gov. Yale had three strings to his bow, one of which, it has been said, every man must possess, in order to a comfortable sojourn in this world of want. These are *Patrimony*, *Matrimony*, and *Salary-mon(e)y*.

Gov. Yale by this marriage, had three daughters, viz.; Catharine, Ann, and Ursula. The first of these was married to Dudley North, Esq., better known as Lord North. The second was

married to the Lord James Cavendish, uncle to the Duke of Devonshire : the last died, unmarried.

It is well known that according to the laws of England, it was necessary that the paternal estate should go to the nearest male heir of the family : and as the Governor had no son, he sent to his first cousin and next male heir, Mr. John Yale, of New Haven, with whom he had been formerly acquainted in England, to send him one of his sons to inherit the paternal estate. Accordingly, in the year 1712, this cousin sent his son, Mr. David Yale, to London, to become heir in due form, of the Governor's estate.

Three or four years previous to this, Governor Yale having reached the age of about fifty, and having, as it would seem, amassed an amount of wealth, that humanly speaking, raised him forever above the reach or even fear of want, had retired from business in the East Indies, and returned to spend the remainder of his days in London. Soon after his arrival there, he was chosen Governor of the East India Company : and it was about this time, that he first began to be interested in the success and welfare of the infant College that had but recently been established in his native city. Several circumstances seem to have conspired, to direct his attention to the College in New Haven. This was the city of his birth ; and though he had only spent the years of his childhood in this country, yet we may reasonably suppose, that this circumstance, together with the fact that many of his near relatives were permanent residents in the colony, tended to enlist his sympathies warmly in behalf of its early interests.

But there was still another circumstance, that greatly increased his interest in the College. His adopted son and heir, Mr. David Yale, after spending a few years with him in London, returned to his native city, and was graduated at this College, in 1724. This brought Gov. Yale into correspondence with the Hon. Gurdon Saltonstall, Governor of the Colony of Connecticut, and with the Rev. Mr. Pierpont of New Haven. He was also on terms of intimacy with Jeremiah Dummer, Jr., then agent in London for the colony of Connecticut. These were all men most ardently devoted to the interests of the colony, and to the cause of education in it, as being one of the prime means of promoting those interests. And no doubt great praise is due to them all, and



ELIHU YALE,

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING IN THE GALLERY OF
YALE COLLEGE.

especially to the last mentioned, for the very wise and judicious measures they adopted, in order to turn the wealth of Gov. Yale into the right channel. For it appears evident from a letter written by Mr. Dummer from England about that time,* that Gov. Yale at first had serious thoughts of bestowing his munificence upon some English institution. But granting all due praise to the above mentioned individuals, it detracts in no respect from that to which Gov. Yale is justly entitled. For as soon as his attention was directed to the right point, he appears readily to have seen and appreciated the merits of the case. And certainly in the issue, he gave the most conclusive evidence in his power, that he was possessed of a noble and generous spirit—that he was deeply interested in the cause of popular education; and that, though he was himself now a resident in the mother country, his heart beat warmly in unison with those who were struggling hard on his native shore, to subdue the rough wilderness, and prepare a soil, in which the seeds of civil and religious liberty might germinate and eventually take deep root, so as to defy all the rude blasts of adversity and the storms of tyrannical oppression.

As early as the year 1714, he sent over forty volumes of books in Mr. Dummer's collection for the benefit of the College. About three years subsequent to this date, he sent above three hundred volumes more, both of which parcels of books were together estimated at one hundred pounds sterling. The next summer he sent goods to the value of two hundred pounds sterling at prime cost, besides the king's picture and arms, with some intimations that would yet add. Accordingly, three years after, which must have been not far from the time his adopted son actually entered the College, and but little previous to his own death, he sent goods to the value of one hundred pounds more. These two parcels of goods were sold here for an equivalent to four hundred pounds sterling: making in all, both of books and goods, an amount of five hundred pounds sterling. And it is said that a little before his death, he wrote his will, wherein he gave five hundred pounds more, but afterwards thinking it was best to execute that part of his will in his lifetime, he packed up goods to that value, ready to be sent; but his death occurred before they were shipped; "so

* See Bacon's Historical Discourses, p. 189, Note.

that the goods were not sent, neither could the will obtain a probate, although Gov. Saltonstall took much pains to effect it."

The name of "Yale" was first applied to the College, on the occasion of the first *public* Commencement, which occurred Sept, 12th, 1718, soon after the Governor had sent over the second parcel of goods. At this time were present the trustees of the institution, the Governor and deputy Governor of the colony, and other officers of distinction, together with a great number of clergymen, and a large concourse of spectators; and the collegiate school, as it had hitherto been called, was christened "YALE COLLEGE," with much pomp and ceremony: and the trustees entered upon record a *memorial* thereof in Latin, which, when translated, reads as follows:

"The Trustees of the Collegiate School, constituted in the splendid town of New Haven, in Connecticut, being enabled, by the most generous donation of the Honorable ELIHU YALE, Esq., to finish the college house, already begun and erected, gratefully considering the honor due to such and so great a benefactor and patron, and being desirous, in the best manner, to perpetuate to all ages the memory of so great a benefit, conferred chiefly on this colony: We, the trustees, having the honor of being interested in an affair of so great importance to the common good of the people, especially of this province, do with one consent agree, determine and ordain, that our college house shall be called by the name of its munificent patron, and shall be named YALE COLLEGE; that this province may keep and preserve a lasting monument of such a generous gentlemen, who, by so great a benevolence and generosity, has provided for their greatest good, and the peculiar advantage of the inhabitants, both in the present and future ages."

On the morning of the day above referred to, this memorial was read in the College hall, both in Latin and in English: after which, besides the other public exercises of the day, the Rev. Mr. John Davenport pronounced an oration in English, in which "he largely insisted upon, and highly extolled the generosity of Gov. Yale." The Hon. Col. Wm. Taylor of Boston, being present as the representative of Gov. Yale, responded to him in an appropriate speech. And finally, at the closing up of these very interesting exercises, the Hon. Gov. Saltonstall pronounced an

elegant Latin oration, "expressing the thanks of the trustees to Almighty God, and Mr. Yale under him, for so public a favor, and so great a regard to their languishing school." The trustees then sent a very complaisant letter of thanks to Gov. Yale, and gave him a particular account of all these transactions.

Gov. Yale died at Wrexham, in or near the seat of his ancestors, while on a visit to that place, July the 8th, 1721, aged 73 years.

Collins, in his "Peerage of England," Vol. IV. page 467-8, gives in a note the following fact in the history of Gov. Yale: "Elihu Yale, Esq. brought such quantities of goods from India, that finding no house large enough to store them in, he had a public sale of the overplus: and that was *the first auction in England.*" He then gives his epitaph, as it is found in the churchyard at Wrexham. This is made up of the names and dates usual in such cases, and several lines of poetry, which, though often quoted, are too curious and unique to be omitted in a sketch of this character. They are as follows:—

Born in America, in Europe bred,
In Afric travelled, and in Asia wed,
Where long he lived and thrived; at London dead.
Much good, some ill he did; so hope all's even,
And that his soul through mercy's gone to heaven.
You that survive and read, take care
For this most certain exit to prepare,
For only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

There is now in the possession of the College, a full length portrait of Gov. Yale, which, in consequence of the application of President Stiles, was presented to the College in 1789, by Dudley North, Esq., grandson of Gov. Yale, by his daughter Catharine. Mr. North was at that time owner of the family estate at Wrexham, and was a member of Parliament. From a date on the canvas, the portrait appears to have been executed by E. Seeman, 1717, about four years before the Governor's death.

Also an *engraved* likeness of Gov. Yale, was sent to the College at an early period, having under it several lines of Latin in manuscript, which have been thus imitated by Dr. Percival:

Behold the man, for generous deeds renowned,
Who in remotest regions won his fame;
With wise munificence he scattered round
The wealth that o'er the sea from India came.

From western realms he bids dark ignorance fly,
 As flies the night before the dawning rays :
 So long as grateful bosoms beat, shall high
 YALE'S sons and pious fathers sing his praise.

On the covers and title pages of the "Yale Literary Magazine," a monthly periodical which has been kept up by the students of Yale College for the last thirteen years, with a perseverance and an ability that reflects upon them great credit, may be seen a wood-cut imitating this likeness; and under it the last two lines in Latin already mentioned, which have been thus set apart as a motto of the college for so many years, that they have gained a consecratedness of character, amounting almost to sanctity.

And now, as we are in the way of quoting poetry, we cannot refrain from giving one more extract, which is valuable, not so much for any poetic merit that it intrinsically possesses, as for its antiquity, and appropriateness to the subject of which we are treating. It is from a poem entitled "The Benefactors of Yale College:" and was printed at Boston in the year 1733.

The pile by *Yale's* beneficence was raised.
 Who pious honors to his country paid,
 And deep and strong the sure foundations laid,
 Of virtuous learning in his native soil,
 A generous bounty and a God-like toil.
 His country back her grateful vows repeats,
 And *Yale* in every thankful bosom beats :
 Still *Learning* shall the pleasant strokes prolong,
 Coëval with herself in gentle song :
 To live beyond her melancholy fate
 Would be dishonor and a death too late. *
 So the divine *Astrea* lived below
 As long as justice like a stream did flow,
 But when the smooth and equal current failed,
 The winged goddess through the ether sailed.

Of Gov. Yale's personal character and habits, but little has been handed down to us by direct description. President Clap remarks, that he was a gentleman who greatly abounded in good humor and generosity, as well as in wealth. Indeed we should have inferred thus much in regard to him, from the facts we have already recited in his history, and from the features of the portrait at the head of our article. Notwithstanding the huge wig*

* As wigs of this character have now passed entirely out of use, and as the curious are always desirous to learn on such topics, it may not be

he has on—a fashion peculiar to those days—we still see enough of the shape of his head, and of his open generous looking features, to assure us that he loved a good joke, a good bargain, and a good dinner : that he was possessed of a full hand, an open heart, and a sympathising spirit ; and yet that he had enough of self respect, self possession, and of self restraint, to gain the good will, the respect, and the esteem of his fellow men wherever he went. In short, that he had just those characteristics, that, when duly combined, are sure elements of success in business, of an honored life, and a happy old age. And what we know of his history, all tends to confirm us in the same opinion. To have amassed such a princely fortune, he must have had energy, perseverance, and hope, all prominent in his character. In addition to these, there must have been judicious early training, correct habits of business, and a bold enterprising spirit. To have gained the stations in life which he was called to occupy, he must have possessed an honesty and frankness of character that secured the confidence of his fellow men ; a kindness of manner that gained their good will ; and a dignity of carriage that won their respect. And to have been so ready to impart of his substance for the public good, there must have been a spirit trained to benevolent deeds, a

out of place to say a word here upon this subject. In the time of Gov. Yale, large wigs of various fashions and colors, were much in vogue. They were wrought into a net work and curled with great care and expense—some being curled all over, like that worn by the Governor—others curled only at the bottom—others still with the end formed into a cue or tail, which was suffered to hang at full length upon the shoulders, or done up in folds so that it would flap up and down as the wearer rode upon horseback. The more expensive wigs, (or periwigs as they were formerly called, and sometimes perukes) were made of human hair cut from the heads either of the living or the dead ; while the cheaper were made of hair cut from the manes or tails of horses. Divines, and sometimes other men, wore white wigs, like the one seen in the portrait of Pres. Stiles, in the gallery of paintings connected with the Yale College. In those days, wigs were worn not merely for baldness, but for ornament, and by all who could afford them. Students wore them during College life, and as much thought they must have a new one to graduate in, as they now think they must have a new coat for that purpose. The Romans, in the time of Cato, wore wigs made out of the yellow hair of the Germans. And in some ages of the world even ladies, have attempted to increase their charms by the use of wigs. The fashion of heavy wigs would probably never have been introduced in a climate like our own. But the cool climate of England afforded some apology for their use, and dame Fashion at once brought them across the water.

heart alive to the wants of the world, and a mind enlightened by knowledge and wisdom. To how high a degree, Gov. Yale possessed these several characteristics, is beyond our power to determine. But we may safely conclude that he was a noble specimen of a man, and one whose character is well worthy our study, our admiration, and our imitation.

We can only say in closing, would that there were many in our country ready to go and do likewise. In judging of what Yale did, we are not to regard the amount simply, nor the proportion of his whole estate with which he parted, for the benefit of the world. For in these respects merely, he has been outdone by many who have followed after him. But we need to keep in mind all the circumstances under which it was done. It was given at a time when *popular education* was but just beginning to attract attention; and for a part of the world which, with here and there an exception, was a savage wilderness. It was given to an institution, which scarcely yet had a name or a place on the earth, and at periods when the hopes of its friends were well nigh extinguished. Small as was the amount, it probably decided the fate of that institution. It survived those long and doubtful struggles for birth. It grew from infancy to youth, and from youth to manly age. And now, as it flourishes in all its vigor, and sends forth, year after year, and generation after generation, its healing influences to every part of the world, who can measure the benefits of those timely donations, or compute the value of the rich harvests of good they have already produced? None save he, who has "weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance." Our Western world is another such wilderness, only vastly greater and more thickly set with error, delusion and death. The Catholic, the infidel, the wild fanatic, and the mad devotee of Mammon, are all combining their efforts to overrun and destroy. Here and there in that wilderness, scores of such institutions are at this moment struggling for very being. Where are the Yales, who will come forward and furnish the charities, that will nourish them into manhood? In their existence, under God, is our hope, the hope of our country, the hope of our race. (To the like noble deeds of their ancestors are the men of wealth indebted, in no small degree, for opening the channels through which this wealth has flowed freely into their coffers. If they would be *just* to

themselves—*just* to their country—*just* to posterity ; they must pay back some portion of their immense gains to sources similar to those whence they were derived. And let them not forget that

Only the actions of the *just*
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

G. B. D.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

A PICTURE BY G. FLAGG.

At prayer!—at prayer, upon the snow-clad rock,
The cold, bleak sky above them.

Holy man,—
Heart on thy lips, and Bible in thy hand,
Pour forth, as far as fæble speech may do,
The intense emotion of the gather'd throng.

Rest on thy sword, thou man of blood, and muse,
Thy fading Rose beside thee. Bow and ask
Strength for new warfare, when the savage foe
Shall plant his ambush, and the secret shaft
Ring through the forest, while the war-whoop wakes
The frightened infant, on its mother's breast.

Prithee, John Alden, say thy prayers with zeal,
Forgetful of thy comeliness, and her
Who Cupid's subtle snare shall weave for thee,
When here and there, the settler's roofs shall mix
With the fresh verdure of this stranger soil.

Oh, noble, Carver ! boundless is thy wealth,
In the pure heart that thus doth cling to thine,
With all the trustfulness of woman's love,
And all its firm endurance. He who boasts
Such comforters, shall find the barren heath
Thick sown with flowers of Eden.

Pale, and sweet,
Ah ! suffering bride of Winslow, 'tis in vain
That thus he fondly clasps thy fragile hand,
He may not guard thee from the ghastly foe
That on thy forehead stamps the seal of doom.

He cannot keep thee, lady. Snows may chill
Thy feet, that England's richest carpets prest,
A little while, and then the soul that sets
Bright on thine, upraised eye, shall heavenward soar.

Oh lone and tiny May-Fower ! ark that touch'd
Our Ararat, without a herald-dove
Or greeting leaf of olive,—speed thy course
Homeward in hope. For henceforth shalt thou be
Remember'd thro' all time. Thou, who hast been
Seed-bearer for a nation, shalt be held
Right blessed for thy deed, and on the lip
Of each succeeding race, shalt freshly dwell
With holy memories of those pilgrim sires
Who taught New England's wilds, Jehovah's name.

L. H. S.

IRELAND A THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

ROLL back the tide of time ; lift up the veil ages have woven, retrace the historic page and look at Ireland as she hath been. Judge her not as she appears now, cast down and broken-hearted beneath the tyranny of a foreign power, but judge her as she appeared when she was known as the Sacred-Isle, and when her still retreats were devoted to Science, to Christianity, and to Truth. Centuries ago the fairest, greenest Isle beneath the Sun stood pre-eminent for her talent, her learning and her piety. Her missionaries equalled in number those of Rome, and her children left friends, home and all, to bear abroad the great doctrines of the Cross. History and fiction are so intimately blended in the early accounts of nations that it is a delicate task to separate the real from the imaginary, and especially is this true in regard to Ireland, when vanity and a wounded pride would prompt each one to trust these brilliant dreams of former glory. But dating from 453, when in Tara's halls, St. Patrick first observed the blessed festival of Easter, events begin to stand forth stripped from the

wild garb of tradition, and take upon themselves the semblance of historic truth. And from that day till the time "when spiritual weapons were employed to aid political schemes, and the Catholic spirit of the Church was narrowed down to party purposes," Ireland was eagerly sought as the green retreat where Christianity could be embraced and piety professed undisturbed and unmolested. Great changes require time to develop them, and it was long after St. Patrick landed ere Ireland attained the height of her glory. The great Apostle had a difficult task to achieve. He came to found the Church; to disseminate among that wild barbarian race the mild doctrines of the gospel. It was no easy effort to reconcile the wild and jarring elements of which that chaos was composed, to remove their ancient prejudices, and to unite them all under the bond of one common brotherhood. Elsewhere Christianity had progressed but slowly, and often had gained a foothold only by wading through seas of blood. It was different here. The great Apostle came clothed with "peace and goodwill towards men." Mildly and humbly did he proclaim the object of his mission: gently did he lead them from their ancient worship to the worship of the one true God, and through his labors did Christianity, as hath been aptly said, "burst forth at the first ray of apostolic light, and with the sudden ripeness of a Northern summer, at once covered the whole land." Nor was this ripening premature. How could it be in such a cause? There was no blood shed, no temples destroyed, no persecution in this glorious revolution; all was quietly yet surely done, and Ireland was brought under the dominion of the Gospel. Softly did Boyne's waters flow, brightly did the morning sun illumine Tara's walls, and sweetly did the harp give forth its anthems as round the baptismal font princes and subjects in humble adoration knelt, and received the sign of the Holy Cross. The work was done, the Church was founded, and Ireland was numbered among Christian lands. From this time her course was onward. Her ancient rivalries were forgotten, and a generous emulation in piety and in learning, took the place of commotion and of bloodshed. Not that war was unknown—would that it had been!—but too often among the peaceful scenes that are described do we "catch a glimpse of furious combat raging." Yet the change Religion had wrought, was a great one, for these combats ceased to be objects of univer

sal attention, and scenes of blood lost their once strong attraction. Nor was this change an evanescent one, the mere enthusiasm of novelty which was quickly to subside. It was real, permanent. The doctrines, the belief which the Irish had so readily embraced, and to which they clung with such fervor, were deeply enshrined in their hearts, and no external force could uproot them.

And now the drama changes. The seeds planted by St. Patrick begun to yield an abundant harvest. In the beginning of the sixth century, the day of intellectual brightness began to dawn and ere its close, Ireland could number among her holy men those whose name is yet held in reverence by the Christian world. Such an one was St. COLUMBA. His name is indicative of his character. Simple and humble in his life, high-minded and firm when duty was concerned, and versed in ecclesiastical learning, he was well fitted to extend his Master's kingdom. He left Ireland and chose Scotia as the scene of his exertions. Britain and the Western Isles both felt the effects of his endeavors. Once he revisited his native land, and then he returned to Iona, the Isle of his heart, and there, in front of the altar which he had raised, and with his hands clasped in prayer to that God whom it had been his endeavor to serve, he breathed his last. 'Twas a fitting place for such a scene.

His namesake COLUMBANUS merited the same renown. Ireland claims him as her child, France owns him as her instructor, and Italy preserves his remains. Tell me not that it takes away from Ireland her glory, that other lands were the theatres of the labors of these holy men. They were missionaries, and other lands needed their labors, but the renown they gained was for Ireland as well as for themselves, and secured for her the appellation of the "Island of the holy and the learned." There is hardly a nation in Europe but acknowledges their care. Ask Germany what Ireland did for her, and she will point you to the sees of Franconia and Saltzburgh filled in the eighth century by the Irish Bishop, St. KILIAN and St. VIRGILIUS. Other States will gladly bear witness to Irish piety and Irish learning.

France will tell you of her CLEMENT and ALBINUS, Italy speaks of DONALDUS, and Spain make mention of LEDULIUS.

The Scroll of history during the sixth, seventh and eighth centuries, is filled with relations of those holy men who braved the dangers of the sea, and found their home in every land. Philoso-

phy as well as religion and learning is indebted to Ireland, and remembers with respect the name of ERIGENA. He was the first in modern Europe to construct a system of Philosophy, and his appearance at that day, and the character of his system, are singular facts, and constitute an historical enigma. He founded no school, perhaps because the unsettled State of the times was unfriendly to philosophic study. And this fact may serve to corroborate what his works show, that he possessed philosophic genius of the highest order. He took the ideas of the oriental school for a basis, and drew from them a vast system of Pantheism. He asserted "that all things are God, and God all things, God the Maker and the Made in all," and "under all phenomena, all diversities; he acknowledged nothing real but God, because His intelligence embraces all things, and intelligence is all things." A dangerous assertion, and one which closely borders on spiritual Pantheism. Yet it is natural ERIGENA should have made it, for it was the necessary result of his combining and identifying philosophy with religion. Still, though many of his views were erroneous, he yet did vast service to Philosophy, for which he will ever be remembered. And now again the scene changes. Gladly would we draw a veil over the subsequent history of Ireland,—willingly would we leave her as she was in the ninth century, but the day that dawned with such intellectual brightness, now began to sink in a night of darkness and of ignorance. Strife and insurrection recommenced—invasion and aggression followed. The church was lowered from that high eminence on which she should ever stand, and became corrupted by the political discord of the land. Faster and faster was the decay, deeper and deeper grew the darkness, and Ireland finally sank into a night of darkness, of superstition. She lost her name of "Sacred Isle,"—she lost her liberty, her all.

Boyne's waters still softly flow, but the rays of the setting sun fall not on Tara's walls, for they have kissed the dust; and the harp that once rang so proudly through her halls is heard no more, save when, touched by the cold hand of despair, it faintly murmurs "Truth and Liberty are flown, and Ireland is no more." We can only hope that the present "night of darkness is far spent," and that soon another day of intellectual brightness shall dawn, that will light Ireland to that eminence upon which she stood

A THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

MUSINGS IN FERRARA.

NO. II.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS IN ROME."

There are other subjects for musing in Ferrara, besides the dark tragedy of *Parasima*. Those were thoughts of the night, as we looked out on the gloomy castle where it occurred, and saw the garden in which the lovers met and the court yard where they expiated their crime. But morning came, and with it brighter recollections of the past—remembrances of her poets whose names still live in Italian literature, and by whom to be mentioned is immortality, while many of princely birth who then despised their muse, now live only as names in some musty chronicle.

"They had no poet, and they died."

As Florence in every part speaks to us of Dante, and Avignon of Petrarch, so here we are surrounded by memorials of Ariosto. Although not a native of Ferrara, yet he was related to the House of Este, and here spent most of his life, the favorite of Cardinal Hippolito d'Este, brother of the reigning Duke. The house in which he was educated—the *Casa degli Ariosti*—is still standing, and one of the show places of the city. The old woman who acts as *custode* will take you to the chamber where the poet with his brothers and sisters performed the fable of *Thisbe* and the comic pieces of his own composition. We doubt, however, whether she herself has any clear idea who Ariosto was, though she drawls out her tale so glibly for the edification of visitors. Her views of the source of his true greatness are probably as indistinct and cloudy as those of the Neapolitan peasants who live about the tomb of Virgil, and whose only idea about him is that he was a great magician!

When Ariosto's father died he removed to another house, which, through the liberality of the Duke, he was enabled to build; and this, for the remainder of his life, was his residence.

when at Ferrara. It is a plain and modest dwelling, and when some visitor to the poet expressed his surprise, that one who had described so many palaces, had not a finer house for himself, he replied, that the palaces he built cost him nothing. During this century the city has purchased it, and it is now retained as one of their national monuments. Over the door has been placed the inscription, composed by the great poet himself:

"Parva sed apta mihi, sed nulli obnoxia, sed non
Sordida, parva meo sed tamen ære domus."

It was here that he wrote his grand heroic poem of Orlando Furioso. It is a history of chivalric adventures in love and war, and mingled with them wild accompaniments of the supernatural, in which that age so much delighted; enchantments and transformations, and even moral and religious allegory. It is a work which will always hold a lofty rank among the productions of human genius; and as we looked upon Titian's noble portrait of Ariosto, in the Manfreni palace at Venice—the thoughtful countenance, high brow, and black sparkling eyes—we felt that it was the look of one who, even in an age of superstition, could expose, as he has done, the arts which deluded the mass, and could satirize with boldness priestly frauds and forgeries.

Yet poetry in that age dealt not entirely in theology. Its great theme was love, and when the poet wrote of chivalry, it was because brave knights and fair ladies were so intimately associated in his mind. But each one in those days had his own object of love, whom he immortalized in his imperishable verses. Thus the idol whom he worshipped during life became an object of interest to succeeding centuries, and those who came after felt that to understand the poet's lines they must know the divinity to whom they were consecrated. From her came the high imaginings and the glorious fancies which sparkle in his verse; and while she gave him inspiration, he repaid her with fame. So it was with Dante and his Beatrice, and Petrarch and his Laura. Their own lives furnish a key to the poems which made them immortal.

With Ariosto it is more difficult to trace the progress of his affections. Though passionate in his attachments, yet from chivalry of feeling he involved their object in a mystery which now it is sometimes hard to unravel. To his first love, a Florentine

girl residing at Mantua, we have only obscure allusions in his poems. Her name was Ginevra, and he has adopted it in his *Orlando Furioso*, as the name of one of his heroines, Ginevra di Scozia. It was often the custom of the poets of that day to play upon the name of the one they loved, and thus she alone of all who read the lines understood the allusion. Petrarch, as all well know who are acquainted with his poems, frequently indulged in this, and in the same way Ariosto has concealed the name of Ginevra—which signifies a Juniper tree—in one of his sonnets :

"Non voglio (e Febo e Bacco mi perdoni)
Che lor frondi mi mostrino poeta,
Ma che un *Ginevra* sia che mi coroni !"*

But three or four years went by, and this transient attachment gave place to one which exercised an enduring influence on the poet's life and character. The readers of Italian literature always connect with the name of Ariosto that of Alessandra Strozzi. It was on a visit which he made to Florence in 1515, that they first met. The poet had gone there to attend the Festival in honor of St. John the Baptist, and this meeting invested it to him with an unexpected interest. In one of his canzoni he describes most gorgeously the ceremonies of the Festival, yet concludes with the declaration that the magnificence of the fair city left few traces on his memory, since all he could recollect was, that he saw nothing so fair as herself.

She was then indeed in the very pride of her beauty, in her twenty-sixth year, and was the widow of Tito Strozzi, another celebrated Italian poet. It has been well remarked, that her portrait, as drawn by Ariosto in his impassioned lines, "looks forth from the gorgeous frame, like one of Titian's breathing, full-blown beauties." She was in her festal attire, (rather gay for a young widow !) and he dwells upon it in his description as if the first view was one which was not to be effaced from his memory. It was black, but embroidered in purple and gold, with wreaths of vine leaves and bunches of grapes. And then for the lady herself !

"In golden braids, her fair
And richly flowing hair

* "I wish not, (may Bacchus and Phœbus pardon me !) either the laurel or the ivy to crown my brows ; let my wreath be rather of the thorny *juniper* !"

Was gathered in a subtle net behind—
 (A subtle net and rare !)
 And cast sweet shadows there
 Over her neck, whilst parted ringlets, twined
 In beauty, from her forehead fell away,
 And hung adown her cheek where roses lay,
 Touching the ivory pale, (how pale and white !)
 Of both her rounded shoulders, left and right.
 O crafty loves ! no more ye need your darts ;
 For well ye know how many thousand hearts,
 (Willing captives on that day !)
 In those golden meshes lay !”

Thus it was that in the sixteenth century a poet described the lady of his love ! Ariosto had come to Florence to spend a few days during the continuance of the festival, but the time flew on golden wings, and he lingered for six months. Many and strong indeed were the inducements to remain. The friend, Vespucci, with whom he was staying, was the brother-in-law of Alessandra, and there he had daily opportunities of seeing her. From this time the careful reader of his poems can trace many allusions in his lines to which his connection with her will give the only solution. And yet her name is never mentioned,

“ Or passed his lips, in holy silence sealed !”

A few years afterwards, about 1522, their marriage took place. Of this there can be no doubt, though it was kept a secret. There has been much speculation on what seems now to have been an unnecessary mystery ; but the most probable solution is, that as the Church in that day was the only avenue through which literary men could reach distinction, Ariosto did not wish to deprive himself of the liberty of at any future time holding her offices. However this may have been, he never did avail himself of the opportunities offered by the Church. His life flowed on in quiet, with all the honors clustering about him which Italy could confer on poetry, and the only office he held was that of governor of a fortress in the Apennines, to which post he had been appointed by the Duke. Alessandra lived at the Casa Strozzi, in the street of Santa Maria Invado, while the poet's residence was at some distance in the Via Mirasole. Both houses are still standing, and can be seen by the curious traveler. At length the health of Ariosto, which had always been delicate, declined, and when approaching his sixtieth year he died with great tranquility. Alessandra survived him nearly twenty years, and now lies buried in the Church

of San Rocco at Ferrara. Thus ended the history of their love, but its influence will be as lasting as the language in which Ariosto has written the poems by which they are both immortalized.

It is in the church attached to the monastery of San Benedetto that Ariosto sleeps, and there they erected his tomb. When, however, the French held Ferrara in 1801, they removed the tomb to a saloon in the public library which bears the name *Sala d' Ariosto*, and there it was erected with decorations in the worst French taste. Before this was done, in the middle of the last century, the bust of Ariosto which surmounted the tomb was struck by lightning, and the crown of iron laurels which surrounded it was melted away. Lord Byron heard of it when in Ferrara, and he has embodied the incident in one of his happiest stanzas :—

“ The lightning rent from Ariosto's bust
The iron crown of laurel's mimic'd leaves;
Nor was the ominous element unjust,
For the true laurel-wreath which Glory weaves
Is of the tree no bolt of thunder cleaves,
And the false semblance but disgraced his brow;
Yet still, if fondly superstition grieves,
Know, that the lightning sanctifies below
Whate'er it strikes;—yon head is doubly sacred now.”

A few years after Ariosto, and one came to Ferrara whose name and misfortunes are even more identified with the city than are the recollections of the author of the *Orlando Furioso*. It was Tasso, the heroic poet, whose portraits of Christian warriors, Godfred, Tancred, and Rinaldo, still appeal by their romance to the youthful mind, and each one a model,

“ Whom every man in arms should wish to be.”

For Tasso, one of the brilliant courts of Italy, in that age when the spirit of chivalry had not yet gone, was the only appropriate sphere. The poet of “fierce wars and faithful loves,” he was not one who could sit down in retirement, and weave his melodies for the next generation, or to receive the applause of future times. He lived with the praises of high born men and beautiful women. His sphere was the court,

“ Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
Of peace, high triumphs hold,
Of ladies, whose bright eyes
Once, and judge the prize.”

It was at his first entrance into life, while all its romance was bright about him, that Tasso was presented at the Court of Ferrara. His poetical temperament had always prepared him for an intense affection; and Byron makes him truly describe his own state, when he says—

“From my very birth
My soul was drunk with love,—which did pervade
And mingle with whate’er I saw on earth.”

Yet unfortunately for him, his affections were now directed to one, “there seated where he durst not soar.” That the Princess Leonora was its object, no one can now doubt, though for a long while the poet managed to throw an air of mystery about it which misled the prying courtiers of Alphonso, though she to whom the sonnets were addressed well understood them. In this attempt he was aided by the fact that there were three ladies of the same name at the Court—the Princess Leonora of Este, the Countess Leonora San Vitalde, and a lady attached to the suite of the Duchess of Ferrara. This fact is proved by the following sonnet of Tasso :

“Three high-born dames it was my lot to see,
Not all alike in beauty, yet so fair,
And so akin in act, and look, and air,
That nature seemed to say, ‘Sisters are we!’
I praised them all—but one of all the three
So charmed me, that I loved her, and became
Her bard, and sung my passion, and her name,
’Till to the stars they soared past rivalry.
Her only I adored, and if my gaze
Was turned elsewhere, it was but to admire
Of her high beauty some far-scattered rays,
And worship her in idols—fond desire,
False incense hid—yet I repent my praise
As rank idolatry ’gainst Love’s true fire.”

We might quote, indeed, numerous passages, showing that the object of his love was one involving the necessity of secrecy. For instance :

“Though she would have me love, the hard restraint
Of rigid silence is enjoined me still.”

And still more plainly is this shown in some of the madrigals in the *Rime Inedite*—

“You would have me love,
Yet repress my sighs;
What new tortures must I prove
Kindling from those eyes,

While my fond lips dare not move,
 Nor my heart's flame rise ?
 If my love you prize,—
 I to prove it strove.—
 Cruel ! why the proof despise ?”

Thus ten years passed away, during which time we may well imagine the secret must in some way have been disclosed, and the presumption of Tasso's hopes made known. Then began his career of misfortune, and we soon find him confined in the convent of St. Francis. His biographers have labored hard to prove that he was sent there for insanity, which rendered him dangerous to others and to himself. We think, indeed, that there are on record abundant evidences of his madness, yet by what was it caused ? Was it slighted love, or hope deferred ? But his confinement was not long, and, seizing a moment when he was carelessly watched, he managed to escape from the convent and leave Ferrara. Taking the wild and solitary road of the Abruzzi, he directed his steps towards the Kingdom of Naples, that he might visit his sister Cornelia, who was residing at Sorrento, his birth place.

Who that now goes to fair Italy, imbued with the poetry of her bards, and stands, as day is fading, on the shores of Naples, but must remember this romantic incident in the life of Tasso ? As the wanderer from other lands looks forth over that glittering bay, and sees in the distance the houses of Sorrento clustering around the water's edge, he must think of that hour “while the deep gold of eventide burned in the Italian sky,” and once more the sorrowing poet stood in the home of his childhood. The mother was in her bower, with her children gathered round her, when suddenly a suppressed sound of grief was heard.

“ She turned—a way-worn man,
 In pilgrim garb stood nigh,
 Of stately mein, yet wild and wan,
 Of proud, yet restless eye.
 But drops that would not stay for pride,
 From that dark eye gushed free,
 As pressing his pale brow, he cried,
 ‘ Forgotten ! e'en by thee !

‘ Am I so changed ?—and yet we two
 Oft hand in hand have played :
 This brow hath been all bathed in dew,
 From wreaths which thou hast made.

We have knelt down and said one prayer,
 And sung one vesper strain—
 My thoughts are dim with clouds of care :
 Tell me those words again !

“ Life hath been heavy on my head ;
 I come, a stricken deer,
 Bearing the heart, 'midst crowds that bled,
 To bleed in stillness here.
 She gazed, till thoughts that long had slept
 Shook all her thrilling frame—
 She fell upon his neck, and wept,
 And breathed her brother's name. .

“ Her *brother's* name ! and who was he,
 The weary one, th' unknown,
 That came, the bitter world to flee,
 A stranger to his own ?
 He was the bard of gifts divine,
 To sway the hearts of men ;
 He of the song for Salem's shrine,
 He of the Sword and Pen.”*

But Tasso could not enjoy the quiet happiness of his own early home. He sighed for the Court of Ferrara, began again to petition the Duke that he might return, and finally set off for his old sphere of triumph and of suffering. But the poet found himself neglected by his former patrons, and infuriated by his treatment he published his feelings with bitter contempt, retracting the praise he had once bestowed upon the House of Este, and in the most unguarded and indignant language expressing his feelings. But that was not the time or the place for unlicensed liberty of speech. It was the sixteenth century, and he was in the dominions of an absolute Italian prince. The consequences might have been easily predicted. The Duke ordered Tasso to be treated as lunatic, and confined in the Hospital of St. Anne.

Again comes up the question as to the reality of Tasso's madness. We confess we do not believe it. Genius is often on the verge of insanity, and so it probably was with him. His health was impaired, his love slighted, his glorious talents treated with contempt by sneering courtiers, and the romance of life was gone. With a mind then, thus clouded by the gloom of suspicion, and at times giving way to despair, is it any wonder that there were symptoms of what to the commonplace world looked like insanity ?

* Mrs. Hemans.

Had he entered the hospital sound in mind, there was enough in that abode of human wretchedness to have turned the brain of the persecuted poet. What a picture does he himself give of his condition ! " My melancholy," says he, " increases through the fear of continual imprisonment, and the indignities which I suffer increase. The squalidness and dust of my beard, of my hair, and of my dress, greatly annoy me ; and above all, solitude, my cruel and natural enemy, afflicts me." Yet thus Tasso languished in imprisonment for seven long and weary years.

Reader*! if ever you visit Ferrara, you will find the dungeon of Tasso one of the show places of the city, and you will wonder that for so long a time life could have existed there. It is low and dark, and lighted only by a grated window, sunk several feet below the surface of the ground, and filled with unwholesome damps which stain the walls. In the darkened corner a mark will be shown you on the wall, where we are told, his chains were riveted. As Shelley wrote, in his strong sympathy for his brother poet ; " It is a horrible abode for the coarsest and meanest thing that ever wore the shape of man, much more for one of delicate sensibilities and elevated fancies." Yet to this vile dungeon for centuries genius has come as to a pilgrims shrine, and we still find written on its walls the names of Byron, Rogers, Casimir Delavigne, and Lamartine.

In this melancholy abode the mind of Tasso seems to have preserved all its force and brilliancy and his genius showed the same glow of fancy that it had in his days of health and liberty. One piece after another, written thus in his confinement, was exhibited at the Court of Ferrara, as being the strongest proofs of his sanity, but his persecutor was inexorable. He himself addressed canzonets to his enemies imploring relief, but in vain.

If his ambitious love for the Princess Leonora had been any reason for his imprisonment, that cause in the second year was removed by her death. In the annals of the House of Este, the decease is thus recorded :—" On the 10th of February, 1581, died the Princess Leonora, daughter of Duke Hercules II. who preferred a life of celibacy." And but for the despised and suffering poet, this would have been the only remembrance left of her existence. These few lines in a forgotten chronicle would

have been her utmost space in the memory of mankind. All recollection of her rank and beauty would long since have perished. Yet the genius of Tasso has given her everlasting renown. The world is familiar with her name, and long as the Italian language lasts it shall live as one whom the first poet of that bright land loved, "not wisely, but too well." Well then has he redeemed his own pledge made in the consciousness of his power—

"To Scythia and to Lybia's sands thy name
Shall fly, in triumph borne, upon my lays,
And arms, and war, and heroes find their fame
Rivalled by Modesty and Beauty's praise."

It fulfils the prophecy which in his "Lament of Tasso," Lord Byron places in the poet's mouth—

"Yes, Leonora! it shall be our fate
To be entwined forever; but too late!"

But how was Tasso affected by the death of her who for seventeen years had been the star that guided him—the object of his passionate idolatry? We know not, for no line of his records his feelings. The courtly poets of Ferrara all sung her praises, but no elegy came from the pen of him who when she was living had given immortality to the fame of her beauty. Yet why was this? Laura was commemorated by Petrarch in a hundred sonnets; why then on a similar occasion was Tasso silent? Serassi ascribes it in one place to the jealousy of Ducchi, who collected the poems of Tasso, and then in another place intimates that the poet had ceased to love her, because she had shown so little interest in his sufferings. What miserable judges of the human heart! How much more eloquent is Tasso's silence than the studied praises of his brother poets! Leonora had been for years enshrined in "his heart of hearts," and now that she was gone should he profane her name by joining the crowd of courtly flatterers? His crushed and bleeding heart shrank from the thought, and in that dark and solitary cell he probably wept those bitter tears which were the noblest tribute to her memory.

Four years more passed away, and the unhappy poet was liberated. But the object of his life was gone. Ferrara was filled only with bitter memories, and he spent the rest of his days wandering between Rome and Naples. It was in the former city that his end overtook him, and amid its mouldering ruins the

heroic poet of Italy felt the shadows of the grave gathering about him. Yet it was in the hour of his triumph. The homage of Italy was given to his genius, and the Pope and Senate decreed to him the honor of being crowned in the Capitol with the laurel crown, as Petrarch and others had been before him. Yet he was not destined to wear the promised wreath. The hand of sickness was on him, and he felt that his mortal career was run. And is it not often thus with the prizes of this world?

———"The boon for which we grasp in vain,
 If hardly won at length, too late made ours
 When the soul's wing is broken, comes like rain
 Withheld till evening, on the stately flowers
 Which wither'd in the noontide, ne'er again
 To lift their heads in glory. So doth Earth
 Breathe on her gifts, and melt away their worth.
 The sailor dies in sight of that green shore,
 Whose fields, in slumbering beauty, seemed to lie
 On the deep's foam, amidst its hollow roar
 Call'd up to sunlight by his fantasy—
 And when the shining desert-mists that wore
 The lake's bright semblance, have been all pass'd by,
 The pilgrim sinks beside the fountain wave,
 Which flashes from its rock, too late to save."*

Day after day the disease advanced, until Tasso desired that he might be removed to the monastery of Saint Onofrio. There the monks tended him, and in their company and religious conversation he prepared for his great change. In his last hours, his patron, Cardinal Cinzio, arrived, with the Pope's benediction, when the dying poet exclaimed—"This is the crown with which I hope to be crowned, not as a poet in the Capitol, but with the glory of the blessed in Heaven." And thus the gifted author of "Gerusalemme Liberata" breathed his last. You may now visit the venerable convent, and from the terraces of its garden, where Tasso used to sit, you can look as he did over the glory of Rome. Then enter the cloisters, and the monks will show you the room where he died, while in the church is a plain marble slab, bearing the simple inscription—

TORQUATI TASSO OSSA.

But we have too far extended these "Musings in Ferrara." And yet these are the only thoughts which to us consecrate these old Italian cities. Ariosto and Tasso! in comparison with these

* Mrs. Hemans.

hallowed names how sink into insignificance the petty sovereigns of Este! Their house has vanished from the world's history, and the last of the race—he who persecuted the poet that immortalized him—reaped his earthly retribution. Alphonso survived the affections of his dependants, and deserted by them at his death, was interred without princely or even decent honors. His last wishes were neglected, and his testament cancelled. His kinsman, Don Cæsar, to whom his sceptre should have passed, was deprived of his dominions by the Pope, and shrinking from the excommunication of the Vatican, gave up his inheritance with scarcely a struggle. Thus, Ferrara passed away from the House of Este. And now, except for these recollections, what interest is there in the half deserted city of Ferrara!

“Tasso is their glory and their shame :
 Hark to his strain! and then survey his cell!
 And see how dearly earned Torquato's fame,
 And where Alfonso bade his poet dwell:
 The miserable despot could not quell
 The insulted mind he sought to quench and blend
 With the surrounding maniacs, in the hell
 Where he had plunged it. Glory without end
 Scattered the clouds away—and on that name attend
 The tears and praises of all time; while thine
 Would rot in its oblivion—in the sink
 Of worthless dust, which from thy boasted line
 Is shaken into nothing; but the link
 Thou formest in his fortunes bids us think
 Of thy poor malice, naming thee with scorn—
 Alfonso! how thy ducal pageants shrink
 From thee! if in another station born,
 Scarce fit to be the slave of him thou mad'st to mourn.”

"THE VESTAL."

FROM THE ITALIAN OF COUNT VERRI.

The diverse and mingled voices which murmured throughout the multitude resembled the humming of bees; when we arrived at the place of punishment appointed for the Vestals, unhappily subdued by the power of love. It was the place known as "the field of infamy" from the horror entertained of the crime; but more properly for the terrible atrocity of the rite, and the unmitigated rigor of the punishment. It was the indistinct noise which succeeds an argument. All at once it became calm, and was followed by a sudden and profound silence. Not far from this spot, were the shapeless ruins of a tomb, choked with thorns; and the dwelling of snakes, from which issued a groan as of a dying female. My sorrowful heart was struck with an icy coldness, when the shade of a young maiden appeared; no longer adorned by her long lashes and rosy though tearful cheek; I asked Tully, what was the sad story of this girl? He waiving his imperious hand in token of silence, said,—“She is disposed to speak herself and make known her misfortunes.”

She now appeared; and, with a timid air, regarding the audience, she sighing began her story:

“You see before you, oh compassionate Romans, the unhappy Floronia. I carefully watched the perpetual fire, while in my heart was burning a still more powerful flame. In this deep prison, I expiated by fatal torments the too fatal delights of love.”

At these words, the groans of compassion, and the exclamations of sorrow, mingled in mournful harmony. Her countenance was that of a maiden not far from her twentieth year, whose blooming beauty had the still greater charm of a modest deportment. Her long black hair, descending from her pale forehead, and parted at the temples, floated loosely on her shoulders; and the soft light of her eyes was rendered tremulous by her tears. She was silent awhile, listening to the voice of general lamentation; then raising her slender hand, with a gentle motion, she asked for silence and

obtained it, even such that she appeared alone in the desert ; she continued :—

“Oh thou Goddess, who enjoyed the gift of omniscience, why didst thou sentence with so barbarous a punishment the frail bosoms whom love’s triumphant power had subdued ! The terrible rite which has placed us here, is alone the cause why we execrate thy holy name ! But since you deign to listen to me, oh benignant people, it may please you to hear my sad story.

Scarcely had I been elevated to the holy ministry, when there came to my paternal mansion, a youth, the son of friend of the family, whose features were as handsome as his manners were gentle ; his name was Lucius Cantilius ; and I, then a young girl ; entertained him with innocent conversation ; but soon were added to these the first pangs of love ; for, while discoursing with artless simplicity, there was reciprocally infused from our lips to our hearts, the poisoned arrow ; sometimes a slight shiver would pervade my frame, often some sudden flame kindled at my enslaved heart, would overspread my cheek, and weaken the mind, already struggling with unknown feelings. Yet, when Lucius departed, I felt a vague disquiet and a dull void, as though some misfortune had befallen me ; when I again beheld him, it seemed as though some part of myself was restored to me. Whilst this flame was consuming my heart, I was destined, by the pontiff, to watch that of Vesta ; both inextinguishable and eternal.

On my entering into the chaste ministry, the novelty of the life, and a curiosity to behold these rites unknown to the public, induced me to sustain without anguish, the irreparable separation. Then the honors accorded to the maiden state, the decorum, the example, the sacerdotal discipline, all remunerated me for my isolated condition ; and the time passed, if not gaily, at least tranquilly. When being one day, with the other Vestals, at the circus, I saw a youth who, not far from our distinguished seats, was looking fixedly on me ; I withdrew my eyes from the circus ; for the spectacles, till then gratifying, no longer pleased me, I turned them accidentally towards him as in the centre of a sun ; he still looked with gentle and affectionate doubts, while I returned that look in the same perplexity which a sudden meeting often causes. To me he appeared my beloved Lucius ; but the lapse of years, had changed that fair, but boyish countenance, into fresh and ma-

jestic manhood. I was pleased with his ardent gaze, as it was but natural; being under the same powerful influence. I removed the sacred veil that covered my face; when my features were offered to his ardent curiosity, and the intervening obstacles no longer there, he ceased to doubt my identity. For the deadly paleness, then the sudden animation assured me of reciprocal sympathy.

Alas! for the irksome and rigid decorum, which prevented two faithful lovers from expressing their impetuous feelings! It was this induced him to approach nearer to me; and we had already given wing to our thoughts, and on our lips were the oft repeated oaths of eternal fidelity and innumerable demands; but the rigorous majority of the sacred office, forbade not only words and outward signs, but even the most cautious look and doubtful expression. My soul was in wild commotion, while my countenance was grave; my heart was overflowing with joy, while I dared not even smile. For it was an unpardonable crime now to love this youth whom I had hitherto so innocently thought my own. But love is a swift and subtle essence which unites the most remote causes, removes every obstacle, and runs through all space, with the speed of light, whilst the soul of one, was but the mirror of the other in which were seen reciprocally our most hidden thoughts.

The most auspicious moments for us, were those in which the multitude applauded, intent on the success of some competitor near the boundary of the arena; this enabled us to throw off part of our rigid restraint. Perhaps there is no one so inexperienced in this all absorbing passion, as to ask if we noticed the flying wheel, or the fallen courser; the path of the fleet racer, or the the robust wrestler; for our souls, bound by mutual delights, were sensible of no outward circumstances. The spectacle was at last completed; some rose from their marble seats, and among the multitude disappeared the dearest object of my regard. When I also, accompanied by my companions, left the circus with the crowd, carrying within my heart the cause of my death. Once more returned to the custody of the eternal fire, I turned towards the goddess, and with burning brands feeding the sacred flame venerated by the vulgar, I humbly prayed: "O most chaste goddess, if I guard for thee this thy holy flame. deign to preserve

me from that which is profane and destructive, and which I am not able to extinguish. It is an easy and agreeable task to faithfully watch this fire, but to overcome in my frail bosom the tyrannical power which is preying upon me is too difficult without the assistance of celestial aid." In similar prayers I sought to alleviate the unquiet flame; and the holy ministry which hitherto had been to me but the soft indolence of contemplation, was now irksome to me, notwithstanding I celebrated with a cold satiety the accustomed rites. Unhappy girl! for my mind was fraught with other cares than those of the temple. In this manner I lived, occupied with tedious duties, and endeavoring, whenever the dignity of my ministry would permit, to assist in the celebrations of the circus; ever prompted by the hope of seeing Lucius; and he, stimulated by the same motive, never neglected being present at every popular assemblage. It seemed as though love guarded these meetings with especial care; for, although frequent, the desire for new ones grew stronger in both of our breasts. Alas! the fabled torments of Tantalus were but too sadly realized; for even in my dreams that beloved image was ever present; to whom I stretched my imploring arms with bold impetuosity, but the fleeting shade vanished with my sleep; and arising from my restless bed deluded and exhausted, I filled the holy cloister with profane lamentations. Sometimes I went in the shadow of the night, to the ample garden, to alleviate my too powerful anguish with fatal and tearful vigils. I shall ever remember the calends of August. For having on the day previous passed the Campus Martius, I saw Lucius. Exhausted by my tormenting grief, I turned my languid steps to the garden, the secret guardian of my afflicted thoughts. The evening air ruffled the murmuring fountains, and curled them in little waves in the receptacles placed beneath them, while the soft light of the moon trembled on their surface. A pensive silence invited the soul to quiet contemplation. All of these objects were calculated to infuse calm into a perturbed mind, but afforded no relief to a heart full of the poison of love. Hence the planet of the night appeared to shine like a funeral torch; the soft breath of the evening breeze displeased me, the murmur of the fountain annoyed me, while the silence which pervaded the scene was sad and mournful to my soul. Yet though under the greatest excitement, I turned my eyes to heaven and

supplanted the goddess in whose chains my submissive heart was groaning; then, prostrating myself, I invoked the powers of hell; then again I called all the gods to witness, but my promises were vain, rash, and inconsiderate. Meantime my maiden companions were buried in calm and innocent slumbers, cherished by profound silence; and I, also, was desirous of participating in them, but exhausted by weeping, and cherishing my vigils, my eyes were never closed, and my heart was the prey of mortal anguish. Even now, after the lapse of so many ages, and free from the shackles of my corporeal state, the burning thought affects me, and this pure essence is perturbed by these sweet reminiscences of the past. While absorbed in these emotions, all at once I heard the slight noise of a footstep advancing with a stealthy pace and rustling among the dry leaves. The moon at that moment was obscured by a passing cloud; still, by her doubtful beams I perceived the figure of a man advancing in silence. To me he appeared as a spirit returning among the habitations of mortals; (even as we are at this present moment,) for, surrounded by high walls, whose gates were well guarded, together with the sanctity of the place, and the punishment of profaning it, all, persuaded me it was inaccessible and inviolable. Hence I retraced my uncertain steps; but my trembling limbs impeded my flight, whilst my voice could not give utterance to a faint exclamation. Meantime the clouds, wafted away by the evening breeze, left the moon in all her splendor, and every object was once more distinctly discerned. I now perceived it was not a phantom, but the form of a living man who had entered these enclosures, I knew not for what purpose; whilst he, advancing cautiously, in a soft voice called "Floronia." The pleasing invocation rendered me more bold, and I listened in anxious expectation. On his approaching nearer I exclaimed "Lucius." At the sound of my voice he was no longer fearful of approaching her who was soon folded to his beating heart. Language fails me to describe the intoxication in which our souls were wrapped: Words, tears and sighs, all mingled in that silent evening hour. But recovering from this short forgetfulness of my rigid ministry, and recalling the sanctity of the rites by which I was bound, and this daring innovation, I was so overwhelmed with terror, that a cold chill ran over my frame, and

with hasty words I reproached Lucius. Oh why, thou fair deceiver, alluring my simple mind with pleasing wiles, why hast thou exposed me to the danger of an ignominious punishment, fearful even to the boldest heart. But he gently reassured me, and informed me that by a subterranean aqueduct used for water in the time of the Tarquins, and which was then dry and unknown to the people, he had found his way; that guided by all-powerful love he had discovered its entrance on the side of the Palatine Hill amongst grass and shrubbery; and that after penetrating its most secret recesses he had found a propitious and unlooked for issue to the daring impulses of love. The tradition concerning this passage was most cautiously preserved by some aged men by reason of the many dangers presented by this path to the Vestal Cloister; by which means other lovers had preceded him. But the uncertainty of the story, and the difficulty of the undertaking had buried its history in silence. He, however, determined to encounter even death itself to be near me again for one moment; he would have penetrated not only the most gloomy passages, but would have descended the steepest abyss with a light heart. Then kneeling submissively, he embraced my feet and bathed my hand with tears. Alas! forgetful of myself, I besought him to withdraw from this dangerous conference; though the pain of the separation was ever before me; added to which I was solicitous to learn his past adventures, his present mode of life, the domestic events, and the customs and varied discipline of the institution: whilst between the desire of hearing the various incidents that transpired beyond our walls, and the fatal fascination attending our stolen meeting, the night passed away fraught with the burden of delight. Already we heard the warbling of the birds among the dewy leaves, and the gentle breeze announcing the approach of dawn, surrounded with her rosy splendors, till we, overcome by an unfortunate oblivion, discovered one of the vestals already arisen, solicitous to continue her vigilant ministry. Alas for the tyrannical empire of this discipline! She, pale with horror, and trembling at the profanation of the sacred dwelling, awaited the expiating thunderbolts of avenging Jove. Soon the rest of the sisterhood tumultuously joined her, and with fear and trembling, with one accord called for the sovereign pontiff, whilst the

temple resounded with fearful execrations ; but as a valiant lover Lucius came forward and threatened not to leave this artifice unavenged ; then laying aside his anger, he tried to persuade the vestals, who were stupefied with terror, to bury this sad adventure in oblivion, and not publish it to the multitude ; thereby injuring the fame of the august palace, and exposing it to the derision of plebeians. Then invoking the gods as witnesses, he promised to return by the same way, or by any other which might be deemed more suitable ; and never again disturb our holy temple with his presence, nor reveal one word in relation to the sad event. But they, overcome by the profanity of their rites, remained in silence ; each one covering her face with her veil. Lucius' eyes were large and blue, while his light hair lay in disorder on a forehead white as snow ; the rosy tinge of his cheeks became still deeper, and his voice was soft and musical. Ah, why did those eloquent lips fail to persuade ! The high priest now came forward to witness a fearful crime, meriting the most rigorous expiation. At a sign from this severe old man, the lictors who followed him, appeared, and with menacing attitudes surrounded Lucius, who, as haughty towards them as he had been submissive to the females, preserved a countenance undismayed amid the fearful scene. At this dreadful moment I was taken forever from the presence of him I loved ; from the quiet shade and tender herbage surrounding the temple, and from these too fleeting and wild delights. I was thrust by the lictors into a prison with a stone seat and a bed of straw, and no light but that of a little lamp ; when, most annoying, the fierce guards entered to torment me with their presence. Thence I was taken to the still more terrible presence of the High Priest, who was seated on a lofty throne in the superb palace, ornamented with the sacerdotal insignia. In a stern and measured voice, and without one feeling of commiseration, he interrogated her who stood in chains before him, respecting the events of the morning. But I, unhappy girl, did not deplore my own misfortunes so much as the unknown destiny of Lucius, who, already, in my mind, I imagined condemned to an ignominious punishment ; and, emboldened by these agonizing suspicions, and with tears and supplications that would have moved any other heart, I besought the priest to reveal to me his unknown fate. But he, like the senseless marble, heard with-

out emotion my passionate exclamations ; and after remaining for some time in silence, he in a harsh voice interrupted me.—“ Unblushing and profane girl be silent, for thy unlawful request excites the thunderbolts of Jove ; and threatening Olympus already trembles with sudden revenge.” Thus saying, he rose from the gilt seat, and left the palace, accompanied by the followers of this fearful pageantry ; while the cruel executors of his sentence drew still tighter the chains already rusted with my tears. They then placed me in a seat covered on all sides, that the pitying multitude might not hear my groans. But this tyrannical precaution to smother my sighs was useless ; for oppressed with suffocation and more dead than alive, I wanted breath to utter the slightest complaint. Here, to this horrid dungeon, I was shortly conveyed ; in this subterranean prison I was buried alive, to suffer, in lingering agony, a thousand deaths. And there stood the avenging priest, who covered me with a black veil—mournful token of my approaching fate, and laying his hand on my beating bosom, thrust me from him ; after which the lictors loosed my chains. But a prey to the pangs of despair, even then I was not free. The sad rite was finished according to customary usage ; by lighting a lamp and leaving me a little oil to feed its flame, straw to lie upon, and bread, water and milk to support life for a short time. They then left me, and closed the opening of the cell, as of a tomb, with solid marble. Even now I hear the muffled sound that fell on my ear at that awful moment, as one stone was piled upon another, as I conjectured that my loudest cries might not be heard. It was then, a sudden darkness veiled my eyes, and my trembling limbs sunk upon the floor. Oh that I could then have died. But, recovering my wandering senses, who can tell my imprecations against this barbarous punishment, the tyrannical ministry, and the vain watching of the sacred fire, the complaints of outraged nature and violated oaths ; but the air filled with my cries was the sole witness of my misery. Echo them again, oh thou abyss of the dead ; cell of my agonies, cave inaccessible to compassion ; tomb of living despair ! that if there remain in you any sense of human misfortune, you may console the desolate one. For what other comfort does misery require, than to have the history of its woes listened to with commiseration ? and what thought more aggravating than not to have nor

ever hope for the presence of a human being to hear the groans of utter despair? But my physical strength becoming less in proportion to the impetuosity of my feelings, life was gradually ebbing away. Why did not the compassion of the lictors leave me poison or a dagger? But as nature prompts even the most wretched to sustain life; and seeing by the pale flame of the waning lamp the food near by destined to prolong my agony, I moistened my throat with water, for it was parched with the effects of grief. I then renewed the exhausted lamp. For however desirous of descending the abyss of Tartarus, I still feared to remain in this tomb without light; when a sudden desperation seized me. I arose from the vile earth, bathed in vain with my tears, and with a deliberation which I now look back upon with pleasure, I dashed my forehead against the wall with all my remaining strength, and fell to the earth. Eternal darkness veiled my eyes, and my soul, burning with inextinguishable flame, fled from its worn out tenement. I know not how many days I lingered in the tomb, for the moments of grief are tedious, and without the light of the sun the hours pass unnoticed. But oh, if there are any among you who are laid in this eternal waste, who have ever met with the loved being for whom I descended here, tell me, I implore you, what was his fate, and relate the manner of his death!" While the weeping girl was thus complaining, she wiped her tearful eyes with her veil, and there was on her fair countenance such an expression of tender compassion, that it infused the same emotion into the bosoms of her hearers. Whilst the air was resounding with profound lamentations, there came forth a phantom from the crowd, who, turning towards the young vestal, said, since you desire, oh unhappy girl, to hear his history, I, who lived at that time, will acquaint you with it, mournful as it is." She, removing the veil which concealed her sad features, replied: "Tell me all you know: for though it be of the most cruel misfortunes, it cannot make me more wretched than I already am." The shade replied: "No sooner had the priest seen your sad prison closed, than the adventurous youth was dragged to the public square, where the priest, with his own hands—inexorable ministers of celestial ire—beat him with rods till he expired beneath his blows." On hearing this, Floronia, with tottering steps, turned away, while the breeze of the night played among the

fold of her veil and in her dishevelled hair. And I, who had listened to her sad tale, not only with compassion but indignation, boldly exclaimed: "Oh, fearful rites! oh ignominious punishment, not to those unfortunates, but to you. Truly it was an arrogance worthy of a Roman which induced you to look upon all other nations as barbarians, whilst you were more savage and ferocious yourselves!" Then Marcus Brutus threw the folds of his toga over his head, in sorrow concealing his features. Augustus smiled bitterly; Cæsar regarded me without anger; and Tully said to me, "You see we were more fortunate than we were deserving."

SONNET.

TO ONE WHO HAD SHOWN KINDNESS TO THE WRITER DURING
SICKNESS.

Mary, accept this grateful verse of mine;
For thou hast, with unconscious art, revived
Thoughts which too long had slumbered, but which lived
Fervent and full, in days of auld lang syne.
Dost ask me how, or why? This faltering line
Shall tell thee all. My boyish thought received
Its richest gems from that exhaustless mine,
A sister's love. Time hath no power to chill
The fond remembrance of the cherished past:
It warmly glows within my bosom still:
It ever will, while life and memory last.
Forgive the hope, presumptuous though it be,
That I have found a sister's love in thee.

H. A. R.

SHORT TALKS ABOUT GOOD MANNERS.

BY AN EX-MEMBER OF SOCIETY.

(Addressed to his second cousin.)

I.

APOLOGY, THEORY AND DEFINITION.

You know, Stanhope, that I do not profess to be a pattern of good breeding, although I am so fond of reading you long homilies on the subject. In fact, if I was ordered always to balance my tea-spoon on the edge of my cup just before rising from the table, I might suggest that it is too much trouble to be "fashionable;" or, if advised never by any means to attend church more than once on Sunday, I might avow too much religion to be consistent with "etiquette;" or, if taunted by some disciple of the code of honor for not betraying a trusting woman, I fear I should pulingly confess myself no adept in "gallantry;" or, if I was challenged to stake my valuable life against that of a worthless rascal on the duelling-ground, I really believe that I should prove myself no "gentleman."

Again: as the connoisseur, who analyzes wisely the beauties and blemishes of paintings, does not thereby assume that he is an artist; and as the critic, who pours his withering rage upon good books, does not thereby claim to be a man of genius; so I, although presuming to discuss even the *minutiae* of good manners, do not profess to be—as genial Horace hath it—a *homo ad unguem factus*; a gentleman to the tips of the fingers. True elegance of deportment—true politeness, in fact—is an *ideal*, which we may imagine, see, or write about, without being able to exemplify it. We may understand—both you and I—why D’Orsay’s manners were so winning, and Chesterfield’s so imposing, while you may do no more than wear a D’Orsay tie in your cravat, and I bear no likeness to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

So much for personal identity and apology.

Now, my friend, in what I have to say I shall proceed upon the theory that the rules of politeness are all, either clearly or by supposition, justified by common sense; that they are founded in reason and upon some fundamental principle or idea, from which the particulars and details of good breeding are, as it were, so many logical inferences. The reason of some rules may not be clear, but a *probable* reason may be traced out historically or metaphysically. But if no reason for a rule of etiquette can be *guessed*, then, according to the present theory, you will be more honored in the breach than in the observance of it.

Do not understand, however, that, because politeness is founded upon reason and common sense, it is therefore to be thoroughly acquired by intuition, without study, or practice, or observation. The laws of mechanics or rules of philosophy are all founded upon common sense, but it has taken ages to bring some of them to light. Comparison and study alone will admit you to a perfect knowledge of good manners, while care and habit will alone enable you to practice them. Although the connection of etiquette and common sense, once discovered, may be as simple as the alimentary apparatus of a periwinkle, yet you will never be able to be polite without forethought. Even the dictates of a kind, good nature—if unaided—will not enable you to fulfil all the requirements of that perfect external deference to others, called politeness.

I know there are Narcissuses in the world, Stanhope, whose vulgar conceit leads them to think their manners not worth calculation and study, and plume themselves upon being incapable of violating decorum, however ignorant they may be of its requirements. The forgiving courtesy of others may prevent the breaches of politeness, which such persons commit, from being brought home to their own consciences. But it is a poor consolation to know, that our errors of deportment only escape rebuke or significant scorn, because we happen to be in the society of those who are too well-bred to *seem* to remark our rudeness. No shield furnishes so ill a protection to vulgarity as that of self-conceit. "A pigmy's straw will pierce it."

I know that there *is* a sort of politeness, not founded upon common sense or reason: which is wholly artificial, and constructed on the basis of fashionable caprice: which seems invented

solely for the use and amusement of male and female fops—a class of beings, for whose composition a merciful Providence is certainly not to be held responsible; whose butterfly glory is solely in the splendor of their wings and the briskness of their insane fluttering. As I do not write to you as to one of those who aspire to the witless baboonery of false etiquette, I shall not discuss it. I would only recommend that sort and measure of politeness, which are consistent with high and generous qualities of heart and high and noble aims in life. This code is not for the gambling exquisite to pick up and draw on as he does his scented gloves, at his exit from the billiard-room. I would recommend no school of etiquette which requires any affectation of indifference to our fellow-men,—which, by the way, it is almost divine charity to call *affectation*,—or any professions of contempt for superiors and equals, or any frivolous devotion of life to indolence and luxury, or any ungrateful and extravagant waste of the blessings of Providence. I write to you only in behalf of that politeness, which will bear the test of philosophy, reason, benevolence and morality: which is the polish of the diamond and not the gilt which covers a base metal.

Now what is politeness, you ask. It is sometimes said that “true politeness is true kindness.” If this is intended to inculcate the principle, that kind instincts must underlie and dictate that politeness which is uniform, natural and universal, the sentiment is well enough. As a maxim, it is significant and valuable: but as a definition, it is without the merit of accuracy. Kindness is no more politeness than the flower is its perfume, or than any interior cause is identical with one of its external effects. Nor, need I add, that kindness often falls short of politeness: that a good heart often manifests itself through very bad manners.

That politeness is not a mere cultivation of arbitrary artificial rules—a superfluous and unmeaning series of caprices—I have already indirectly shown.

Politeness—defined not lexicographically but logically—is the constant manifestation of regard for and deference to others in our intercourse with society. If you say simply, that it is the art of pleasing by the deportment, you describe the effect instead of analyzing the cause. If you call it the art of good manners, you have given a synonym, but not a definition.

Now I will not go, after the manner of Coke or Blackstone, into an explanation of the peculiar force of the terms "*constant*," "*manifestation*," "*regard*," "*deference*," "*in our intercourse with society*," &c.—as used in the foregoing definition. If you think it contains a word too much or too little, then test, by careful examination, every syllable of it for yourself. It will be enough for me to illustrate its general spirit.

Natural selfishness prompts the barbarian first to eat all he wants, and leave the residue for his unsatisfied companion; (provided the latter is not in such a condition as to appeal to pity or generosity.) Politeness, on the other hand, prompts the civilized man, *on all occasions*, to offer food first to his comrade. Natural selfishness leads the savage to tyrannize over weakness and condemn woman to menial services. Politeness induces you to respect and defer to the weakness of the opposite sex, and make them the recipients of the minutest attentions and services. Natural selfishness instructs the barbarian to build and use a dwelling solely for his own convenience. Civilization, polished into politeness, leads us to set apart the most elegant saloons within our dwellings almost solely for the use of others. No matter what the motive may be,—how much behind or before the savage the civilized man may be in real selfishness of heart,—politeness and barbarism lead to exactly opposite results. One makes the pleasure of society at large not only really, but seemingly, the secondary object: the other elevates the outward expression of a desire to please others primary and paramount.

Deference to others is, then, according to our illustration, the element of politeness. It follows, of course, that the farther this deference is manifested, the more remarkable will be the politeness: while to be perfectly polite requires that our manifestation of regard for others, in the intercourse of society, should be invariable, universal, and clearly apparent.

Having thus given my "apology, theory and definition," I shall be able in my next letter, to make some desultory suggestions, my dear Stanhope, on a subject about which you are already intelligent, and perhaps *au fait*—"Etiquette at Parties."

In admiration of that graceful kindness, called politeness, and in friendship for you, I shall "remain"

Yours candidly,

"THERE IS A REST."

BY A. MESSLER, D. D.

They've told me of a rest, far, far away,
Where the weary find repose,
And suffering hearts grow joyful in its day;
For there their sorrows close.
Where is that rest? Oh where?
I'm worn with life's care:
Its storms have o'er me blown,
Its gloom to midnight grown;
My joys have fled like wandering summer birds:
My friends are gone: and sorrows cincture girds
Me, with its iron zone,
'Till, desolate and lone,
My spirit groans, oppressed with loads of care;
And I am tearful, sad, and in despair.
Where is that rest? Oh tell me! where?
It is not here; but in the spirit land,
And thou must seek it there,
Guided by faith's unerring eye and hand,
And strengthened by her prayer.
Trust in the Son of God,
Who in our flesh hath trod
The wine-press of his ire,
And borne its vengeance dire,
That sin might stand, through his all-powerful blood
Righteous before the spotless throne of God;
And man escape forever
The death that ceaseth never;
And decked in garments gemmed with glory bright,
Sing with the joyful, rapturous sons of light,
Who worship in his presence day and night!
That will bring the full reward for all
Thy weariness while here;
Its joys are pure—its sweets will never pall—
Its leaf is never sere—
A spring tide full of joy;
Pure gold without alloy;
A rose without a worm;
A day without a storm:
A song whose notes of linked melody
Forever wake a sweeter harmony.
All this is thine forever,
If thou thy heart canst sever
From bands of earth and sin, and rise to see its light
Streaming, a beacon from a mountain height,
To cheer the wanderer—guide his feet aright!

LEGENDS OF 1689-90.

"THE BRAND PLUCKED FROM THE FIRE."

BY MISS GODDARD.

Pahkehpunnassoo, the sachem of the Chappequiddik, was bitterly opposed to the gospel, and labored earnestly to prevent its spread among his people.

A Mr. Thomas Mayhew, Jr., had settled at Martha's Vineyard, and was so highly esteemed by the few English settlers of that place, that they made him their minister. After some years labor among his resident parishioners, Mr. Mayhew became dissatisfied with his limited means of usefulness, and, having acquired a knowledge of the Indian language, commenced his labors as missionary among the tribes in his vicinity. His first convert was Hiacoomes, a man of small repute among his own people, yet considered by his English brethren as competent to fill the office of minister, and was regularly ordained somewhere about the year 1670. This ordination of a native, displeased Pahkehpunnassoo, so highly, that he embraced every opportunity for manifesting his dislike both towards Mr. Mayhew, and his Indian convert. So bitter was he, towards Hiacoomes, that he at one time, beat him severely, for professing his faith in the white man's gospel. Poor Hiacoomes, smarting under the infliction, manifested less gentleness of spirit, perhaps, than was becoming for a Christian. He even ventured to threaten the sachem with divine vengeance; and strange as it may seem, the threat was soon afterwards, not only fulfilled, but was the proximate cause of Pahkehpunnassoo's conversion to the same faith. It chanced in this wise: Pahkehpunnassoo, with another Indian, was busily employed about his cabin, during a severe thunder storm. While repairing the chimney, both were struck by lightning, and the latter killed. Pahkehpunnassoo fell partly into the fire, and but for his friend, would have perished. His remarkable escape, it is said, awakened him, and was the means of his conversion.

At his baptism Hiacoomes officiated, and, rejoiced no doubt, over the calamity which had brought his stern persecutor to bow to the force of that gospel to which he had borne testimony, and for which he had suffered so cruelly. Of this event, in connection with the lightning, Mr. Mayhew quaintly remarks, "*Pahkehpnassoo was as a brand plucked from the fire.*"

Hiacoomes died in 1690, aged some where about 80 years.

An amusing incident is related of one of Hiacoomes converts, who sent for his minister to enquire about his gods. Being informed that there was but ONE GOD, the convert immediately enumerated some *thirty-seven* of his own, and ventured to suggest that it was a pity to throw away so many, for one. Being finally persuaded that one was amply sufficient, the exchange was made, and the one, as the Indian himself declared, years afterwards, was found to be amply sufficient for all practical purposes.

ALEXANDER AND HENRY MARTYN.

Twenty-two centuries since in the kingly palace of Macedon, might have been seen a youth of some twenty years, pacing an apartment alone. His ruddy hue speaks health, and his eye flashes with quick and earnest thought. His tread is firm and his mein lofty. His brow is knit in thought, and as he strides within his narrow limits, his compressed lips reveal emotion deep and turbulent.

It is Alexander, heir to the crown of Macedon. But an hour since he has heard that Philip has fallen by a subject's hand. No longer vassal to man and recognizing no Divine authority, he is launched young and inexperienced, upon times boisterous, and full of peril.

Well may his brow be knit and his eye stern, as he paces his room. On the North hover the Barbarians of the Danube. On the South the cities of Greece stand ready to revolt. The signs

of the times bid him relapse into the insignificance of his paternal heritage, ere he be crushed into a still smaller space. Such with most men would have been their fate, but such a fate his proud spirit could not brook.

When as a boy he tamed Bucephalus, his father cried, "My son, seek a kingdom more worthy of thee, for Macedon is below thy merit." He believed it, he felt it; and now the thought comes full upon his heart, "Macedon is below thy merit." And shall he be content with this miserable height, sovereignty, within his few square miles, when a world is around him. He scorns the thought, and there in that spot decides, that Alexander shall gain immortality or death.

There is no long struggle between self and conscience, between faith and unbelief. Full of self-confidence, the love of ease is overpowered by the love of Glory. Henceforth his aim shall be to magnify himself—self shall be the idol of his heart, the shrine at which his soul shall bow. The world too, shall bow with him, and receive this new religion at his hands.

A few days pass and he embarks for Asia. Persia is his chosen field, conquest his call, the sword his argument, and death the only alternative. How terrible, how successful a career grew from this decision, is told by the pages of History. We may not here trace it. We have glanced at this decisive hour, to contrast it with a like era in another's destiny.

A few years since in an humble apartment in Great Britain, in like manner, trode with hasty steps, a youth of lowly parentage. On his brow too, is resting care, nor are words needed to tell that sorrow and bitterness are his. This youth is Henry Martyn. He has lately been crowned with high academic honors, yet he rejoices not in the days of his youth, for a strangeness has arisen between him, and his Savior God.

Not many days since a message reached him from his Lord, telling of millions dying in a Heathen land, with none to lead them to his bosom of love. It sounded in his ears, "Get thee out from thy country and from thy fathers house, into a land that I will show thee." He saw them perishing with none to help, he heard their cries, and answered, "Lord, I go."

His soul went forth, but suddenly was cast down. Self rose at

this threatened death, and struggled for existence. Satan too, put forth his power, and for a while the Prince Emanuel seems cast out. Fear bids him disbelieve the power of his Lord to bear him up. Home and his native land assumed new charms, whilst the bond of woman's love grew potent as cables of iron to detain his soul. What can free him? What release him from these bonds? But one power in the Universe, and that is faith—faith to believe that Christ will be true to his promise to be more than all to those who give up all for him. Now is he wrung with anguish. To be burned were easy; but to trust in Christ and go forward, is impossible. One step is needed to place his feet upon a rock. He summons reason, fear and gratitude, but he cannot take that step. Oh, wondrous power of Unbelief thus to defeat Almighty Love!

But now, behold! he prays. He has bowed the knee. Be silent, for this is holy ground. Sad and broken are his tones. His voice is one, and yet we harken to the words of two. The creature worm is holding converse with his Maker God.

"My God! my God!" he cries, "why art thou so *far* from helping me?"

"I am *nigh* unto them," the answer comes, "that are of an humble and of a contrite heart."

"Yet I behold thee not, *where* art thou, oh high and holy one?"

"Lo, I am *with thee*, even at thy side."

"Savior! is this *thy* voice?"

"It is I; be not afraid."

"Come in, I beseech thee, oh, enter this sad heart."

"Lo, I stand at the door and knock."

"But art thou *willing* to come in?"

"If any man open to me, *I will come in*, and sup with him, and he with me."

"Oh Savior! art thou ready *now* to take possession of my life?"

"I have *waited long*, yet I faint not. My head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of night."

"But wilt thou never leave me to fall?"

"Never will I leave or forsake thee."

"But *how* shall I know that thou wilt do this?"

"Oh child of the dust. I have loved thee even unto death, and wilt thou not believe *my word*? Behold the cross."

from his heart the javelin sent by his monarch's hand, and presses it against that monarch's naked breast. The cold point touches him; a sickening horror overspreads his soul. He would fly but may not; he writhes but cannot turn. The inexorable shade urges on the deadly weapon.

One cry of horror! one groan! the jaw relaxes, the eye is glassy, and Alexander is dead. Wretched man! Godless he lived and Godless died: as the fool dieth, so died he!

Blessed be God that all men die not thus. He supporteth them that put their trust in Him.

The lonely Missionary, enfeebled by suffering and disease, set his face homeward from the heart of Persia, hoping to renew his youth. His journey was a fearful one, and God in his mercy cut it short. By day the fierce glaring of the sun forbade all travel, and he spent its hours, lying in his tent with his aching, tortured head, wrapped in wet blankets, thanking God for teaching him this simple remedy.

During the cooler hours of the night, sick and faint, he is hurried forward by his merciless guide. Thus he journeys till he nears the Turkish town of Tocat. His weary pilgrimage is well nigh ended. On October 2d, 1812, he makes the following entry in his diary. "Retreating to the stable room, I sought in vain for solitude. My fever increased to a violent degree, and the heat in my eyes and forehead was so great that the fire almost made me frantic. I entreated that it might be put out, or I carried out of doors. Neither was attended to. My servant, who believed me delirious, was deaf to all I said. At last I pushed my head in among the luggage, lodged it on the damp ground, and slept."

On the 6th, for the *last* time, he records his "sweet comfort and peace in God," and his joyful anticipations of release. It came speedily. On the 16th (if we may speak of things unseen) he lies in a Caravanserai, in Tocat. His form is wasted, his face pallid. Around him stand a group of Turks, curious to see the dying Frank. No mother holds his head; no sister wipes the death damp from his brow, none of the loved ones of his heart are there.

Delirium has just left him. With a feeble effort he raises his head, and gazes upon that group of unknown faces. Where is

he? He is about to call a well known name—the words are half uttered—but he checks himself, casts a second bewildered look upon his strange attendants, *remembers*, and sinks upon his bed. He covers his face with his wasted hands, but the treacherous tears trickle along the poor partition. He feels that he is alone, dying amid strangers, far away from those whom he had hoped once more to embrace.

But this weakness is short. His God in whom he trusted will not leave him to mourn. "Thou art here," he murmurs, and all is calm. His eyes close and his soul communes with God. "Oh Jesus," he whispers, "I have trusted in thee and have not been deceived. Thou art more than all to me. I rest my soul on thee. 'We shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on us nor any heat, for the Lamb shall feed us, and shall lead us unto fountains of living waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes.'"

Awhile he is silent. His breast heaves languidly. The Turks press nearer but he heeds them not. He is passing away. With a sudden effort he raises himself. His eyes gleam once more. He cries, "Victorious through Christ," then falls upon his couch and dies.

Oh, could we trace his rapturous flight to meet the blood-bought throng, and catch a strain of their ecstatic joys, we might learn how glorious is the victory through faith in Christ, how transcendantly glorious when compared with the doom of one who put his faith in self, and sank unsupported to a dread eternity of woe.

Tis then we learn the weakness of the man of human might, when we hear them sing, "thy God is thine, oh man of faith."

A GOSSIPING LETTER.

Timotheus, Timotheus, what *have* you been doing during the indisposition of your old gossiping friend? Into what an embarrassing "pickle" have you soused me! It was bad enough to be bored with pestering inquiries about "Rebecca," whose history I promised full three moons ago: to be asked if I really meant to play a practical joke

on your readers by my offer to sketch her lineaments, and whether or not any Rebecca ever existed, (except Isaac's wife or the heroine of Scott's *Ivanhoe*.) worth the trouble of describing. But it was infinitely worse to be taunted about masquerading in petticoats as "Diana Vernon," and scribbling about female education; to be asked if "Di" was "Rebecca," and *vice versa*: to be teased about the identity of the young ladies of W—, so impertinently described by some wag of an old bachelor in your last number, and about the latitude and longitude of that famous village. Now, be it known once for all, that I am *not* Di Vernon, and never dressed in feminine attire: that, as for female education, I always had a strong partiality for boarding schools, as being places where young ladies learn a great deal not promised in the principal's prospectuses, especially about young gentlemen. As for the ladies of W—, all that I can do is to make affidavit to the color of C—'s eyes and of E—'s lips. But it is not in the power of the brightest forms of earth or air to lure my thoughts back, when they escape through the blue veil of the upper sky to seek communion with a fair young soul, long since departed thither. I mean

REBECCA.

* * * * *

The first time I saw Rebecca, I never shall forget. It was when I was sitting in the window of my apartment near the cemetery already described, on a morning late in May—one of those mornings, when sunshine and dew have made the earth seem ready for the advent of angels. I was watching the varied verdure of the grass below, and the starting foliage of the trees above, over which peered pointed spires and rose sober grey towers, beautifully dim in the misty-bright air of opening summer. A stream of fragrance occasionally floated by me, and the steaming mould below was not more full, than was my frame, of the new life of spring.

On the opposite side of the retired street, a little lad, whose whole person was shaded under an immense straw hat, and who had evidently been turned out to grass for the first time during the season, was uttering peremptory commands to an imaginary steed, which he seemed to see dashing along under the vigorous applications of his toy-whip. Who denies or doubts total depravity? A child's first plaything is a rattle-box, with which he produces the discomfort of sound, the only vexation which he is strong enough to occasion. His second toy is a whip, with which he is enabled to indulge luxurious fancies of agony inflicted upon invisible horses and other brutes of the imagination. The third is a toy-gun or toy-sword, the real ante-type of those man-killing propensities, which, in later years, transform your quiet, orderly cob-

bler into an epauletted hero, delightfully stained with spots of blood, and gloriously addicted to homicide.

To resume. Under an orchard of apple-trees, which were at this time immense masses of pink and white blossoms, the juvenile coachman was plying his whip, when, suddenly as a new thought, a fairy figure of a girl, seemingly about eleven years old, bounded with a playful shout behind the boy, caught him, turned him around, and kissed him heartily—then, with a stream of black hair floating behind her, ran off towards the corner of the orchard. Her quick eye, as she ran, glanced up at my window, and I had barely time to cast my eyes on my book before I felt hers for a moment upon me. She stopped by the tree in the corner, in the bottom of which there was a cavity, which might bring to mind the memorable hollow in the trunk of the famous Charter Oak: although it would be a comparison of small things with great. She thrust in her hand and drew out—ah! total depravity again—a little shabby note. She had scarcely done it, before I felt her eyes again, though turned towards me with a sidelong glance. Then suddenly facing me, she threw back her curls with her small hands, fixed her eyes upon the note, and read it with an enthusiasm admirably counterfeited. I could almost hear the murmur of her laughing lips. She clasped the paper to her bosom with a gesture of ecstasy, and then—as this dumb show was intended for my benefit—stared intelligently upwards towards me with her large black eyes again. I dodged the glance, as before: but she evidently knew that I must see her; for, casting a look of admirably simulated fear towards the house, from which she had just escaped, she tore the missive to pieces with gestures of apprehension, threw the bits gracefully over the fence into the high road and ran away.

It was Rebecca: the fairest girl I ever saw. Her features were moulded, not merely into exquisite outlines, but so as to be capable of the most variable and enchanting expressions. Her complexion was pale and pure, without the faintest tinge of rose upon it, or the slightest shade of sallowness. Her eyes, so large, lustrous, black, burned softly,—nay, it was hard to tell, whether they burned or melted. I know they always grew softer and more tender under the slow sweep of those long raven black lashes which overhung them. Her figure, so light but well-developed, was always most pleasing in motion, as true grace must always be. But her hair, waving in such long delicious curls, and lips, through which the red blood seemed on the point of bursting, were the most remarkable charms of her person. The latter were the lips of a woman, not of a child—concentrating all the delicate passions of glowing maidenhood in their expression. In short she was (to borrow an expression of our grandmother's) “an angel upon earth”—gender

alone excepted. Mahomet's celestial system, only, authorizes *female* angels.

As soon as my room-mate arrived, I related to him the adventure. He at once left the room, without uttering any thing beyond an inquiry or two, and deliberately gathered up all the fragments of Rebecca's *billet-doux*. On his return, he seated himself, tipped his chair backward, lighted a cigar, and coolly proceeded to inform me, that the young girl was an acquaintance of his, yes, he might say a pet, a most interesting being, such as he never met before and might never meet again. This confession looked serious, and I was amazed at his obstinacy in keeping the secret so long.

"I have," continued W——, "been in the habit of lending Rebecca books from *our* libraries ——."

I was glad to learn that I had been even indirectly useful to the fair young girl.

"—— And she read them through with amazing rapidity; and yet, when I catechised her, she showed herself perfectly familiar with their contents. Her intelligence and memory would put a whole model school to shame."

I farther learned from my friend, that her father was the captain of a vessel, engaged in the South American trade, and that he was very seldom at home. But he, (the father,) was fondly devoted to his daughter, and she could recount his adventures by the hour, as she had learned them sitting on her parent's knee. He was looking eagerly forward to the conclusion of one more voyage, when he designed to renounce his sea-life forever, and enjoy the society of wife and children, especially of that elder daughter, just budding into brilliant maidenhood. Rebecca's mother, according to W——, was a woman of rare good sense and disposition, imprisoned among her domestic cares, and the *confidante* of her daughter, even in the most minute of Rebecca's girlish feelings and actions.

"In fact, R——, the creature whom you describe as a precocious little coquette, is as beautiful as you have said, and as good as beautiful. A purer, more simple nature than hers was never known; and yet the ripeness of her mind, and the wisdom of her conversation almost make you dread her sagacity. You can scarcely believe that she is a child, while you are sure that no one but a child could be so undisguised and artless. In reality, R——, she is the most premature little damsel I ever saw or heard of in real life."

I started at the words. A premature child! It is one of those terms, that almost make us weep. Those beautiful flowers of human nature, which seem to condense the bloom and loveliness and strength of a long life into a few short years, are the fairest worldly objects we are ever

allowed to see. They are among us, and yet not of us. They have no affinity to earth save that of suffering. They develop human life without its evil: they illustrate only its beauty. Before wisdom becomes hard-eyed prudence, or the charms of unsuspecting affection degenerate into artificial smiles, Heaven bears away the uncontaminated spirit into an atmosphere of completest purity. What is there so consoling and yet so affecting, as the sight of a being, compounded of the soft affections, the keen discernment, the full-grown virtue of mature womanhood, with the suspicionless, undisguised and playful heart of children? Dickens has understood the true answer to this question: else he would never have made his name immortal by the tears shed over the fortunes of little Nell, and Paul and Florence.

An examination of the fragments of Rebecca's paper, proved it to be a dirty piece of a ruled copy-book, covered over with the crookedest of writing, and being in substance only a ratification of a former agreement of the writer to play with Rebecca on the next Saturday afternoon. It was evidently what might have been easier said than written. It contained no thoughts "too big for utterance," and was palpably written only for the romance of a correspondence.

Next day, on returning to my room at an unusual hour, I found the heroine there. I was actually thrilled and abashed by her marvellous beauty. In reply to my very modest greeting, she courtesied and told me she was waiting to thank Mr. W——, for the books he had been kind enough to lend her. I interrupted her pretty little expressions of gratitude, by telling her that I believed I had heard of her, and almost knew her. She blushed instantly. "How can you know me, sir," asked she softly.

I told her interrogatively, what I had seen the day before. With a merry laugh she replied, "O yes, Burrall wrote me the note." (Burrall was a freckled, ill favored boy who lived next door.) "He asked me to write notes—correspond, you know—with him, for fun, and I said I would. So yesterday, he put a note in the tree, but when I told mother about it last night, she said it was improper, and I told Burrall this morning that I could not answer his billet."

"Do you tell your mother everything?" said I with a smile, half-guessing her answer.

"Why, of course: she loves me so much, that I could not keep a secret from her. Besides, father is gone so much, that she has no one to talk with but me; so I tell her all about my lessons and the books I read, and the plays I have with Willie and the girls. O my dear, dear Mother!"

She said this with such sudden emotion, that it brought tears to her eyes.

"Bless you, sweet child!" I exclaimed involuntarily. It was the first and last benediction I ever felt paternal enough to utter aloud. I have *felt* many.

Pursuing the conversation in such a manner as to win her confidence, I at last received reluctantly her good-bye, having obtained a promise for another visit as soon as she had read the books I lent her.

Our acquaintance went on, and my room-mate and myself used thenceforth to share, generally, the pleasure of her visits. But if she chanced to find a stranger in our apartments, she was away like a deer: no coaxing could induce her to extend her acquaintance—an effect, no doubt, of maternal advice. She always brought, in return for our slight favors, her mother's thanks as well as her own. Her conversations might not be interesting enough to be written down, but, taken in connection with her extreme youth, her beautiful sad face, her perfect manners, in short, with herself, it was the most fascinating I ever heard. I knew she was to be one of the early-called, and frequent were the interchanges of thought on this presentiment between W—— and myself.

At the close of an afternoon in Summer, after a tedious day's study for a prize examination, to be held next day, and for which I was preparing at the last moment, I sat at my window, waiting patiently for the cool breezes which every day started up about sunset. The birds were twittering good-byes and lullabies around me. The leaves were beginning to flutter under the first kisses of the rising wind. The sounds of busy life were fainter and more musical, and I was almost dreaming in the bliss of the scene, when I felt a light arm stealing around my neck, and in an instant my own was folded around Rebecca.

Our talk that night was a strange one. I remember remarking to her—Heaven knows I loved her too well to flatter her, or to try to do so:—

"Rebecca, you must stand pretty high at school, you learn and commit to memory so easily: are you not first in your classes?"

She shook her head eagerly and replied artlessly—too artlessly to boast or fear to boast:

"Oh, no! I have a schoolmate who is a much better scholar than I—oh, much. Last time she took the first premium?"

"Who took the second prize, Rebecca?"

"I took *that*."

"How old is this schoolmate of yours?"

"She was fifteen the other day."

As Rebecca was but eleven years old, I easily accounted to myself for the success of her rival, and added;

"Ah, well, perhaps in four years you will be as good a scholar as she is now."

"Four years! I shall not live so long as that, it is very likely. Mother thinks I am not to be long-lived."

“Why, Rebecca, what are you saying?”

“O I have such pains in my breast sometimes, that I almost faint away. Then as soon as I grow better, mother cries and hides her face, but I felt the tears one day on my hand.”

I could scarcely speak. At last, I said as calmly as possible ;

“Does your mother ever tell you *in words*, that she is afraid you will not live long?”

“I think so ; for when we pray together, she asks that, if God should see fit to take her child early to Himself, He will take her to His bosom. I know what she means.”

“But, Rebecca, do you know what you are saying? Are you willing to die, to leave the flowers and the trees, your schoolmates, your father and mother and little Willie?”

Her face grew sad for an instant ; then fixing her eyes upon me, while the light of the world beyond seemed to fall upon her pale features and kindle them to a heavenly complexion, she said :

“Sometimes I am very, very foolish and cry because it seems wrong to take away one so young as I and lay me in the ground. I cried so hard the other night in bed about it, that I almost choked. But it was all wicked. For I know I shall go to heaven, which is a much better place than the world. I shall have no pains there and mother will not cry when she meets me, and little Willie——”

She could say no more.

A few days after, she told me she had obtained permission from her mother to attend the next Commencement of —— College, and hear me speak upon the stage. She never cared, she said, to go before, but she wished to see how I would act before such a great crowd. I had very little ambition for the one-day glory of a College anniversary, but I must own that Rebecca's promise stirred that little deeply. I was inclined to hope something from her girlish comparison of myself with others, especially as I had all her partialities in advance. The following day, I gave her a good-bye kiss, and left——to be absent for a few weeks.

On returning just before Commencement, I met W—— in the street. We had hardly interchanged greetings, before he bent forward and whispered in an altered voice ;

“Little Rebecca is dead.”

I looked at him without speaking. I shed no tear there. I was of an age, when to weep I was ashamed. Whether as I hurried away, two or three scalding drops fell from my eyes, is a secret I have no wish to tell. If they fell across my cheek, I was too proud to acknowledge that they were there by wiping them away.

While the sun was flashing from millions of dew-drops in the graveyard early on the next morning, I was there to look for Rebecca's resting place. The sexton directed me to the spot ; but when I reached

it, I was not moved as I had expected to be. At first, I could not—as is usual when deaths occur during our absence—believe for an instant, that she was dead at all. I went so far as to remonstrate with myself aloud for my obstinate incredulity. I turned away from the grave towards the spot, where we used to meet so often, half expecting to meet her graceful form again and part her beautiful hair with my hands, as before. I shook off the illusion and returned to the cemetery, when for an instant the true idea of her existence flashed upon me. I knew that she *lived*. In the place of distracting doubts, I felt Heaven's divine consolation coming over my soul. "She is not here, she is risen."

But the old fancy will return. For a long time, whenever I revisited ———, I always passed by the house. I knew not only that she was dead, but that her family had left the place forever; yet I looked intently, as if she might start up again under the apple-tree blossoms and pull another note from its hollow trunk. I listened for another hearty kiss to little Willie. But a veil was between her and myself, which I may not pierce. At last, one evening as I went by the old homestead, full of the illusion which haunted me, I heard discordant sounds proceeding from the house. A band of young men and women were vainly endeavoring to perform a popular rondo in four parts. The jarring notes "entered into my soul," and I have not passed by the sacred spot since that time. I cannot forget the sacrilege.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE PLANETARY AND STELLARY WORLDS: *A Popular Exposition of the great Discoveries and Theories of Modern Astronomy; in a series of ten lectures.* By O. M. MITCHELL A. M. *Director of the Cincinnati Observatory.* NEW YORK: BAKER & SCRIBNER.

THIS is a remarkably successful attempt to render popular one of the great branches of physical science. The work throughout displays a most familiar and extensive knowledge of the subjects of which it treats, and is written in a style of glowing eloquence that is in accordance with the magnificent scenes and objects which it describes. Professor Mitchell has now risen into one of the greater lights in his department; and this work, not less than his labors in connection with the Cincinnati Observatory, must surround his name with an imperishable glory.

WHAT I SAW IN CALIFORNIA. By EDWIN BRYANT, *Late Alcalde of St. Francisco*. NEW YORK: D. APPLETON & Co.

THIS is the journal of a tour made through the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, across the Continent of North America, through California, &c., in the years 1846, 1847. The book is true to its title; or rather the title is true to the book. It consists of a record of the writer's observations at brief intervals, and in respect to every thing that he considered worthy of his attention. One cannot read it without getting an impression favorable at once to the integrity and intelligence of the author. It contains much of amusing incident, as well as a great deal of truly valuable information.

CHARMS AND COUNTERCHARMS. By *Maria J. McIntosh*. D. APPLETON & Co.

THIS is a moral tale, well worthy the gifted pen that produced it. It illustrates very felicitously various truths of great practical moment and especially the connection that exists between character and destiny. Those who have read the preceding productions of the same pen, will read this with high expectations; nor will they be disappointed.

AMERICAN GENERALS AND OTHER DISTINGUISHED OFFICERS: by JOHN FROST, LL.D. HARTFORD: CASE, TIFFANY & BURNHAM.

THIS is an acceptable addition to our present number of books of a similar character—an accession of greater value, inasmuch as it is more extended than most works of the kind which have hitherto appeared. The riches of American biography, and consequently of American history, are herein contained. The sketches are for the most part bright, interesting, instructive. The leading facts, often also the minor points of our martial history, from the battle of Lexington to the late war with Mexico, are faithfully portrayed, and render the work at once attractive and valuable. It appears in a neat octavo form embracing more than nine hundred pages, illustrated with six hundred and forty engravings.

TRAVELLING EPISTLE.

W———, July, 1848.

Well, Dux, the wood-cock hunt came off, as I was about to tell you in my last, according to programme, with the single exception of the sky-scenery overhead. The sun had rolled out of his voluptuous bed, with the saffron-colored sheets, the purple counterpane and the crimson curtains, to be hydropathically "packed" in damp blankets of cloud. If you do not understand the technical meaning of "packing," I cannot, on my conscience, advise you to go to Brattleboro to find out. Just be contented to learn from me, that it consists in being first drowned in cold wet sheets, until, in your middle passage between life and death, you imagine yourself a sea-god; and then being resuscitated by a burial under a feather-bed of vast weight, which makes you wonder whether you have not slipped through the watery domain of Neptune into the warmer kingdom of Pluto below.

Let me take a backward step or two, and inform you that the day, which was to usher in the aforesaid hunt, looked marvellously as if a "drizzle" was contemplated. But when did W—— and myself ever shrink from being made the victims of a practical joke? We never yet were disappointed in a pleasure-hunt, without making it the subject of most unfailling fun for months after it. We never attended a poor concert, a poor theatrical show, or drove a lazy horse, without having far more jovial sport than if we had listened to Catalani, or been spectators of Mrs. Siddons as "Isabella," or whipped up Bucephalus himself. There is a great deal of luxury in some "poor" things. It is only the negative—the neither good nor bad things of life—which tempt the spleen of the practical philosopher. It is so in literature. What infinite amusement can one have over a miserably bad book, and what delicate enjoyment can be derived from a good one! But take a neutral book, too wise to be ridiculed, too stupid to be praised, and not even Goldsmith's "Good-Natured Man," or Dickens' Mark Tapley, could read it with Christian patience or Epicurean complacency.

We applied ourselves first to our wardrobes. The pantaloons, which we dragged out of a musty closet, were not merely "inexpressibles;" they were *inconceivable* breeches. Made principally on the model of those of Old Grimes—"that good old man"—they bore also a resemblance to those which Dr. Southey put upon the personage, who left his brimstone bed at day-break to visit his little terrestrial farm. Our limbs were easily slipped *through* them, but there the trouble but began. To adjust them, so as not to show our Junonian ankles with something

over, was impossible. Our coats were well enough, for manifold rents made pockets feasible everywhere, and nothing comes into better play to the sportsman than numerous pockets. With caps, which it was necessary to balance on the tops of our heads, and boots "a world too big"—as Shakespeare almost has it—we sallied out, covering our unique uniforms with accoutrements of the chase.

We had scarcely left the door-sill, when with a stiff lurch and a hollow, sonorous cry, "old Dash" threw himself upon his feet and bounded towards us. In another instant, the sprightly Carlo, with his eel-like motions and snake-like head—a worthy scion of old Dash, by the way—was leaping at our very throats. The hunting apparatus and apparel seemed to drive the full-blooded pointers to distraction. It was in vain to stamp and cuff and shout at them. The baying was noisy and rapid enough to awaken all the neighbors. Distressed ambition never uttered such lugubrious and yet inspiring cries. Dash and Carlo—believe me—are dogs of "one idea."

Now do not imagine Dash—although his full-length portrait hangs in W——'s delightful study—to be a miracle of beauty, a paragon of canine perfection and symmetry. Pointers, you know, are never considered fine-looking by the uninitiated. It requires a hunter's eye to detect the charms of the *canis venaticus*, as it needs a jockey to admire the long legs and sharp joints of a racer. Ladies, I know, have even an aversion to pointers. I remember well, how E——, on the day of our pic-nic, resisted the endearments of a grandson of "Dash" by a stamp of her small foot and an audible assurance that he was one of the least comely of quadrupeds.

Be it understood, then, that Dash is old. Ten summers have gone over him, since, after nine days of blindness,—which, in animal economy, must be designed, I think, to teach dogs to depend on their noses, rather than their eyes,—he opened that intelligent cheanut orb on the side of a barrel. I say "that orb," for Dash has but one eye, which has any practical utility. Age or a sharp brier has turned the other to a dingy white mass, without speculation or symmetry. Nay, the eye that remains, is almost sightless. He cannot distinguish persons at a rod's distance and unquestionably "sees men as trees walking." He is deaf, also. Often have I bawled myself hoarse in endeavoring to keep him in, making noise enough to frighten anything but a woodcock. He is rheumatic, too. Two days successive hunting will lay him up, like a gouty old bachelor, in his kennel, stiff as a post and utterly without spirit. Besides, just at present he bears the mark of a snake's fang on his haunches—a venomous sore, which seems incapable of healing. At times, he is obliged to undergo a course of medical regimen. He is sweated in blankets and plied with physic, although he is

rarely reduced to the indignity of dietetics. In short, he is a relic of the past in his outward appearance ; preserving, however, amid all the disadvantages of age the fire of his youth. Still I would prefer him in the thick foliage of July or the clear crisp woods of October to any pointer, (black or white,) setter, springer, or the most aristocratically descended dog in this good State. His years make him venerable, but not useless. His nose is still pre-eminently keen. His scent seems even to have acquired additional vigor from the loss of sight. When thou diest, Dash, thou shalt not be laid in the woods, which thou hast ranged so gallantly. The birds, forever after safer, shall not have the satisfaction of flying, in their summer moonlight revels, which woodcock nightly enjoy, over thy grave. Thou shalt rest thy old bones in a garden, full of flowers ; the favorite haunt of those whom thou hast served so lovingly ; and thy mild, bright look shall be remembered long ; for is it not now immortalized by me ?

Carlewe do not take with us. He has too much youthful exuberance to hunt well beside the stoical and practical Dash. Resisting all his caresses and pleading looks, we chain him ingloriously to his kennel : whereupon he stoops so far, that he glides along the ground like a very serpent, begging us to spare him the dishonor. He leaps into his kennel, to find some other mode of egress, tugs at the chain, yelps, in fact would touch any heart but that of an "earnest" hunter in this "earnest" age. If you do not understand that allusion, call on the transcendentalists for light on the subject.

But we must away to the woods, or we shall never get there. The same steed, who trotted across the stage during our dramatization of the pic-nic, was speedily harnessed to that same memorable waggon. As we urged the nag into a gallop along the pleasant road, we met C—— and E——, driving the Deacon's horse at a dashing rate. Of course we stopped, exchanged questions and answers, and in an instant after consented to follow the light-hearted maidens, who ever and anon were turning around to pay us sarcastic compliments on the elegance of our attire, and drawing desperate pictures of the probable result of our day's sport. E—— thought we would better be hunting *dears* and peppering ladies with the small shot of our weak wits. Assuring them, that such "flints" as they would never strike "sparks," we left them at the turn of the road with oft-repeated waves of the hand and the most impressive bows.

We were soon at the scene of our day's operations, safely, although W—— contrived to turn over the vehicle in driving the horse up a rough bank into the shade. Both of us were thrown out, and I was comfortably strewn "all aboard," with two loaded barrels pointed with great precision at each ear. Regaining our perpendicularity, we started

off for the edge of the wood. Dash yelled loudly, until he came within a few yards of it, when he became as silent as a Grecian phalanx marching to battle. Noiselessly he trotted into the wood, and we pressed after. The ground was most admirable. The birches stood comparatively thick among tufts of alder all along a slope, which ended in a dark and impenetrable marsh. We were occasionally entangled in wild-rose and blackberry bushes, as we entered among the trees. Pressing along a few feet apart, we suddenly saw the first expected signal from Dash. With cringing body and wary step, he was making his way through the dense undergrowth of bushes, when up started the first bird, scarcely seen; but he dropped at the report of the first barrel. "Down, Dash," rung in a sharp decisive tone from W——'s lips. The dog sunk down in his footsteps, panting with extended tongue, and looking indifferently around. The barrel was soon reloaded, the nipple capped, the lock full cocked, and the order given, "Find him, Dash, look him up, quick." Eagerly the brute sprang to his task. Thrusting his nose among the weeds, he drew his circles here and there, until with a plunge he snapped at the fallen bird, wagging his tail at an angle of forty-five degrees and attempting to get the game fairly into his mouth. A quick-spoken "here" warned him to drop it, and I bagged the wood-cock. Dash was never learned to "fetch," but he is infallible in finding a dead or wounded bird, over which he will stand, swinging his tail with the gravity of a pendulum, until the game is picked up. No calls will lure him from his watch, any more than the mountain would go to Mahomet. Mahomet was obliged to go to the mountain, and the huntsman must go to Dash.

Again we push on, but not long, before with tail as straight as a ramrod, and stooping head, Dash scarcely moves through a dark clump of alders. Suddenly, he is motionless as a statue. He leans back. One fore-leg is lifted loosely as in expectation. He claps his jaws together again and again with a sort of snort. His eye droops. He seems petrified. It is his *dead point*, and as beautiful an one as was known to be made. Our guns are raised to a level with our breasts. Will not the bird start? We move a step or two forward. The bird rises and flies straight before us, wildly and swiftly. W—— manages to deliver the first shot, and as I was checked by this, his second report sounds before, at the third from my own trusty "Manton," the bird reels through the air to the ground. Dash is down again, in a swampy spot, where he licks up the brackish water. We reload: the bird is thrust into W——'s bag, according to our friendly rule of picking up the game, and we are putting aside branches, dry, and

land way.

Another bird rises. Alas! W—

across our path, and the matted shot have left the poor thing neither tail nor back. But who in the world can graduate his nerves so as to take no unfair advantage of a fair shot? I cannot be a stoic with a gun at my shoulder.

We are off again. "In, Dash, in." "Here, closer, closer." "Hist, there is a bird here." Sure enough, for a cock rises and flies directly over our heads. One shot rings from each of us, and neither hit. We look at each other inquiringly and burst into a laugh. "W——, we ought to be ashamed of that." "Yes, but plague on it, who can fire into a bird's face and hit?" The trouble was, that as such shots are rare, the sportsman is not careful on the instant to fire a little in advance of his game. He knows he ought to do so, but he dreads losing the shot altogether.

Again Dash was running to and fro through the alders, occasionally stopping to cast an inquiring look at us as he comes into our close vicinity. Suddenly, we found ourselves at the end of the birch woods and issued into a sombre covert of cedars. The ground under foot was black with moisture. Through it ran a brook, along the muddy borders of which we found many marks of the long bills of woodcock. It was where they had bored, in order to suck up their succulent food. Clearer shooting could not be asked for. Besides the stunted cedars there was no undergrowth around us. Dash all at once acted very strangely. His head was cringing unusually low, and yet he turned literally around, as if he scented a bird at one time before, at another, behind him. He was in a great excitement, and it was soon communicated to me. "He must be deceived," said W——, "by the scent of the bird just put into the bag: I wonder why dogs are not often so cheated." My eyes were half-starting from their sockets, amazed and excited as I was by the strange gyrations of Dash. But I well remember saying very low, and through my clenched teeth, "*Never!*"

Now, notwithstanding the excitement of the occasion, allow me to stop long enough to say, that it was with no ordinary emphasis that I uttered that simple word. It was not spoken with ennui, or pathos, or sentiment, but rather with the accent, which great men, impressed with great convictions, have given to it. So Luther spoke it, when asked to recant before the Diet of Worms. So Chatham emphasized it, when he thrice repeated it before the House of Lords, during the great debate which brought on the great American Revolution. Justice to the animal before me, who had raised expectations which I knew he would not deceive, drew the expression from me. In a moment after, my conscience was clear, satisfied, exultant; when, in answer to three rapid shots, two plump birds fell writhing to the ground together. Dash had been distracted by the double scent. You may be sure that he received a double allowance of applause for his conduct.

So we go on, until our united store of game numbered fifteen. As we never hunt but half a day, we sought for a well-known spring not far off, into the mimic basin of which we dipped our canteens of varnished leather and quenched our thirst with repeated draughts. If you would enjoy the fabled nectar, you have but to mix the parched tongue of the active hunter and the sweet sylvan spring which gushes from the heart of the ground. The compound is infallible.

Soon after, we were homeward bound, singing gaily along the forest-road. In half an hour, we were performing our ablutions and habiting ourselves in clean linen and less romantic apparel. By the lapse of another half-hour, we were seated at a genial board I wot of, testing the delicacy of a part of our game, flavoring our viands occasionally with sweet must. Start not, Washingtonian! It was the pure juice of the grape, of the vintage of the W—— estate. It was no compound of deleterious chemicals, whose sole properties are to make the tongue smart and the head dizzy. We occupied an hour in the dainty repast, high-seasoned with those delectable interchanges of thought which will never pass among more than two. Then, cheered and unfatigued, we hallooed to Carlo and dashed off on horseback for the "Young Bachelor's Hall." In the evening, a rare company of single gentlemen were suffering R—— to bewitch them with her saucy songs. I actually believed she improvised the ballad, which she sung with her liquid eyes and curling lips turned towards me. I only remember her last lines :

"Pray let me, you're so cross and old,

Just flirt a little—do :

For, on my word, I *only* wish

To make a fool of you."

I felt that to my very corns.

Yours truly,

P. S. C—— declares that my last postscript was a humbug : that I really wanted the letter printed : that I only asked you not to publish it, as a blind to make my impudent remarks about her seem very private and confidential. Hem, Dux, don't you wish that you were married ?

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ANN MARIA HYDE.*

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

ANN MARIA HYDE, was a native of Norwich, Connecticut, and born on the 1st of March, 1792. Her family were of high respectability, and her early years nurtured amid all that tenderness and wealth could bestow. Indeed, she was reared with much of that idolatry of love which is wont to centre in an only child,—as her sister, being sixteen years old at her birth, and removed, ere long, by marriage, to a home of her own, the little remaining one became the object of the most ardent parental solicitude. And well did she repay it; not only by brilliant mental developments, but by the unfolding of the sweetest affection. Her gentleness of nature, breathing on all whom she knew, extended to animals, insects, and even reptiles, whom she could not endure to see troubled or hurt.

She derived entertainment from books, at an early age, when most children are occupied with the modifications of the alphabet, and though often interested in sports and pastimes, found pleasure in solitary thought and serious reflection. She delighted in the historical and poetical portions of the Scriptures, and without direction from others, chose them for her frequent perusal.

* Nothing more provoking to ourselves could have happened, than to be obliged, after delaying our number several weeks for a portrait of our distinguished countrywoman, Mrs. SIGOURNEY, to be obliged to appear before our readers without it. We had engaged the services of a celebrated engraver at considerable expense, but the portrait, when finished, was such as to dissatisfy the friends of Mrs. Sigourney, and we felt bound to exclude it. Of course, the whole matter is only postponed, but our disappointment is deep, and not to be forgotten. The biography, we have reason to believe, will be the fullest and most reliable which has yet appeared of Mrs. Sigourney.

When her tiny hands were unable to sustain the weight of a large Bible, and her form too infantile to allow her to sit and read at a table, without the care of others, she would spend whole days, stretched on the carpet, her little bright face bent over its pages in quiet attention, or sometimes, suddenly reading aloud passages, whose sublimity struck her ear, or affected her heart. It was also perceived that she treasured them in her memory and correctly applied them. Being once sick, when a very young child, she said, "I think I should be willing to die now, if it was not for my dear friends. But the Bible says, 'Whoso loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me.'"

Fondness for knowledge early led her to love school, and her instructors. She distinguished herself, while there, by a scrupulous regard to their wishes, whether expressed or implied, by the clearness and beauty of her recitations, the classical correctness of her written thoughts, and a propriety of demeanor which no evil example could warp, or overcome. At twelve, she was well grounded in the solid branches of a good education, though the bent of her genius led to rhetorical, philosophical and historical studies, which she continued to pursue, throughout her life.

At the age of fourteen, she retired from school, and became the companion of her parents. Her love of nature now more fully unfolded itself, and the city of her birth, and the neighborhood of her residence, diversified as they were, by rural and romantic scenery, became more and more dear. Her father, whose fine mind had been disciplined by the study and practice of jurisprudence, was gratified to perceive that his idol-daughter continued her daily intercourse with the best authors, and her habits of profound thought, and frequent composition, while her mother was equally cheered by her affectionate participation in whatever promoted domestic welfare and happiness.

In her shrinking delicacy of feeling, and favorite themes of contemplation, it was easy to discern the poetic temperament. In this, as in all her other attainments, there was a remarkable precocity. Her chosen subjects were unambitious, and such as the affections dictated. One of the first which met the eye of her friends, was written at about the age of nine years, and descriptive of her infant nephew. So harmonious were its numbers, that one of her relatives, without her knowledge, sent it to the

pages of a periodical ; and when she saw it in print, she burst into tears. The following effusion was addressed to the same nephew, when somewhat older, to console him for the loss of a favorite dog :

“The purest bliss that man enjoys below
Is but a mixture of delight and woe,—
Composed of transitory, fleeting joys,
Which time still lessens, and at length destroys.
Even the gay visions of our earliest years
Are dimmed by sorrow and defaced with tears ;
So you, dear boy, are thus constrained to know
The pang of grief, and taste the cup of woe.
Might not your tender age avert the dart
Of keen misfortune from your shrinking heart ?
Nor even the shield of strong affection save
Your fond companion from the silent grave ?
How oft your cheek has warmed with conscious pride
To see him play and gambol by your side.
How oft your bosom with enchantment glowed
At his caresses on yourself bestowed,
When, after absence from your pleasant home
To bid you welcome he would bounding come.
Yet hush the grief that swells your mournful breast :
He sinks to quiet shades of peaceful rest :
He sleeps as sweet, as safe from all alarms,
As when protected by your guardian arms.”

Another poem greets the birth of the second, and youngest child of her beloved sister.

“She comes, a little stranger here below,
Where mingled streams of pain and pleasure flow ;
Where fragrant flowers, and thorns promiscuous rise,
And light and shade, alternate, fill the skies.
Welcome, sweet image of a spotless soul,
Whose mind no guilt, nor gloomy fears control,—
Whose smiling dreams, approving angels tend,
And o’er their charge with unseen pinions bend.
Like some sweet cherub from the realms of rest,
Of all its native purity possessed,
She thinks no ill, nor future danger fears,
Nor sees the forms disordered Fancy rears.
Her infant wants, our constant care attends,
From suffering guards her, and from harm defends ;
But the strong thought, the comprehensive mind,
The genius active, towering, unconfined,
The powers, above our narrow orb to rise
And trace the planets in the boundless skies.—
These are the gift of him who called to birth,
Revolving spheres, and formed this latter earth.
Oh, may he listen to our fervent prayer
And make our babe his own peculiar care,—

cation, and with an energy that astonished the friends who knew the diffidence of her nature, and the affluence in which she had been fostered, decided to become a member of a school, in a distant part of the State, in order to acquire that knowledge of painting, embroidery in silk, and some other accomplishments, which were in those days deemed essential for a teacher of young ladies. Then she, whose sensitive spirit had ever shrunk from association with strangers, and whose love for her own pleasant, sheltering home, was almost a morbid sentiment, braved privation and inconvenience for several months, without a murmur. There she might be seen, in the coldest winter mornings, taking her walk to school, attending throughout the day, with a perseverance that allowed no moment to be lost to those pursuits which were to qualify her for a sphere of future labor ;—and in the evening, by the parlor fire of her boarding-house, or in her own little chamber, engaged with her needle, and in long and beautifully written letters to the friends over whom her heart yearned, and for whom she sometimes, in secret, struck the mournful lyre.

“ Oh Thou, who know'st the lot they share,
 And who can'st well bestow
 The balm that soothes corrosive care,
 And heals the wounds of woe,—
 If dangers daunt their trembling heart,
 Or anxious fear assail,
 Be thou their trust, their sure support,
 When earthly helpers fail.

Assure them that thy ways are just,
 And all thy counsels wise,
 Nor let them e'er thy love distrust,
 Nor frown with skeptic eyes.
 From Thee, each blessing we derive ;
 By thee is sorrow given ;—
 May grief instruct us how to live,
 And point the path to Heaven.

When gathering clouds obscure the sky,
 And howls the sullen storm,
 With what enchantment we descry
 The rainbow's glorious form ;
 So may Thy mercy gild the gloom
 Of destiny severe,
 Sustain the sufferer to the tomb,
 And dry affliction's tear.

After her return home, she faithfully and successfully engaged

in the instruction of young ladies, with an associate, whom, from her own school-days, she had continued to love, and the time passed usefully and happily. She and this friend, with some of their pupils, became boarders in the house of her sister; and the consciousness that she was useful to others, gave at times, an almost celestial expression to her lovely countenance. The pleasures, or occasional trials of the day, formed a theme for twilight communing with the sharer of her toils, and they found how every semblance vanished away, when divided by the hand of friendship. Eminent was her nature formed for such friendship. The troubles of her friends were her own.—their praises seemed more than her own, for she took them into her heart, with warm gratulation, while her own she examined with scrutiny, with a severe humility, which half-rejected them as unjust. Conventional diffidence guarded her from promiscuous intimacy, while her exquisite sensibility, high integrity, and disinterested spirit, gave to the attachments she eventually formed, an inviolable constancy. It was during this pleasant period of her life, that she wrote the following stanzas:

EPITAPH ON MYSELF.

On earth beneath this stone, in silence sleeps
 What once had animation, reason, life;
 And where in vain the eye of friendship weeps,
 The solemn tears, unmixed by mortal strife.

No more the smiles of joy illumine the face.
 No health's fair roses on the cheek shall bloom;
 No over-died the gaiety and grace
 Of sprightly youth; they gleam not o'er the tomb.

Oh! no more, musing—So shall thy graces die;
 Thy talents, wit, and virtue all decay;
 The low and lifeless form shall lie,
 And power and wealth and honor pass away.

No more to wail the empty breath of time,
 No wailing, my tears, in hours of pattering store;
 No sighs, no tears, no wailing, no more;
 The heart's true grief, the grief that's no more.

No more, my tears, to wail the empty store
 No more, my tears, to wail the empty store;
 No more, my tears, to wail the empty store;
 No more, my tears, to wail the empty store.

What tho' no gathering crowds assembled round
Her final home, or grac'd the funeral bier;
Believe not that this undistinguish'd ground
Was never moistened by affection's tear.

For who, so vile, so unbelov'd can live,
So unlamented to the grave descend,
That sympathy no tribute has to give,
Nor sad remembrance moves one mournful friend !

Still more effectually to shelter the widowed sister, with her two little children, her parents left their pleasant mansion, and became inmates under her roof; and the subject of this memoir, relinquishing for a time the school, devoted her whole being to their comfort, and to such social, intellectual and benevolent pursuits, as her nature, taste and sense of her religious responsibility dictated.

Though her attachments to her parents, relatives, and chosen friends, were so great, that she emphatically lived for them, more than for herself,—it had been evident from infancy, that the love of her father was peculiar and predominant. In their intellectual tastes, there existed a strong congeniality, he had made himself, from childhood, the companion of her pleasures, as well as her studies; and when to the weight of advancing years was added the pressure of adverse fortune, her affection became inexpressibly tender and pervading. It was a touching mixture of deep respect and fond devotedness, a delight in his company,—a desire to protect him from all anxiety,—an indwelling of his image in her perpetual thought. To the friend who shared her entire confidence, she sometimes expressed the feeling, that she should never be able to survive him. But sudden and fearful sickness came. Night and day she watched him, without consciousness of fatigue, she was unwilling that any hand save her own should prepare or administer medicine or nourishment. When the finished work of the destroyer became but too evident, she determined not to leave his pillow while breath remained;—but “Oh,” said she, “can I endure to hear his last groan!” Having never seen death, she supposed it was always attended with convulsion and agony, and had nerved herself for the terrific scene. But when she beheld the quiet, peaceful dissolution, and was assured by the physicians, that the spirit had departed, she clasped her hands with the exclamation. “*Can this indeed be death!*” and

every emotion was for a time absorbed in gratitude to Him, who had so gently removed her father and her friend.

The shadow of grief was slow in lifting itself from her spirit. Indeed, it is doubtful whether its effects ever wholly passed away.

Veiling her sorrows, that they might not darken the pathway of the remaining objects of her affection, she still labored for the improvement of the pupils, whose education she conducted, sought to be the stay of her widowed mother and sister, and by every means in her power promoted the welfare of the fatherless children. The reading of serious poetry formed the principal solace, of the few intervals of leisure which she allowed herself, but its composition was laid aside, after his departure, who had been her prompting spirit. Somewhat more than two years after this event, she was taken ill of a fever. The first attack seemed slight, but her discriminating mind, apprehending the result, arranged every minute circumstance of care and occupation, like one who returns no more. "I have no longer any wish for life," said she, "but for my dear Mother's sake." As the disease developed its dark features, "Lay me," she whispered, "when I am dead, by the side of my father." Apprehending that the deliriums, so often incidental to the disease, might overpower her, she drew her sister down to the pillow, and murmured, "I have many things to say to you,—Let me say them now, or, perhaps, I may not be able. You know how much I have loved you. Seek an interest in our Saviour. Promise me that you will seek religion, that you will prepare to follow me. For, oh! I never before felt so happy. Soon I shall be in that world.

"Where rising floods of knowledge roll,
And *pour* and *pour* upon the soul."

And so, with many other kind and sweet words, and messages to absent friends and communings with the Hearer of Prayer, passed away, on the 26th of March, 1816, at the age of 24, as lovely a spirit as ever wore the vestments of mortality, so lovely that the friend, who from life's opening pilgrimage, had walked with her in the intimacy of a twin-being, can remember no intentional fault, no wayward deviation from duty, and no shadow of blemish, save what must ever appertain to dimmed and fallen humanity.

*

TO ———

With pride to you I yield the meed
To youth and loveliness decreed.
Yours are the charms that, dazzling sense,
O'er passion wield omnipotence ;
A statue's brow, luxuriant hair,
A glowing form, a graceful air ;
The lips, that, opening like the rose,
Show fairer things than flowers disclose ;
The cheek where purest colors lie,
And more—the deep, unfathomed eye.
But while these graces I discover—
These idols of the common lover,—
To higher meed than these can ask,
Beyond the range of flattery's task,
Your modest worth has faultless claim ;
Fain would I bind it round your name.

If hearts can wear a brighter grace
Than ever marks the fairest face ;
If inward charms bear loftiest rule ;
If souls, like forms, are beautiful ;
If sparkling thoughts, like sparkling eyes,
Can fire the lover's enterprise ;
If pleasant words are choicer gems
Than deck the bands of diadems ;
If purity can make you bright,
Transfigured in celestial light ;
If high affections ever blossom
Most richly in the wise man's bosom ;
Then in the glorious rivalry
Of noblest spirits, you shall be
The " Queen of Love and Beauty"—meet
To bring the *conqueror* to your feet :
Woo'd by the eagle mind alone !—
Most fondly sought,—most proudly won !

THE ECONOMY OF DEW.

BY PROFESSOR SMITH.

It seems as if a rightly constituted mind could experience few higher pleasures than that of studying with minute interest the wonderful adaptation of things in the world of matter ; of tracing the Divine finger in the arrangements of the elements in their various forms, and the subtle workings of God's vast machinery.

Among the various beneficial phenomena of nature, the dew seems to reveal some of the most interesting and poetical. It is rarely thought of among us, in temperate climates, as a kindly and necessary agency ; in part because its effects among us are not as striking as elsewhere, and because we depend on other natural phenomena for a kindred and more extensive result ; but chiefly because it performs its mild functions in the still dark hours of night and with such unfailing and common-place regularity. But when our attention is voluntarily turned towards the subject, we find it to be one that will repay not a little consideration. So constant and yet invisible are the processes by which it does its work and is itself formed : so changeable and accommodating are its operations : so universal is the diffusion of its results ; that science scarcely suggests any single plan of nature, which the fancy loves more to follow with subtle tread up to its causes or far away among the thousand varieties of its effects.

Its causes are in one sense simple ; in another, stupendous. They are regular in their occurrence, few in number, familiar to common observation, and necessary for other results than the one in question. In this view they may be called simple. At the same time they are a part of the grandest machinery of nature ; the most indispensable and beneficent and magnificent demonstrations of Divine Wisdom in the adaptation of the physical universe to its own laws and to the wants of man. On these accounts, they are stupendous beyond calculation. We allude to the revolutions of the sun and earth, and to the perpetual and universal presence of the atmosphere.

It is generally understood now, that dew neither falls nor rises. The former expression has been so long in harmony with the

popular understanding of meteorology, that we shall never get it out of our language. The sun will "rise" and "set" while the English tongue lives, and just so, the dew will "fall." The claim that the dew rises was long stoutly asserted by philosophers, in the good old days when *May*-dew bleached linen and was capable of being distilled in spirit: when "butter"-dews, which hardened into a substance like sulphur, and smelt like graves, were deposited in Ireland. The earth was represented as perpetually sending up exhalations, lighter than the air and kept in a rarefied state by the sun, until, at its setting, they became cold and condensed and fell back to the earth.

We all know, now-a-days, (so abundant and conclusive have been experiments,—the experiments of Dr. Wells and others in 1814, illustrative of the fact,) that dew is the moisture of the atmosphere condensed into water by contact with bodies colder than itself. The revolving earth turns one side of itself away from the beams of the sun, and the ground and the grass and the rock and the tree, together with the air that rests upon them all, begin to lose, by constant radiation, the heat imparted by the solar rays. The light, even and delicate atmosphere, penetrated through and through with the heat of the sun, loses somewhat slowly its high temperature, while the solid substances which make up the earth's surface relinquish their superficial warmth more rapidly. Actual experiment has shown that a difference of fifteen degrees of temperature has existed between the ground and the air a few feet above it at the same time. In consequence of this, the warmer atmosphere which is in close proximity to the colder substance of soil and stone and vegetable matter, becomes instantly, upon contact, chilled and too cold to retain its floating moisture, and resigns it: just as in summer, the dampness of the warm air is often observed to be condensed into a humid mist and large drops on a tumbler of iced water. This common household experiment is a complete illustration of the ordinary phenomena of dew. The dampness also of caves, cellars and densely shaded places illustrates the fact. The warmer air, which comes from the region of sunshine, is suddenly cooled, and its moisture is condensed by contact with the cold surface of the sunless recess, and drips in dew on the sides of the cavern, and impregnates the atmosphere with a deadly dampness.

As dew is then condensed atmospheric vapor and depends upon the unequal temperature of the air and the crust of the earth, it must be affected by other meteorological phenomena. Of course, fogs and rain absorb the moisture of the air and leave none to be deposited in dew. Clouds, too, affect its deposition, for they reflect back to the earth the heat radiated from it and prevent the rapid decrease of temperature necessary to the formation of dew. The greatest depositions of the condensed vapor will therefore be, where skies are most constantly serene and where the excessive heat of the sun by day, leaves for the night a violent and extensive change of temperature.

Although we do not design to discuss the meteorology of dew as a branch of science, we have thought it proper to state the foregoing theory and facts, as necessary to illustrate our leading topic of natural economy. While we omit then a large class of valuable and entertaining facts respecting the phenomena discussed, we shall probably introduce other scientific memoranda.

Now, then, we will consider the economy of time and place, developed from the foregoing facts.

It is plain that the *nightly* deposition of dew is invaluable, for then, in the absence of the sun, its fertilizing moisture can lie long enough upon vegetation to be productive of some result. If sunshine and dew came together, the latter would be either totally useless or productive of some disaster; such, perhaps, as breeding decay in plants: which the almost invariable separation of sunlight and moisture in nature's processes gives us reason to apprehend would be the result.

We see, also, that the most extensive deposition of dew will be in those *countries*, where it is most necessary and useful. For instance, in tropical climates where not a cloud defaces the sky for months at a time, and not a drop of rain falls, the blistering heats of the torrid day will be followed by a violent re-action when the sun is withdrawn. This sudden and extreme change of temperature will be the occasion of excessively rapid radiation of heat and very heavy dews will be deposited. Thus the deficiency of rain is supplied in a measure by the extraordinary deposition of atmospheric vapor, and it is always seen that the seasons of long drought, being serene, are most plentifully refreshed by profuse dews. In India and Guinea, while day and night are cloudless for nearly

six months of the year, the parched earth is refreshed with dews that steep the ground like rain, while the stars are burning undimmed overhead. By this kindly agency, the luxuriant vegetation of those climes* is nourished, without the aid of a single shower. Thus the rich grain-fields of Egypt are fed; and in Thebes, where for a long succession of *years* not a veil of cloud is drawn before the face of sun, moon or stars, the mild resignation of its floating moisture by the air sustains the life of thirsting plants and herbage. In some countries, as is well known, the inhabitants are dependent on the dew for their own drink, wringing it out of cloths which have been exposed over night.

In temperate climates, where frequent rains furnish sustenance to the soil, dews are comparatively light. The changes of temperature from day to night are not so extensive as to produce heavy depositions?

Another fact is well known in the meteorology of dew: it is most readily deposited on substances that radiate heat most rapidly. For instance, a piece of glass has been observed to be perfectly covered with dew after a night's exposure, while a piece of silver, similarly exposed, was scarcely dimmed. The difference resulted from the fact, that while the glass radiated nine-tenths of its heat, the silver threw off but little more than one-tenth. Where the power of rapid radiation is associated also with bad conducting qualities, as in case of the glass, of wool, and porous substances in general, the deposition of dew upon the latter is precipitated: for a bad conductor cannot receive from contiguous bodies warmth sufficient to compensate for its rapid loss. Pointed substances radiate with exceeding rapidity, while polished surfaces throw off heat much more slowly than rough materials. These facts, as well as those already mentioned, have their wise adaptations in the economy of nature, which they illustrate most minutely.

Grass and the varieties of low plants and herbage, which are so absolutely necessary to the support of animal life, are principally nourished by the dew. Their short roots cannot, like the tree, draw moisture from the deep reservoirs of the earth, and the rains of heaven are comparatively of little advantage to them.

* The fact that the long intervals of drought, which occur in oriental countries, are only relieved by copious dews, gives force to the curse pronounced in Holy Writ: "Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew upon you!" It also imparts great beauty to a part of Job's exquisite description of the days of his youth and prosperity: "My root was spread out by the waters and the dew lay all night upon my branch."—*Job*, 29: 19.

But they seem to be the principal recipients of the favors of the dew. Their pointed spears and sharp blades are exactly adapted to a most rapid radiation of heat, while their porous texture makes them slow to conduct the warmth of the earth. Hence, their sudden coolness is productive of heavy depositions of dew; heaviest at the point of their spears, where heat is thrown off with the greatest rapidity. Thus is the life of the delicate plants, which are the first to be parched up or languish under the effects of drought, liberally sustained by the dew, according to the law of their *structure*.

The tall tree, on the other hand, receives light deposits of dew; it draws its moisture from the depths of the ground. Its tremulous leaves protect each other too much to permit a rapid loss of warmth, and the law of the dew is therefore of but little benefit to them.

The sands of the desert and sterile rocks must, from their form and substance, receive a less supply of dew than the fruitful ground, with its covering of vegetation. This is the case, although it is by no means the rule of nature to waste nothing. With lavish hand, she garnishes solitudes with flowers, and sows her pearls in the depths of the ocean.

Consider another class of scientific facts. It has been proved by experiment that a quantity of water exposed to the open air during the night gains nothing in bulk. No dew is deposited upon it! This is explained by other facts of science. The surface of water is constantly supplied with warm particles of water from below. As soon as particles of a liquid grow cold by exposure, they also grow heavy and sink. Thus it is, that the smooth surface of the lake and river is not required to radiate its heat: it sends its warmth downward. As a natural consequence, no moisture is condensed from the air by being brought in contact with a cold superficies and no dew is deposited. Why *should* the gentle and light dew be shed on large bodies of water? Nature lavishes not her soft out-pourings of moisture on the bosom of the ever-full ocean, or the broad lake, or the mighty river. They do not need it. While the thirsty mariner can collect it in his blanket and wring it into his cup, not a particle of it falls upon the boundless plain of water all around him.

"O Lord! how manifold are thy works:
made them all! The earth is full of"

TO THE BROWN THRUSH.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

Spring-tide has come, and sheds around
The fragrance of its tender bloom,
And mid the forest's thickening gloom
Its leaves and flowers are found.

And blent with voice of wind and rill,
And answering song of bee and bird,
Thy soft and liquid strain is heard
In deep and heart-felt thrill.

The youthful bowers are spreading now
To throw upon the velvet glade
The flickering masses of their shade
Within the sunlight's glow.

And bursting through the dead piled leaves
The violet springs—the daisy gems
The grass with silver diadems,—
Its arms the gold-thread weaves.

The cowslip-tufts the streamlets spangle,
The arum shows its plumes of white,
And to each wind that trembles light
The aspen leaflets dangle.

I hail thee now, sweet bird, as clear
Comes through the woods thy warbling swell
From the thick solitary dell
To charm my listening ear.

Oft have I heard thy song, when bright
The West its visioned world displayed,
A gleams of light and shade
Evening night :—

On some lone lake with forests round
 Sweeping the margin rich and dark;
 When the low breeze urged on my bark
 And woke the wave to sound :—

And when sprang morning's rainbow hues,
 Whilst other birds as yet were mute,
 Then too hath thrilled thy echoing flute ;
 Brown brother of the dews !

And now I hear thee with the joy,
 The fresh delight of other hours,
 When earth was one bright scene of flowers,
 And I a thoughtless boy.

How strange that one soft simple strain
 Should bid the spectral past arise,
 And with its sun and smiling skies
 Spread round its charm again.

Yet thus it is—and sweet and wild
 As in the air thy song is cast,
 I live but in this happy past
 A happy, happy child.

SMILES AND TEARS, OR THE COUSINS.

BY MARY LESLIE.

Their *old*, their *cherished* home,
 How beautiful it stood,
 Mid clustering vines and orange groves,
 Deep sheltered in the wood—
 One bud within so bright and fair
 Was opening in those halls,
 E'en now upon the oaken stair
 A gentle footstep falls.—*M. Leslie.*

The family mansion of the Langdons was situated about three miles from one of our most populous Southern cities. It was

deeply shaded by time-honored trees, beneath whose heavy foliage were winding paths and groves of tropical fruits. A more beautiful or romantic spot can only be imagined by those who have wandered through Southern woods, or breathed the perfumed gales that sweep over them. Mr. Langdon (on the death of his father,) had inherited this noble dwelling with its broad acres, and removed from the neighboring city to his quiet country home at Woodside. Long after his removal, his habits as a thorough business man confined him much to the city, and his office continued his sphere of action. Mr. Langdon loved to make money, not so much for the sake of it, as that it had become a habit and gave him employment; that was his greatest pleasure; his mind was ever occupied with some new speculation or business transaction, and except on these subjects he was a stern, silent, and unsocial man: he had little time to devote to his only child, a bright and beautiful girl; and though his heart was wrapped in her welfare, and on his return to his home he looked for his Ella's welcome smile; yet when this was over he had no time for much conversation, and she was left to follow out her own impulses unguided by his counsel. Mr. Langdon was no advocate for seminaries for young ladies, and he regarded the pursuit of the more solid branches a sad waste of time. Her education in all the accomplishments of the day was not neglected, for the best of masters were provided; so that at the early age of fifteen Ella was a proficient. With an extremely sensitive nature and a heart full of refinement, which she inherited from her mother, who died when she was an infant, she was illy calculated to wander alone through life. Early and late found Ella by some rippling streamlet or woody spot, with the page of sentimental poetry or high-wrought fiction spread before her. There was no one there to direct her gentle impulses aright, to show her God's mercy in the air she so loved to breathe, or teach her of *Infinite Goodness* as shown in bright flowers at her feet; while Ella worshipped nature, the perfumed bell of every lovely flower was some fairy's home, and each silver cloud, as it floated away in beauty, but an angel's wing, bearing on it thoughts to feed her fancy. In woman's first fresh years of gentleness and beauty, in the new scenes that nature is constantly unfolding to the eye, it is seldom she reads a lesson of decay in faded leaves, or the

end of human hopes in withering flowers. Ella lived in a world of the imagination; she was all romance, all poetry, too unreal for such a commonplace world as ours, where every "rose-colored veil has dark threads running through it," and fancy is but a spider's web the first rough breath may break. Ella had but very few young companions, but as they resided in the neighboring city, their visits were but seldom; and if her fair cousin Fannie Linwood came oftener than the rest, *her* school duties called her away from her side; and Ella was left growing to womanhood, an unsupported vine, ready to clasp its tendrils around the very first object that offered it support.

'Tis fashion's idol, he the star
The poor must worship from afar:
To fortunes vast they call him heir:
His "world" sees nothing wanting there.—M. Leslie.

Alfred Singleton was one of a numerous class of young men we meet in all our populous cities, lingering near the fashionable promenade, or driving among its threaded avenues; he had his private box at the opera, his favorite ponies, and, in a word, everything a man of the world thinks worth living for. Sole heir to an immense fortune, he was left at early age in the care of the money-making lawyers of the city of New York, who were better satisfied in looking after their interests in the estates, than the more important ones of their young ward. Brought up amid a circle of aristocratic and wealthy fashionables, it was no wonder, with his elegant manners, his uncommon personal beauty, and his "*gilded charms*," he should become popular. Yes! Alfred Singleton was a petted and spoiled child of fashion, a magnet for manœuvring mammas, a good catch with anxious papas, and withal the centre of a clique of New York's most *recherché* beaux. In the club-room his habits were formed, his plans laid, and it was there he first learned to think it a light thing to win a woman's heart. Man, thou art inconstant as the wind; and well and happy would it be for the world if the young impulses of every woman's heart were directed aright, that she might know without tasting the bitter cup of experience, that in a world where all bright things die, there is no such thing as pure or unclouded constancy or love. How few then would we see pouring out the whole wealth of the affections on the frail altar of a mor-

tal head, to feel them like the opal gem burning slowly away. Naturally gifted, had the refining qualities of Alfred's mind been awakened by the tender encouragements of a sister's love or family influences, he would better have understood the frail tissue of woman's heart, and made him her protector (as man should ever be,) instead of her destroyer.

'Tis her "*first season*;" quickly fly the hours
As time flits by gaily painted wing;
The path is strewn with summer's brightest flowers,
While hope, and love, a *glad, clear* echo ring.—Mrs. Leslie.

Ella Langdon had been but one season in the gay and fashionable city so near her country home. "A first season;" what a short but expressive phrase to those who can realize its *full* meaning. There are none that have passed it but know too well what is the syren song of pleasure; how the warm breath of flattery charms like a serpent; the cold homage of the world is fancied *idolatry*, and thought to be real. The veil revealing the future is slowly lifted; the world is painted on a canvass with the brightest coloring; the present seems a happy dream in which the eye is delighted with the scenes, the ear charmed with the music, and the heart beats time, as the hours dance lightly away. These illusions never come but once; a second season their music is a meaningless hum, and our hearts have no echo for it, we listen to the soulless laugh, and it falls like a mockery on the dull ear. It was at a meeting of the young and lovely Alfred Singleton first met Ella Langdon. Was it any marvel a man of the world should have been attracted by a dark eye sparkling with the welling from a young and innocent heart, or by that extreme artlessness so seldom seen or heard of in the walks of his fashionable city. Ella was to the man of the world a novelty, and among Alfred's club would no doubt have been pronounced "good game," and "attractive metal." Our hero felt himself *in love* (as the club had defined the phrase,) with the beautiful and romantic girl. Was he not, too, Ella Langdon's first admirer?—a potent charm in itself; and as many of us as are carried back to our own *first season*, we cannot blame her if she listened earnestly to the fascinating stranger's tones. Ere the week wore away, he saw his words had fallen on her heart; false gems into a pure and spotless casket. No thought of the

dark passion of deceit had entered her young mind ; and in those words of love, now grown an oft-told tale to him, she read nought but sincerity, and the vine found a supporter ; it had begun to twine its tendrils around it, and Ella was "*in love*," as a young and innocent heart *felt it*. In him she found a realization of her brightest dreams. No better, no fairer being had her vivid fancy ever pictured. She had found the "one fair spirit for her minister," and she sought no farther ; for her *eye* and *heart* are dazzled. Ella had yet to learn something of the fond idolatry which is paid to gold ; how it and it alone brightens and gilds the worldling's path to the heart ; how he will sacrifice happiness for its attainment, till, seizing it, it perished with his base using. Alfred Singleton lingered long at the South ; nor were his frequent visits to Woodside prevented by Ella's stern father ; it was enough for *him* to know his *child* was *happy*. Those shaded avenues and whispering breezes could tell of a tale of love told at the twilight hour ; and when Alfred took the willing hand in his, and sang sweet songs of love and constancy, and talked of pleasant paths in his northern home, through which they might always wander, Ella dreamt of

"Some bright little isle of their own,
In a blue summer ocean far-off and alone,
Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers,
Where simply to feel that *they* breathed, that *they* lived
Would be worth all the joys earth elsewhere could give.
—Moore.

In such a home, with the idol her heart had reared, could she be aught than happy ? Ah ! would that this *dream* might *always* be a *dream*, and no cloud gather to shade the sunlight in her heart—a heart too full of happiness for sleep ; for long after she sought her pillow, when she had plighted her faith to Alfred, the image in Ella's heart was the only idol of her worship. Alas, poor Ella ! you have read as yet but one page in the character of such a man as Alfred Singleton. The preface is always poetry ; no thought of darker lines have troubled your smooth cheek and brow ; but we cannot raise the veil before you. No searching human eye can do it, *time* alone must be the great revealer, and *this* will read the book to Ella Langdon.

Prepare for the bridal . a wreath you may twine
 Of the sweet orange bud, of the myrtle and vine :
 They are emblems of confidence, beauty and truth,
 Of the pure love we see in the bosom of youth.—*Mrs. Leslie.*

Bright lights are gleaming from the spacious halls at Woodside ; a thousand colored lamps are glimmering among the deep foliage of those old trees, whilst sweet strains of music are sounding from those woody groves. The orange gleams in the light of the moon as she looks down lovingly on the streamlets, while the zephyrs gently stoop to kiss them as they pass. Flowers were there, the bright and beautiful of a Southern clime, and were gathered in rich bouquets and scattered in profusion in that stately home. Ella Langdon is a bride. Here is a group of gay and laughing ones, jesting happily of their own future : here are the grave and serious, gathered to witness the union of love and deceit. Fond hearts are breathing farewells in those halls, and murmured wishes of joy and happiness are breathed by loving ones. Teams of old domestics, with full hearts, and tearful eyes, have come to say "Good bye," and a fervent "God bless you," rises from their honest hearts as they gaze at their young mistress, who is leaving them forever. On the cheek of the fair young bride we see no tear, in her eye no look of regret ; and though her heart throbs wildly, and that eye flashes as she clasps still closer her father's hand, and answers the farewells of loved ones,—

A softer voice is calling her,
Low, winning to her ear :
First love knows nought of sorrow,
It never dreams of fear.—*Mrs. Leslie.*

And the perfumed air, as it steals gently in at the casement, seems to bear on its wings a welcome greeting to some far-off land her lover calls his northern home. *Friends* in that hour are forgotten ; her idol is before her, and her happiness is laid at the worldling's feet. But I tremble for that young and trusting heart. Here was a woman all impulse, *madly, passionately* in love, with a being her imagination made perfect. The chords of her heart are all out of tune ; loose reins are given to *fancy*, which, if not checked by a master hand, so often makes woman her unconscious destroyer. And what were Alfred's thoughts as he stood at that altar and vowed to protect and cherish this tender South-

ern plant. When the old and anxious spoke to him of *care* in transplanting it to a colder clime, he whispered in her listening ear, of the sunshine of love, and the warmth of the *heart*; and the flower dreamt not of blight.

“Onward they move, that bridal throng:
Ye may track their way by the swells of song:
Ye may catch through the foliage
Their white robe’s gleam,
Like a swan through the reeds
Of a shadowy stream.—*Hemans.*”

CHAP. II.

How eagerly her first impressions,
Sleeping fancies, hopes and fears,
She pours into the listening ear of age,
While wondering at the unmeaning tone
The world of fashion calls its own.—*Mrs. Leslie.*

GOOD MORNING, my dear Aunt Becky! said Fannie Linwood, gaily tripping into the room with a bright bloom on her beautiful cheek. Let me place my bouquet in water; for in spite of my hanging it in the night-dew, I see my camellias are all blighted; and then, dear Aunt, prepare yourself for a long description of my cousin’s wedding. First, then, I passed a delightful evening; and secondly, the bride looked most beautifully, with a single white japonica in her dark hair, a Mechlin lace over satin, I know you would have acknowledged Ella Langdon the loveliest being in creation. And then her eyes, so full of love and confidence, I did not think her very sad at parting with us all, and I am quite sure I never shall love any one *half* so well, unless it is my Aunt Becky, or—but the words died on her lips. By the way, I had nearly a whole fruit-cake under my pillow, which had passed through that mystical golden circle, the “wedding ring;” and I had besides to dream on, a written directory of all Alfred Singleton’s Northern friends. I am sure their very names drove every thing dreamable out of my tired fancy, for old Morpheus never slept sounder than I did all night. Towards morning, however, a ~~thousand~~ little images flitted before my half open eyes: they

were wasps with quizzing glasses, monkeys, with dress coats and mustachios; little short phrases crowding thick and fast from above immense imperials, such as "'pon honor," and "plenty of tin," "good speculation," cut up well," "dem pretty woman;" and while I was interpreting them, I found myself awake. I assure you, Aunt, I do not like Alfred's intimées much after a *first* interview, and I am afraid they will not improve on a *farther acquaintance*. I dare say, however, the feeling will be *mutual*, when I tell Mr. Walton and Mr. Sinclair, (who intend calling on me this morning,) I have been so unsentimental as to sleep *soundly* all night, and dreamed no little romance to regale them with. I wonder, dear aunt, if Mr. Walton is a specimen of New York's best beaux. (Here Fannie drew a long breath, while old Aunt Becky sat in her arm-chair an attentive listener, as she proceeded, excited, as all young ladies are after their *first large* evening party.) When I entered the hall at Woodside, Mr. Walton came languidly towards me, and simpered, "are you pretty and well?" With all simplicity, I asked him to repeat, fearing I had not rightly understood his salutation. I told him I was never better than at present, but as for the *pretty*, (I know I gave him rather a saucy look as I told him,) I was sure I saw nothing prettier than himself. It was taken kindly, however, and as a compliment, for it was acknowledged by sundry bows and gestures I was too dull to comprehend. I suppose, said he, you are *dying* to see the charming Fanny Ellsler. I have been twenty nights in my *own* city, and I intend as many more when she visits the South. "Are you not crazy about the new opera? Why half the women in New York are running mad with it?" I told him no; my aunt did not approve of theatres, and my unsophisticated ears had never been tuned to a relish for opera music. Throwing up both hands with the level of his chin, his small grey eyes starting from their sockets, I was about to run for aid, supposing him to have been suddenly seized with a convulsion, when he exclaimed, "old griffin, old monster; why will people have old aunts? What is *her age*? Why how do you manage to *kill time*?" I declare it hangs monstrous heavy when I'm out of New York; but could I always be in *your* sweet society,"—here his voice sank to a whisper, and putting his face down so that it nearly touched my ear, I felt an internal squirm, as he simpered—

“ Oh could I one dear being find,
And were her fate to mine but joined,
By Hymen's silken tie,
To her *myself*, my *all* I'd give,
For her alone delighted live,
For *her* consent to die.—*Anon.*”

He gazed down to see the effect of this speech, and I tried to smile sweetly, but it ended in an out and out laugh, which I know was extremely rude, but which I could not possibly avoid. Mr. Walton left me very abruptly; for the so-called heiress Senora Cortez, a Spanish girl, had just entered, and he has the reputation of being her ardent lover. I saw him again as I was leaving, and he asked me pathetically to *dream* of him. I had half a mind to tell him I dreaded night-mare, and disturbed rest. I am glad you did not, chimed in the kind voice of Aunt Becky; and laying down her knitting, and spectacles, as she interrupted her niece—“ I have often warned you of the dangerous gift of sarcasm, and it will, if unchecked, gain you many enemies. I cannot help smiling at the ridiculous pictures you have drawn of Alfred's friends, and *particularly* of Mr. Walton; and although these are men I could *never respect*, I can pardon their follies as the result of education. Mr. Walton's family I have long known by reputation. He is the *last* of a dissipated and fashionable race; and as is ever true of the heirs of such an ancestry, he has with the estates inherited the family weaknesses; and mind and body are both enervated. It is our duty, Fanny, to cover faults, and deal *gently* with the erring. But you have not told me whether Arthur de Lacy was at the wedding.” Aunt Becky's old and experienced eye needed no better answer to her hasty question than it saw in the bright blush on Fannie's cheek as she glanced at the beautiful boquet on the stand before her. Aunt Beckie will whisper the interpretation of that blush in our ear; for she knows that ere a twelvemonth has passed, her niece will be claimed as the bride of a well known and popular member of Congress from Georgia. “ *It had not been announced,*” strange as it may appear to our fashionable readers; and with Aunt Becky's good old notions of propriety, would remain a secret until her niece stood at the altar as *Mrs. Arthur de Lacy*. Fannie had been brought up under the careful guidance of this maiden aunt, her father's only sister. She had entered the female academy in the city in which

she resided, and gone regularly through a course of instruction usually adopted at those institutions. No mind is well balanced without system, or order, in its development, and this is the true secret of the almost universal good effect of these institutions: the studies are all arranged according to the capacity of the scholars, and the young mind is gradually led along, step by step, till it is thrown upon the world, when it goes on unfolding in the same systematic way, we may say forever. Fannie had naturally a gay disposition, which had never been checked by sorrow. She was a universal favorite among a happy circle of friends, who *loved* her and *appreciated* her aunt, not as a "griffin," or "monster," but as good and *kind* Miss Becky Linwood. Fannie had naturally all the sensitiveness and refinement of her cousin Ella, but she had been prepared for life and usefulness, and guided by an experienced counsel. She had been shown how the unerring hand of time withered and drooped her fairest flowers, and stamped the brow of those she loved with the impress of decey. She was taken to the cottage of the poor man, and early shown life in its realities: *her* young hand had dried the mourner's tear, and poured the oil of joy and consolation into wounded hearts. Ah, how little do the pampered children of luxury know how deep are the wells of bitterness which they might fathom and purify, would they but search them out. What richer reward could they ask, than the prayers of the poor they have benefitted; incense from the lowliest altar dedicated to God would waft them back a rich blessing from the throne of the Eternal. When sunshine and prosperity are around us, we often smile, on thinking the same sunlight sheds its beams on all alike; and the hand of charity is often withheld through ignorance.

[To be continued.]

THE OLD MATHEMATICIAN.

FROM MARSCHALK MANOR.

SOME years ago a very eccentric old gentleman suddenly appeared in a little Dutch hamlet near the river. The arrival of a stranger in a small village is always attended with some degree of notoriety, but in this case the sensation was prodigious, for the new comer was soon discovered to have a character not only unlike, but exceedingly remote from that of any one else in the place.

"Who can he be?" was the immediate cry. Some suggested that he was a man of business with a stock of new-fashioned goods, come to awaken covetous susceptibilities in the hearts of the hitherto contented townsmen, and thereby make his own individual fortune. Terrified at the conjecture, Old Hans Gansvoort, the only trader in the village, immediately lowered sugar a stiver and soap half a stiver, by way of showing that he was the man who was willing to ruin himself in honorable competition, rather than have his place of mercantile distinction usurped by a stranger. But the next day, finding his suspicions groundless, he raised every article to its original standard, and, in a praiseworthy spirit of forgiveness, sent round to the new-comer to solicit his custom.

In like manner were the doctor, the schoolmaster, and the publican grievously alarmed for their several interests, and in a similar way manifested the same Christian spirit upon being relieved from their trepidation, but all in vain. The old gentleman kept very close, and answered none of the appeals which were made to him. He had brought with him a sufficient stock of groceries to last for many months, was never sick, had no children and manifested no inclination for tavern gossip; so that there was no such thing as getting at him, and the whole village was still at fault.

Was he a farmer? He had but a little garden, scarcely sufficient for the production of his own corn and potatoes. Was he a gentleman? He dressed well, appeared rich, and had a good seat in church, but exhibited an unusual repugnance to making any acquaintances in the neighborhood. Even the Squire, upon visiting him with hospitable intent, met with such a cold reception, that he was fain to go away, with his self-consequence marvelously diminished, and with something that sounded very much like an oath painfully struggling up his inflated larynx.

Who was he? What was he? Where did he come from? Where was he going to? How long was he going to stay? Was he single or married? Was he husband or widower?

The sensation redoubled. All the town was agog. In the excitement of ungratified curiosity, the Publican, for once in his life, drew forth good measure, and the Schoolmaster gave the boys a New Year holiday in the middle of summer; while the Dominie and the Doctor went many times a week to visit a sick man, whom they had never before thought fit to honor with their presence, doing so, simply because the way led past the stranger's secluded abode. From continual lounging at the tavern after news, more toppers were made in one week than in months before; while among the elder maidens tea-parties increased to a marvellous extent. Even the village dogs acquired a habit of lying in the road directly before the stranger's door, waiting with open jaws and distended tongues to snap up any chance piece of information, and bear it to their masters.

At last, however, the whole truth came out, for the stranger was visited by a nephew, a bright frolicsome lad of sixteen, more mischievous than studious, and who, seeing no reason for secrecy, told all about his worthy uncle to the first eager questioner.

The old man was a celebrated mathematician, who had spent all his life in investigating the abstruse science, and would probably plod on in the same fascinating pursuit till the day of his death. He had a larger library of big black vellum books than the Dominie and Doctor together could muster,—always wore round his neck a silver medal given by some long extinguished mathematical club, in honor of having, after only fifteen years of laborious study, solved an exceedingly intricate equation, of which no one had ever heard, or, in all human probability, ever would

hear,—and moreover, was a corresponding member of four Mathematical Associations and one Royal Mathematical Institute.

Then reports of the old gentleman's learning spread apace. It was said that he could count the stars, compute eclipses, weigh the earth, and do many other things then considered as bordering on the wonderful. By and by some bold spirit whispered strange doubts as to the equal intellectual capacities of the Dominie and Schoolmaster, which, when these two worthies heard, they put on their cocked hats, took their canes in hand, and, with a visible spirit of jealousy, sallied forth to match their powers with those of the wonderful mathematician. He puzzled the first with an algebraic equation: an arithmetical proportion effectually bothered the second; and the two departed no wiser than before, and very much crest-fallen, to boot. After that, the mathematician was very generally let alone; for his retired disposition attracted no fellow communication, and the the fame of his talents had so spread abroad, that he was looked upon with a deep degree of reverence, which would not admit of friendly sociability. If he had lived with the bats in an angle of some lofty stone turret, worn big spectacles, and cultivated a flowing white beard, carried a human skull under his left arm, and had had all the signs of the zodiac embroidered upon the back of his coat, he could scarcely have been the object of greater awe.

He was in truth a singular specimen. Every idea he had was of a mathematical tendency. All his thoughts were a curious compound of sines and tangents, roots and equations. He even carried his fantasies into every operation of common life, thereby often causing a ludicrous effect.

For relaxation he cultivated a little piece of ground, which, for regularity and exactness of proportion, in course of time became a capital model for a Chinese mandarin's garden. All the trees were trimmed off into spheres and cones, while his vines, instead of being allowed to follow their natural bent, were rudely trained up in exact parallels. The consequence was, that neither trees nor vines ever bore any fruit, which was, however, a matter of very little moment to the mathematician, who felt it sufficient compensation for any such loss, to observe his favorite study thus accurately pictured forth to the eye.

Then the grass-plot was a marvel to the whole surrounding

country. The sight wandered over a vast area of circles, squares, triangles and parallelograms. There was not a bush which did not represent a centre; not a line of cabbages or crosses which was not planted to form a radius or secant. And, in particular, the pride of the whole garden was a huge ellipse. It was formed by a close row of corn, which, for the purpose of illustration, was kept with all its natural exuberances so closely cropped, that it never ventured to bear a single kernel. This was scientifically bisected and dissected by such a vast variety of chords, tangents, secants, parabolas, that the whole theory of conic sections was spread out as a map. Not the minutest particular was wanting to give the design completeness.

The mathematician was a man of even temper in most things. He could bear ill-made beds, cold coffee and partially washed clothes, without a murmur; but let any one venture to assail any thing connected with his favorite science, and the sleeping lion was immediately aroused. Once a straggling visitor, gifted with more curiosity than common sense, appeared to examine his valued silver medal with extraordinary interest. Pleased with the attention, the mathematician detailed the whole history of the honored token, and was proceeding by a trifling digression, to impart the various steps in science by which he made the wonderful discovery that entitled him to it, when the guest inconsiderately inquired its intrinsic cost. In a moment, the enraged mathematician caught him by his collar, and by a series of well adjusted kicks, landed him safely outside in the road.

"Well done, Uncle!" said the nephew, clapping his hands as he saw the luckless victim many times raised into the air, before having fairly alighted from the last impulse.

"A very fair illustration of ricochet motion;" the mathematician replied.

After a while the nephew left the house in order to travel in foreign lands. The mathematician first handed him a well filled bag of gold, as though it were a gift scarcely worth being thankful for, and then, with great ceremony and some severe struggles of the soul, produced a little black well-thumbed work upon "*fluxions*."

"Take this, my boy, I can well spare it, for I have another copy. Read it well, and it will make you a better and a wiser man."

But the only approach which the nephew ever made to the study of any kind of mathematics was to blow forth circles of smoke from his pipe, and it was strongly suspected, that the tobacco therein was lit up, day after day, with successive leaves from the little black book.

Once the Squire of the village, recovering from his wrath, endeavored to carry off the mathematician upon a fishing expedition. For this purpose he rushed into the house, and found him deeply engaged over a slate.

"Come, my old boy, away with study and take a little practice in throwing the line!"

"You wish to know what is a line?" said the mathematician, looking up abstractedly. "It is length without breadth or thickness, as demonstrated by—"

"No, no! Pshaw! Go with me, and we will each take a rod and—"

"Forty rods, one rood:—Four roods, one—"

"Stop!" said the Squire, growing very red in the face,—
"Hang it, man, do you know what it means to angle?"

"Aye; as the angle A is to the angle B, so is the square of the hypotenuse of the opposite side to the length of a bisecting chord formed by —"

The Squire waited to hear no more, but rushed despairingly out of the house, while the mathematician continued his work, without remembering that he had had a visitor at all.

At last the old mathematician went the way of all flesh. There was no preliminary sickness, but he was found sitting up in his chair *dead*, with his slate before him covered with closely written figures. The whole village rushed to see him, and among the crowd came the Dominie and the Schoolmaster. They scanned the slate attentively, and though neither could comprehend the simplest equation of the whole confused conglomerated mass, each felt bound to give an opinion. The Schoolmaster pretended to discover at the end a triumphant and satisfactory answer to the problem, and hence argued that the mathematician had died in an excess of joy at having his labor crowned with success. The Dominie, on the contrary, proved by several long words of indisputable incomprehensibility, that the result was *wrong*, and that hence the mathematician had died of grief. The

only effect of the argument was to raise a deadly feud between the Church and School, which was never fairly made up.

The nephew came home from his travels in time to read the will, and order the funeral. The mathematician left him sole heir to every thing, binding up the possession of the valued books and papers with every security that law could afford, as though he had feared lest others might venture to dispute the precious heritage. In a codicil of six lines, the other property was made over, unclouded by any legal ingenuities; as though mere gold and silver were of too little worth to demand much precaution in their bestowal.

The grave and coffin were made of the most mathematical proportions, and the funeral took place in the midst of a great concourse, many of whom almost expected to see the learned man rise up from the bier, and fly off to the realms of space, striding a comet. But no such result happened. The mathematician lay quietly in the grave, with his medal on his breast, and the nephew departed with the old man's gold and silver, leaving the books and manuscripts to the mercy of the rats and mice.

SKETCH OF PETRARCH.

BY REV. ROBERT TURNBULL.

WHEN Dante was banished from Florence, Petracco dell'An-
cisà, a noble Florentine and notary of the Republic, was involved
in the same calamity. He was the father of the celebrated
Petrarch, who was born in Arezzo on the 19th of July, 1304, on
the very night when Dante Petracco and other Ghibellines made
their last ineffectual attempt on Florence. A striking incident in
the life of Petrarch, connected with that event is thus versified by
Rogers. Referring to the Arno, which glides in many beautiful
windings, through the Val de Pisa,

Reflecting convents, castles, villages,
 And those great rivals in an elder day,
 Florence and Pisa :"—

he adds

" Once indeed, 'twas thine,
 When many a winter flood thy tributary
 Was through its rocky glen, rushing, resounding,
 And thou wast in thy might, to save, restore
 A charge most precious. To the nearest ford
 Hastening, a horseman from Arezzo came,
 Careless, impatient of delay, a babe
 Slung in a basket to the knotty staff
 That lay athwart his saddle-bow. He spurs.
 He enters; and his horse alarmed, perplexed,
 Halts in the midst. Great is the stir, the strife;
 And lo! an atom on that dangerous sea
 The babe is floating! Fast and far he flies;
 Now tempest rocked, now whirling round and round,
 But not to perish. By thy willing waves
 Borne to the shore, among the bulrushes
 The ark has rested; and unhurt, secured,
 As on his mother's breast he sleeps within,
 All peace! or never had the nations heard
 That voice so sweet which still enchants, inspires;
 That voice which sung of love, of liberty,
 PETRARCH lay there."*

Notwithstanding this early misfortune, the life of Petrarch was only too prosperous and happy—no not happy, except in the narrow worldly sense of the term; for alas! his splendid career of honor and pleasure grew dim before his eyes, and left him unsatisfied and melancholy. His entire life was a perfect contrast to that of Dante. Honored and caressed by popes and princes, the favorite of the muses and the idol of all, there was no distinction which he could not reach, no pleasure which he could not taste. Learned, generous and kind, a man of genius and station, with no great faults, he had no great virtues. He inveighed against the vices of his patrons, but ever retained their patronage. The friend of Rienzi, the last of the Tribunes and the advocate of freedom, he consorted all his life long with the most consummate despots, and derived his highest honors from hands that reeked with blood!

Petrarch was designed for the law, and studied at Bologna and other places. He made great progress in learning; but felt so

* Italy—A poem.

strong an attraction to poetry; that he abandoned the legal profession, sorely to the disappointment of his father, and gave himself up to the muses.

His residence at Avignon, at that time the site of the papal sec, and on that very account one of the most licentious in Europe—his attachment to Laura, whom he has immortalized in his sonnets, his half devout, half carnal and platonic love, which burned, long after Laura was in her grave, and colored his whole subsequent life,—his solitary musings by the fountain of Vaucluse, and in his beautiful retreat at Arquà, are well known to all.

As a scholar and a courtier, a poet and a man of genius, his fame, in his own day, was unbounded. He was crowned with laurel in the Capitol, and received the homage and applause, not only of Rome, but of Florence and Venice. He prided himself especially on his vast learning, his majestic Latin style, his efforts for the diffusion of classical learning, and especially his great epic poem of *Africa*, written in Latin, which he hoped to leave behind him as the richest monument of his genius. But all these posterity has forgotten, except his efforts for the restoration and diffusion of Latin literature, and his poems, which he regarded only as his solace and amusement.

Dante created the language of Italian poetry; Petrarch brought it to perfection. If the one was the Angelo of literature, the other was its Raffaele. In the extreme beauty and perfection of his diction, he has never been surpassed. No word of his has grown obsolete; no figure has lost its freshness and elegance. Indulging occasionally in refined conceits, he is never weak or redundant. His style is always firm, clear and beautiful. Of deep and stormy passion; of strong and startling phraseology, he knows absolutely nothing; but his sweetness, tenderness, and elegance, are inimitable. His poetry has all the clearness as well as splendor of the diamond. It always reminds us of the hardest and most delicate enamel. It is pervaded, moreover, by a serene light, a soft and pensive beauty. In fact it is the very perfection of what may be termed ideal or reflective passion, embodied in exquisite and graceful forms.

The stormy age of Dante had begun to soften. Wealth and luxury begot effeminacy and weakness. Foreign mercenaries were hired to perform the fighting of the Italians, while the citizens gave

themselves up to the pursuits of commerce and literature. It was about this time that foreign barbarians overran the country; and Petrarch in his old age saw Italy drenched in blood. He had travelled much, and seen many beautiful scenes in other lands; but his heart turned to Italy with increasing affection. It was then an infinite grief to his generous heart to see his native country suffering from such a cause. Some of the finest passages in his poems have reference to this circumstance, and rise to a high pitch of indignant eloquence. His appeals upon this subject were not without effect. Native companies of patriotic citizens were formed; and the fierce marauders were driven from Italy. But this unhappy country has never been long free from intestine division or foreign invasion; and not long after this a long and bloody war ensued, from the descent into Italy of the Emperor Charles the Fourth. So that, between Popes and Emperors, Italy has scarce enjoyed a moment's repose, from the fall of the ancient republics to the present time.

Petrarch was tall and well formed, with noble and handsome features, large lustrous eyes, serene mouth, and lofty brow. His manners were courteous and fascinating; and his character somewhat generous, though by no means elevated and self-sacrificing. He was an agreeable man of the world, with an ardent desire for the welfare of his friends and his native land, but without that loftiness of purpose and energy of character which are absolutely essential to high patriotism and virtue. He grew weary of his own honor and success, and discovered, too late, that he had failed to reach the true end of life. He died in Arqua, his chosen retreat among the Euganean hills, a few miles from Padua, July 11th, 1374. He was found by his attendants dead in his chair, his head leaning on the desk, with a book beside him, probably struck by apoplexy while engaged in reading. He was buried with great pomp, being followed to his grave by the Prince of Padua, the ecclesiastical dignitaries and the students of the University. His tomb is the resort of many literary pilgrims.

“ There is a tomb in Arqua; reared in air
 Pillared in their sarcophagus, repose
 The bones of Laura's lover; here repair
 Many familiar with his well sung woes,
 The pilgrims of his genius. He arose

To raise a language and his land reclaim
 From the dull yoke of her barbaric foes;
 Watering the tree that bears his lady's name,
 With his melodious tears he gave himself to fame."

Byron.

The idolatry with which Petrarch has ever been regarded by his countrymen has begun to subside. But they still speak of him as "the tender, the elegant, the divine." Far inferior to Dante, Ariosto and Tasso in originality and vigor, he approaches them, perhaps equals them occasionally, in tenderness and beauty. His descriptions, mingled with sentiment and devotion, resembling in this respect the songs of Robert Burns, are singularly touching. They remind us of the light of setting suns, or the pensive beauty of the moon and stars.

When Petrarch found that the poems of his youth were the principal source of his fame, he bestowed upon them an elaborate revision. It is impossible to say how frequently they passed through the alembic of his criticism. He brought the melody and rhythm to the highest perfection.

The following is one of his finest Canzones, and will give as fair an idea, as a translation can, of his peculiar style :

CANZONE.

In the still even, when with rapid flight
 Low in the western sky the sun descends
 To give expectant nations life and light,
 The aged pilgrim, in some clime unknown,
 Slow journeying right onward, fearful bends,
 With weary haste, a stranger and alone;
 Yet when his labor ends,
 He solitary sleeps,
 And in short slumber steeps
 Each sense of sorrow hanging on the day,
 And all the toil of the long past way:
 But, O, each pang that wakes with morn's first ray,
 More piercing wounds my breast,
 When heavens eternal light sinks crimson in the west!
 His burning wheels when downward Phoebus bends,
 And leaves the world to night: its lengthened shade
 Each towering mountain o'er the vale extends;
 The thrifty peasant shoulders light his spade,
 With sylvan carol gay and uncouth note,
 Bidding his cares upon the wild winds float,
 Content in peace to share
 His poor and humble fare,
 As in that golden age
 We honor still, yet leave its simple ways —

Whoe'er so list, let joy his hours engage :
 No gladness e'er has cheered my gloomy days,
 Nor moment of repose,
 However rolled the spheres, whatever planet rose :
 Whereas the shepherd marks the sloping ray
 Of the great orb that sinks in ocean's bed,
 While on the east, soft steals the evening gray,
 He rises and resumes the accustomed crook,
 Quitting the beechen grove, the field, the brook,
 And gently homeward drives the flock he fed ;
 Then far from human tread,
 In lonely hut or cave,
 O'er which the green boughs wave,
 In sleep without a thought he lays his head :
 Ah ! cruel love ! at this dark, silent hour.
 Thou wak'st to trace, and with redoubled power,
 The voice, the step, the air
 Of her, who scorns thy claim, and flees the fatal snares.

And in some sheltered bay at evening's close,
 The mariners their rude coats round them fold,
 Stretched on the rugged plank in deep repose :
 But I, though Phoebus sink into the main
 And leave Granada wrapt in night, with Spain,
 Morocco, and the Pillars famed of old,—
 Though all of human kind,
 And every creature blest,
 All hush their ills to rest,
 No end to my unceasing sorrows find :
 And still the sad account swells day by day ;
 For since these thoughts on my lorn spirit prey,
 I see the tenth year roll ;
 Nor hope of pardon springs in my desponding soul.
 Thus as I vent my bursting bosom's pain,
 Lo ! from the yoke I see the oxen freed,
 Slow moving homeward o'er the furrowed plain :
 Why to my sorrow is no pause decreed ?
 Why from my yoke no respite must I know ?
 Why gush these tears, and never cease to flow ?
 Ah me ! what sought my eyes,
 When fixed in fond surprise,
 On her angelic face
 I gaze, and on my heart each charm impressed ?
 From which nor force nor art the sacred trace
 Shall e'er remove, till I the victim rest
 Of Death, whose mortal blow
 Shall my pure spirit free, and this warm frame lay low.

LYCIDAS AND ADONAIS.

JOHN MILTON and Percy Bysshe Shelley,—the grave old Puritan and the enthusiastic young unbeliever,—the author of *Paradise Lost*, and the author of *Queen Mab*,—are there in the bright catalogue of English poets, any two, whose names call up more dissimilar associations, whose lives present a greater contrast, and whose works are held in more diverse estimation? Around the name of Milton, cling recollections of the stern times of the Commonwealth, and of the mighty efforts which he put forth in the struggles of his day, and “of which all Europe rang from side to side.” Shelley lived in no such stirring times, nor would they have been his proper element. We see Milton in all the many troubles of his life maintaining a cooler and nobler attitude, able still to “bear up and press right onward,” unbroken under age, neglect and blindness.

In Shelley’s own language,

“He died,
Who was the sire of an immortal strain,
Blind, old and lonely, when his country’s pride
The priest, the slave and the liberticide
Trampled and mocked with many a loathed rite
Of lust and blood; he went, unterrified
Into the gulf of death; but his clear sprite
Yet reigns o’er earth, the third among the sons of light.”

Shelley, on the contrary, in the ungoverned zeal of his bold spirit, opposing the most sacred institutions of human society, endured the punishment by which society avenged its wrongs with the fretfulness of a child, and not the firmness of a martyr. The one “after long choosing and beginning late,” produced his immortal work at a time of life when the poetic powers are usually on the wane; the other, a poet in his boyhood, was scarcely in the maturity of manhood, when the waves of the Mediterranean stilled his passionate heart forever. Both were lovers of liberty; but with Milton, it was liberty under law. Both hated oppression;

but Milton could respect necessary restraint and discipline ; while Shelley could in the school-room hear nothing but "the harsh and grating strife of tyrants and of foes." Both loved freedom of thought ; but it led Milton to devout belief, and Shelley to blasphemous quibbling.

But it is not our design to trace either a parallel or a contrast between these two poets. We have not time to speak of the noble life and character of Milton, or to awaken sorrow for the misfortunes and errors of Shelley. Yet it may be interesting to examine how two, so great and so unlike, have felt and have written upon the same theme ; and to see whether similar occasions inspire in them similar strains. We may find pleasure in hearing at the same time Milton lament for Lycidas, and Shelley weep for Adonais, and in observing the harmony between the majestic notes of the organ in one, and the wild sounds of the Eolian Harp in the other. And we may find profit also, when we see how the song of the Atheist hovers in despair around the grave, and vainly seeks for consolation in vague anticipations of future fame, while that of the Christian mounts boldly beyond death, and with a nobler flight rejoices in the confident hope of an immortality in heaven.

Of the many who have read the monody of "Lycidas," few know or inquire who was the friend whose death Milton so beautifully bewails. His name, like those of Egyptian kings, buried beneath the pyramids, is unknown or uncared for amid the admiration which is felt for the "*monumentum ære perennius*," which the poet's genius has erected to his memory. He knew indeed, as Milton tells us,

Himself to sing and build the lofty rhyme,

but his poetry was not of a kind to win immortality ; and the few specimens of it which remain are known only to the antiquary and little valued even by him. That he was young, learned and accomplished, and that his unfortunate death was lamented in other elegies than that of the great epic poet, is the extent of the information, which the great mass of readers possess about him. There are no circumstances in his life or his death sufficient, of themselves, to be remembered at this day ; and thus the verse which embalms his memory has none of the charms which a fond

“a slope of green access,
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead
A light of laughing flowers along the grass was spread.”

It may seem strange that a literary criticism should have had such an unfortunate effect ; but Keats was a man (or boy) of great susceptibility. The attack, though like that which roused Byron, crushed him. The blow intended for the poem reached farther and struck the poet ; and its injustice was acknowledged too late.*

But we must return to the more direct consideration of our subject. No reader can fail to observe the exquisite melody of the two poems of which we have spoken. Milton's power to make music from the rough sounds of our language has often been wondered at and admired. In his great epic poem mere catalogues of fude and uncouth names are so artfully arranged by his skill, as to charm the ear by their music, and sometimes to dwell as favorite passages in the memory. Take as an instance the following,

“from the destined walls
Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Can,
And Samarchand by Oxus, Temir's throne,
To Paquin of Sinoan Kings, and thence
To Agra and Lahor of Great Mogul,
Down to the Golden Chersonese,” &c.

In this power over our language he has certainly never been surpassed ; and no one who is unacquainted with his writings can know the majestic melody of English in prose or verse, or its sweetness in the hands of a skillful writer. Although “Lycidas” was a youthful effort, still it exhibits the same ear to appreciate and skill to develop the music of rhythm. An apparent irregularity in the rhyme is so contrived as to prevent monotony,

* The reader will remember Byron's doggerel verses :

“Who killed John Keats?”
“I,” said the Quarterly,
So savage and tartarly ;
“Twas one of my feats.”

“Who shot the arrow?”
“The poet-priest Milman,
(So ready to kill man.)
Or Southey, or Barrow.”

and to produce the most agreeable effects. What can be more *more melodious* than the opening.

"Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude,
Scatter your leaves before the mellowing year."

In this art, so necessary to the poet, Shelley was no mean proficient. There is, we think, no one of all our modern poets, who has excelled him in this respect, that is, in the music and sweetness of his verse. And we say this without abating at all our admiration of Moore's high polish, Scott's wonderful versatility, and Wordsworth's flowing stateliness. The commencement of *Queen Mab* shows what harmony resides in that least harmonious of metres, irregular blank verse; and in "*Adonais*" we cannot go amiss, to find proofs of our assertion. Let us take as one the stanza in which the poet changes from his sorrow to rejoicing.

"He has outsoared the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again.
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain;
Nor when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn."

Throughout the whole of "*Lycidas*" the classic taste and acquirements of Milton are conspicuous. A deep and thorough scholar, as well as a poet, he was familiar with all the beauties of those great writers who survived the darkness of the middle ages, and have become the models for modern times. His poem, following, to some extent, the character of ancient pastoral poetry, is rich with allusions to the mythology of Greece and Rome. The invocation is to the

"Sisters of the sacred well,
Which from beneath the feet of Jove doth spring."

It is the song of an "uncouth swain," lamenting "to the oaks and rills" the loss of his brother shepherds, and thinking of the happy times which they have passed together in rural occupations; while to the skillful touch of the flute

"Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long;
And old Pananus loved to hear their song."

Shelley too was a lover of classic poetry, and had imbibed much of its spirit ; as we may see in his " Prometheus Unbound," and in his translation of the Homeric Hymn to Mercury. But his imaginative mind had a mythology of its own, if we may so call it. While doubting, or probably disbelieving, the existence of the God of revelation, he yet seems to adopt, in his own words, " the hypothesis of a pervading spirit coëternal with creation." This belief arose doubtless in part from the peculiar and imaginative character of his intellect, and from that love for the ideal which would not suffer him to be contented with the every-day view of the outward world. He was not satisfied with the material ; every thing must in his mind be *spiritualized*. Thus universal nature became a species of Deity ; and thoughts, passions and feelings assumed a personality in his poetry. Yet this was not the sort of personality by means of which Spencer filled his great poem with such numerous allegorical characters. The personages in " The Faëry Queen " are men and women, of true flesh and blood, though standing often as the representatives of mental emotions. But the beings whom the mind of Shelley gathered around itself, in its fondness for the ideal, were of a different nature. They were abstractions, and may be said to have been to Spencer's allegorical beings, as Ianthé's soul to her body.

" 'Twas a sight
Of wonder to behold the body and soul.
The self-same lineaments, the same
Marks of identity were there,
But oh how different ! "

When those who moulded the system of ancient mythology (if indeed it did not rather form itself) had conceived the abstract idea of beauty, influenced by the love of the real, they gave it a body, and it became Venus. The valor of the warrior became embodied in Mars ; the wisdom of the wise in Minerva. Shelley stopped short of this. His mind loved the abstract, and preferred the spirit of beauty to any embodiment. This is the principal reason why his poetry is not, and probably never will be, popular. We will not say that it requires too much thought, but it requires a kind of thought to which the greater part of readers are disinclined.

" Adonais " is full of instances of the power of Shelley's imagi-

nation, and of that peculiarity of which we have spoken. It abounds with the most delicate and beautiful personifications.

"Oh weep for Adonais! The quick Dreams,
The passion-winged Ministers of thought,
Who were his flocks, whom near the living streams
Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he taught
The love which was its music, wander not,
Wander no more from kindling brain to brain,
But droop there, whence they sprung, and mourn their lot
Round the cold heart, where, after their sweet pain,
They ne'er will gather strength nor find a home again.

"And one with trembling hand clasps his cold head,
And fans him with her moonlight wings, and cries
"Our love, our hope, our sorrow is not dead;
See on the silken fringe of his faint eyes,
Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there lies
A tear some dream has loosened from his brain."
Lost Angel from a ruined Paradise!
She knew not 'twas her own."

How exquisite and how imaginative is this picture! How characteristic of Shelley, and how unlike "poetry for the million!" Its beauties are not to be understood by a careless perusal, but will repay attentive study.

Of one line in this extract we must take notice, as it has a close resemblance to the passage in "Lycidas."

"Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas, *your sorrow, is not dead.*"

The expression in the two poems is the same, though there is no similarity in the general train of thought. The use of the words by Shelley, if a plagiarism, was doubtless an unintentional one.

In quoting the beginning of "Lycidas," we have shown how Milton calls upon nature to join with him in his sorrow for the death of his friends, as if she felt a sympathy for his loss.

"Call it not vain; they do not err
Who say that, when the poet dies,
Mute nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies."

With this same feeling which inspired Milton, and which Scott has thus beautifully described, Shelley paints, in lines of inimitable sweetness, the death of Adonais.

"Grief made the young Spring wild, and she threw down
Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were,
Or they dead leaves; since her delight is flown,
For whom should she have waked the sullen year?"

"Lost echo sits amid the voiceless mountains,
And feeds her grief with his remembered lay,
And will no more reply to winds or fountains,
Or amorous birds perched on the young green spray,
Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day."

Let us now turn back to Milton, and compare a strain of equal though dissimilar beauty, where he invokes the valleys with "their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues" to deck the remains of the departed poet; where he bids them

"Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe and pale jessamine,
The white pink and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose and the well-attired wood-bine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies."

It needs no words to point out the beauty of this passage or to mark how it differs from the extracts which we have taken from Adonais. Less highly imaginative, it possesses a gracefulness of description more easily comprehended than are the delicate thoughts of Shelley.

The melancholy death of Shelley adds a deep interest to the last stanza of "Adonais." It seems, as suggested by another, to have been almost prophetic of his fate.

"My spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng,
Whose sails were never to the tempest given.
The massy earth and sphered skies are riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully afar.
Whilst burning from the inmost veil of heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are."

Like Lycidas, he perished at sea.

"Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
"Ah me! I fondly dream"
Had ye been there, for what could that have done?
What could the muse herself, that Orpheus bore,
The muse herself for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent;
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?"

While he was returning home in a boat, from a sailing excursion, a thunder storm swept over the boat and enveloped it in darkness. When the storm had passed on, the boat and all on board had disappeared under the waters. The boat is said to have been unseaworthy.

"It was that fatal and perfidious bark;
Built in the eclipse and and rigged with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine."

Shelley, though not a believer in the Bible, was yet its constant reader and ardent admirer. No mind so poetical as his could fail to read with the highest delight the sublimities of the lyrical and prophetic parts of the Scriptures. As they furnished much of the ground-work of *Paradise Lost*, so even Shelley occasionally interwove them into his poetry. In the poem before us, one passage at least may be traced to that sublime burst of poetry in which Isaiah describes hell rising to receive the fallen Lucifer. Shelley in similar language pictures the reception of the spirit of Keats among those who won a lasting fame during their lives.

"The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
Rose from their thrones, filled beyond mortal thought
Far in the unapparent."
'Thou art become as one of us,' they cry."

Perhaps also to the same divine source we might refer the line,

"He lives, he wakes—'tis *Death is dead, not he* :"

as well as the similar thought in the couplet of Coleridge

"Is that a death-bed where a Christian dies?
Yes, but not his; 'tis death itself that dies."

Would that Shelley from such studies had learned a higher lesson than sublimity! It seems strange that a mind, which, though often ungoverned and erring, was yet loving towards others and earnest in its wishes for the welfare of mankind, should have so imperfectly felt the beauty of the moral teachings of the Bible. He was not of the school of Byron, whose doctrine has been said to be, to hate your neighbor and love your neighbor's wife. His resolve was, in his own words,

"I will be wise,
And just and free and mild, if in me lies
Such power, for I grow weary to behold
The selfish and the strong still tyrannize,
Without reproach or check."

And his writings are in harmony with this resolution. Vice is never painted in glowing colors. The tragedy of the Cenci, founded on an incident of horrible guilt, is not in the least defiled with obscenity. He adopted, it is true, and in his youth advocated false and very dangerous views respecting marriage; but this error was in the head, not in the heart. It was an error, and a great one; highly injurious to the welfare of human society and to the true happiness of individuals; but it was the fault of judgment. His wish was, in this, as in every thing else, to benefit mankind. He followed what seemed to him true wisdom and virtue; but his disbelief influenced and perverted his judgment.

" Upon his pathway shone
All stars from heaven, *except the guiding one.*"

This disbelief darkens the conclusion of "Adonais. The atheist could sing but feebly and discouragingly of a hereafter. He could only say of Keats,

" He wakes or sleeps with the enduring dead :"

Or where, unwilling to rest in such poor consolation as this, he added

" Peace ! peace ! he is not dead, he doth not sleep ;
He hath awakened from the dream of life ;"

still he could only rejoice that

" He is made one with Nature : there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird."

With how much higher beauty does Milton pour forth the concluding lines of "Lycidas;" casting aside his sorrow and looking beyond "the watery floor," under which his friend had sunk, like "the day-star in his ocean bed."

" So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of him that walked the waves,
Where other groves and other streams along
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves;
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
With solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears forever from their eyes."

How the verse of Milton rises with the theme of a real immor-

talitv, and how his heart expands in the contemplation of that happiness which tongue cannot express.

We do not venture to hope in conclusion that we have done any justice to either of these poems. We have felt constantly that to give short extracts from them was to break the mirror into pieces. Each is such a perfect whole in itself, that to be thoroughly enjoyed it must be read as a whole. And we have doubted what to select, where every thing was so beautiful. "Lycidas" is probably familiar to all our readers, but "Adonais" may not be as well known. It would be pleasure to us to know that we have called the attention of any to its beauties, who had been ignorant of them. Different as it is from Milton's poem, it is little, if any, inferior. There are not perhaps in it any lines as full of feeling as those in which Milton speaks of his intimacy with his friend :

"For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade and rill :
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the gray fly winds her sultry horn."

Nor is this strange ; for the relations between Shelley and Keats were not of as tender a nature as those which had existed between our great epic poet and his lost companion. Besides, Shelley's poetry is not, to any great extent, the poetry of the passions. He was, as he thought himself, too metaphysical and abstract to touch the heart very powerfully. And this is another reason why his poetry is not popular. But in his own sphere, in what we have, for want of a better word, called, with no great precision, the exercise of his imaginative powers, he has few equals. It is impossible within our narrow limits to show accurately what this sphere was, and to point out the peculiar character of his poetry. We can only trust that it has been somewhat indicated by the quotations which we have made. And when we look back at the extent of our quotations from both of the poems, we feel some confidence that our readers will not be weary of the rough thread of our article, on which we have strung so many pearls.

SHORT TALKS ABOUT GOOD MANNERS.

BY AN EX-MEMBER OF SOCIETY.

(Addressed to his Second-Cousin.)

PARTIES.

WHEN you and I, Stanhope, speak generally of social assemblies, we call them instinctively "parties;" as if that was the most comprehensive term which can be applied to them. Those who like the phrases may chatter of soirées, fêtes, receptions, levees, assemblies and private balls, as if they had familiarly enjoyed the entree of Beaufort House, Cavendish Square, or Gunnersbury Park. But commend me to old-fashioned *parties*,—both the things and the words. I do not hesitate to *go* to a soiree, when I am asked, although I know beforehand that I am doomed to make a fourth hand at whist, with an old lady in a cap and decked with a horrible profusion of false *stringlets*, for a partner. Receptions I like amazingly, for one is not compelled to stay a moment longer than he pleases. Assemblies I fancy too, for the same reason that I fancy a good comic almanac. But "parties"—ah, Stanhope! there I am at home. That glorious feeling of perfect equality which one enjoys at them,—being neither troubled with being disdained or disdaining any body else,—is the genuine sensation of gentility; the true healthful atmosphere which a lady or gentleman loves to breathe.

The first crisis which calls good manners into requisition in reference to parties is either to give or respond to an invitation. The question of whom your wife shall invite I will not discuss here: whether you shall go into highways and hedges or not, is your concern, not mine. But if you ask me, *when* your wife shall invite her company, pray let me advise you, if you do not happen to live in a large city, not to allow her to send out her billets ten days beforehand. Where, as in a metropolis, your friends are liable to be "previously engaged" by perfect strangers to you in an opposite quarter of the town, and where social assem-

blies occur on almost every evening of the week, and where dresses are purchased and made (nominally) for *your* particular party, it is well to be early enough. But if you live in a place, where you know every body, and when everybody is going to give a party with mathematical certainty,—where not a flounce need be altered or a sleeve made over in order to make a dress seem to have been bought new since the last jam,—do not ape the metropolis. If you live in Yarmouth, don't parade as if you flourished in Boston.

If you ask me, when you should *answer* an invitation to a party, I should beg you not to imitate a fashion which I fear is growing too prevalent: of postponing the reply, when one declines an invitation, until the guests have begun to assemble in the parlor and festivities have commenced. The bad manners of such delay becomes glaringly apparent, when one reckons up the probable consequences of a general practice of it. The lady hostess might doubt whether she was to secure any guests or not, if all were to send their replies after the hour for assembling had gone by. Besides, the delay looks too much like what it really is in most cases; a neglect and oversight of the hospitality of the hostess, leading the person invited either to forget to send a seasonable answer or to think the whole matter not worth attending to until the last moment. Moreover, the lady hostess can hardly be expected to read such a note until the next morning, when the banquet hall is deserted, and the billet is worse than a dead letter.

How should you, (or rather Mrs. Stanhope) invite a person to a party? In the first place, let the invitation be decently well written, without a blot or stain on the sheet. Ladies never make a much greater mistake than when they assign certain defiled sheets of note-paper to certain rather undesirable people. They are the very persons, of all others, to note and feel the slight of an ill-looking billet. If you use those little square bits of paper, sometimes seen, do not fold them but once, and never fail to put them into an envelope. It is best, I think, always to use envelopes, although I see some very genteel notes without them. When you select paper, don't be particular to buy any that has in the corner somebody else's initials, or a little purple marigold, or red violet, or green rose, or that has a filagree edge or lace border. These are all as vulgar as a visiting card printed in

Roman letters and with a blue border. The plainest, whitest and thickest paper is the best, even if it be innocent of gilt edges. To get your own initials stamped upon it, which is done without extra cost in stationery-establishments abroad, is not undesirable. If you persist in seeing a silver border to your note, have also the good taste to purchase envelopes to match.

The form of the invitation or answer should be as simple as possible. On that account, it is better to choose the ordinary and common place phraseology instead of making a bold stroke for originality in three lines. Some forms in common use are, however detestable. "Miss Jones will be happy to see," says one, "Mr. Tompkins on Friday evening." Happy to see him?—Where? In the street?—or how? Alone?—Another says, "Miss Simson requests the company, &c." That is rather bluff and business-like. A better form would be; "Will Mr. Watkins favor Miss Warren, &c.:" while the best formula of all, in my judgment, is after this fashion; "Miss Williams *requests the pleasure* of Mr. Smith's company on Wednesday evening next at eight o'clock." She then slips the date below at the left hand.

Perhaps Miss Williams wishes to invite *Miss* Smith also. If she cannot spare paper for two notes, as strict ceremony might require, but which is unnecessary among reasonably familiar friends, she ought not to say, "the company of Miss Smith and brother;" although I see something of that kind very frequently in a pile of invitations. It sounds too much like "Dombey and Son:" it smacks of 'Change. It would sound better to write, "Miss Smith and *her* brother."

Mr. Smith sits down to answer Miss Williams' invitation. If he accepts, it is very easy to say; "Mr. S. accepts with pleasure Miss Williams' polite invitation for Wednesday evening." But suppose that he declines. Ah! there's the rub. We doubt whether making excuses does not more severely tax human ingenuity than any other one exercise in the world; especially the false excuses made in the world of fashion. Nay, after the excuse is found and determined upon, the difficulty of expressing it has baffled many a Yankee Blessington and New York D'Orsay. It is fearfully hard to take the starch out of a ceremonious "regret." Sophomorical phrases, bad grammar, or blank rudeness seem to rise up before us, and one of them seems to be inevita-

ble. Does Mr. T. regret that a severe cold, or a previous engagement, or serious indisposition, "puts it out of his power to accept?" That sounds ill. Does he feel inclined to regret that one of these things "renders it impossible" or "compels him to decline?" That is worse. I wish I had room for some specimens of genius in this department which I have carefully preserved. They would "make an angel weep" with laughter. I advise you, Stanhope, never to use the word "decline" in this connection at all—it is too harsh—but simply to "regret that a previous engagement or a severe cold will not permit you to accept Miss Williams' polite invitation for Wednesday evening." Don't say "eve;" that is a most sickening abbreviation; although it is not uncommon.

The only case of difficulty, which will ever arise in addressing a note, is when one wishes to speak of two sisters. Shall it be the "Miss Thomsons" whom you address, or the "Misses Thomson?" Now you know by experience that if you ask for the "Misses Thomson" at the door of a house, however much you may emphasize the definite article, the servant will be sure to send the lady mother, ready to entertain you by all sorts of questions about your family, or, after you have sent for the young ladies, to make your little circle just one too large. In conversation, too, and even among the majority of well-bred people, it takes almost a whole lecture on philology to explain whom you do mean and whom you do not mean by the *Misses* Thomson. So on the whole, I have come to the conclusion that it is best to *address* a note on the outside to one of the sisters, speak within the billet of the two as "the Misses T." and *talk* about them as the "Miss Thomsons," at the peril of some day thrusting the phrase into the face of an author of a book on etiquette or school grammar.

In order to be "short," I must reserve subjects adjacent to the present until next month, when I will undertake to be your *chaperon* both *to* and *at* a party. Pray be patient.

TRAVELLING EPISTLES.

I.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, Aug. 1848.

It is fashionable, as you very well know, very dear Dux, for people, who have been to the American Baïæ for a series of twenty or thirty years, to mourn bitterly about its changes. Disdainfully, or dolefully, they exclaim, that Saratoga is not what it used to be, *in their day*. "*Ah præclarum diem!*" That halcyon time of life, technically termed "our day," is something which we seem to pass through all unconsciously, and only to discover, when we have transfixed it with the Parthian arrows of memory. It extends over an illimitable period, embracing all the enjoyments known during the past century, and yet is talked of familiarly at thirty-five, as if it had gone by full ten years before. It is the great paradox of time; containing events enough for a considerable fraction of eternity, but occupying an impalpable part of the sum of human life.

One scarcely needs any satirical clearness of vision to suggest why certain people find Saratoga sadly altered. Pray, were not they belles then, with an admirer at each elbow and a third following behind like a footman? Did they not then wear their own hair instead of their present tresses, the rightful owners of which were under ground long ago? Were they not then under the surveillance of anxious mothers, whose main anxiety was, lest their daughters should not be kept sufficiently out of their sight by romantic and eligible young gentlemen? In other words, do they not see a different face and figure reflected in their mirrors from that they once blushed with pride to see, and has not Saratoga changed to them because they have changed to all the world? Old belles, who have at last been compelled to sound only a family tinkle, and call a dull husband to breakfast, or—heart-wrung—to toll a knell over dead and buried affections, are the quickest of all orders of beings at seeing change around themselves; the slowest to observe any change in themselves. On this account, they discover instantaneously that crowds of "upstarts" have succeeded

the "real gentlemen," who used to vie for their fair hands in the dances at Congress Hall: that hosts of ungentle people, whom they do not know and have never heard of, and who manifest a strange indifference to their presence, have usurped Saratoga. Heigh-ho! what is so bad in utilitarian America, where people are never valued for what they *have been*, as to be out of date.

But Saratoga *has* changed, Dux. Some external matters remain as they were, I know. The gentle creeper still draws its light festoons of verdure around the tall white pillars of Congress and Union Halls. The number of legs and cigars ranged along the piazza remains about as large as ever. The same stereotyped simper is to be observed at Congress Spring, when a lady accepts a glass of detestable water from a gentleman who shapes himself into a parenthesis to offer it. Some faces even seem unaltered, since I saw them in my young days, as if dissolved magnesia, potash and iodine was to them the very Fountain of Youth. But look at Congress Hall, once the Pagoda of Fashion. How sobered is its once epicurean look! Would you believe it?—it is a Temperance House, a Cold Water Establishment. Where the tincture of logwood and drugged cider once flowed under the generous names of port and champagne, the chances are that for the cholic you would be obliged to take essence of peppermint instead of burnt brandy. Washingtonianism is one of the *parvenus* who now flourish at Saratoga, although it must be owned that the bloated old nabob, Bacchus, holds his own very well yet. The accomplished artist in silhouettes has vanished, and a seven-by-nine ice-creamery and Congress-water-bottling establishment have succeeded the "Temptation of St. Anthony" and the gallery of black profiles. Billiard-rooms, nine-pin alleys and shooting galleries have increased indefinitely, and a congregation of black-legs almost or quite outnumbers the votaries of fashion. A race of newspaper spies are now on hand, instead of that one correspondent who lived in mysterious incognito, and made up his judgments and delivered them with the deliberation and skill of a chancellor. These fellows are ready to puff the most commonplace faces and figures, always flatter the most forward and brazen women, and deal in a phantasmagoria of fine phrases, obsolete before you and I were born, about "mazy steps," "glorious eyes," "ineffable grace," and so on, when their theme is nothing

more than the modern ricochetting walk called a cotillion, or that irregular *melée* of revolving pumps (handles and all) called the "Redowa."

But the greatest change is in the people who frequent the great watering place. They are a fashionable Babel. They have no *esprit de corps*. They are perhaps as good people, on the whole, as ever came to Saratoga. They may have the same pretensions to dignity, gentility and esteem as the guests of former days. But they do not make that bundle of elegance, that association of true gentility, which was known years ago.

What has brought about these mischievous mutations? Listen! do you hear that piercing steam-screch, that clattering station-bell and rumbling train? Then you are answered. I tell you honestly that it is the railroad fiend, the iron centaur, that has changed the destiny of Saratoga. Although that railway is the most miserable extant, and travelling over it is a trip along the confines of the other world; although its rate of speed is a caricature on steam locomotion; and would hardly put Fulton's first steamboat to the blush; although I rejoiced heartily, when I heard that its old locomotive had been the other day converted by a smart smash into fossil remains; yet it has metamorphosed Saratoga. Come, Dux, you are a philosopher: so follow your old bachelor friend through his argument.

Any body, who wishes to travel, and can afford to pay the railroad fare and a board-bill of a day or two, is rather more likely, for curiosity's sake, to visit Saratoga than any other place. To enjoy the social intercourse of friends or elegant leisure is not in most cases the object desired. Once the difficulties of getting here, and the expense of a four or five days' journey from New York induced only such to come to the seat of fashion, as meant to stay. Pains were taken beforehand to secure a pleasant sojourn, by making up large parties of congenial and familiar friends. But now it is so easy to come, that friends take little pains to set out in company, and, so far from intending a stay, many hie hither only to look and leave. The consequence is, that an immense number of strangers are thrown together, to make the most of each other. People come, depending on chance to furnish them with acquaintances, in whom they expect to take a Saratoga interest and then forget. Having no knowledge of, and

therefore little respect for each other, they are as likely to select the worst as the best acquaintances, and to manufacture their enjoyment to order out of very slim materials.

Now what is the consequence? Throw a parcel of fashionable men and women utterly ignorant of each other together, and what will be the workings of human depravity? Of course, they will not, like the men who sprouted from the dragon's teeth sown by Cadmus, fall to and murder each other! But the same impulse of opposition and resistance will stir them. They will regard each other in the light of fashionable enemies, who are trying to outshine them, and whom therefore they must try to outshine. The desire to "show off" will become universal at once, and smothered rivalries will be the general order of proceeding. To shine in dress will be one object, no doubt, and instead of coming down genteelly in plain morning attire, rich materials and jewelry will be seen flaunting in the parlors in the morning. But the great ambition for show will be exhibited in a perpetual pretence of enjoyment. "See, you stranger, what a fine time I am having," will be the dialect of motions and manners. All the time will be spent in trying to seem to enjoy one's-self. I have seen a fair woman lean on the arm of one of the hirsute fops, whom I knew she in her heart despised, and wrench her sweet lips into a sculpture-like, stony smile, at his vapid nothings, (to which she was not listening,) merely to pretend to be in delectable company. Meanwhile, I have half-respected her, when she seemed to read the cold leaden look of contemptuous inquiry which I fixed upon her, and threw back to me one bright glance of intelligence. The loud laughter and voluble conversation I have heard this evening in the piazza of one of the hotels, have a hollow, hollow sound. If no spectators were by, those words and smiles would all be reserved. Nay, I have been convinced how real is this vulgarity, when I have seen persons from the same small township make each other's acquaintance for the first time at Saratoga, and strike up an intimacy, which to all appearances is as hearty and jocund as if Orestes had met Pylades after a year's separation. Even your great lady, who will cut him after they both get back to N——, now makes an innocent vender of dry goods her tool, for playing off before strangers her comedy of assumed enjoyment.

Do you remember, Dux, how different it once was; when the difficulties of coming hither were such as to keep away from Saratoga all those who did not expect to *stay* there? Now staying is the exception, not the rule. Curiosity, not love of society, is the motive of most modern visitors to Saratoga. Why, dear Dux, you must recollect, when parties of fifty or even eighty used to make arrangements in the winter at New York for a summer's visit to the Springs: when a passage for the company up the Hudson was engaged full a month beforehand, and the trip was enlivened, as Anthony and Cleopatra enlivened their voyage up the Nile, with music and dances; when stages were specially chartered to transport them over the rest of their route, and a long, merry and leisurely enjoyment of each other's society was the reward of their momentous journey. Then the picking-up-system of making acquaintances was unknown, and a nucleus was formed for a joyous and harmonious society, which made week after week pass like a wedding-day.

* * * *

I am aware that I am not writing in the usual vein of your travelling correspondent, and must leave philosophy to take to painting. Imagine yourself, then, by my side this morning, as I stood a silent observer at Congress Spring. For it is my chief delight at this place, (which I confess is not my element since the flower of my youth shed its petals) to watch, without a particle of sympathy, the droll realities and mockeries that pass before me.

Here comes an old lady, plump as a firkin, and I doubt not as unctuous, dressed in peony and marigold muslin, and weighing not far from two hundred pounds; and yet with as vigorous a waddle as ever a Dutch burgomaster of New Amsterdam broke into, at the approach of a Yankee peddler. You might know that she had not come to Saratoga for the sake of her own health, even if you did not see those two lean women in black, whom she is dragging ruthlessly along, one suspended on each elbow. How pale and reluctant are their faces, as they sidle ahead with forlorn submission. How flushed and triumphant is the face of the feminine Daniel Lambert, as she pulls her victims along, with an air which seems to say; "Come on, you little starvelings; get well; take exercise; you'll be as hearty and strong as I am shortly; don't you see what a blessed thing it is to be in good health?" And forward she strides, looking, on the whole, pretty much like a bull-frog escorting a pair of grass-hoppers.

You observe a male personage approaching with an impertinent

swagger, and an immense surface of Byronic shirt-collar. He is a legitimate descendant, I doubt not, of the chap whom Horace met in the Via Sacra. He has come to Saratoga to make acquaintances, to invade joyous little circles and cliques, and render himself universally *de trop*. He is not merely a bore. He is much worse than that. Among men you might call him an anthropophagus, a cannibal. Among women, he is nothing short of a vampyre. His breadth of linen, in connection with his epidemic qualities, induces them to call him familiarly "The Cholera," ("collarer?")

But here comes an original, and (what is better,) an original in female form. Her form is as airy as a sprite's. Ah! I remember: it was but yesterday that she was driving two-in-hand with marvellous nerve and grace in front of the United States Hotel. She has now taken possession of a cane and is mimicking some dandy swaggerer in her style of flourishing it and in the long steps she takes. As Dickens said of the sherry-cobbler, "that---that's---good." How her piercing blue eyes flash with a mischievous light, as she peers into your countenance so inquiringly. She is a little *conscious*, and does not care who knows it. Her pouting lip says, "look at my face, and then sneer at my actions, if you dare, you sardonic old bachelor." And on she struts, casting a warning glance at me as I shape my features into a wicked smile.

I see you are struck with a gay little party that is now approaching. You are excusable; shall I present you? There is J——, with the most lustrous complexion you ever saw, whose face has the beautiful repose of an odalisque's. What perfect brown hair lies over her forehead and clings lovingly around a contour of face which would be massive, were it not so exquisitely feminine. Her almost blonde beauty contrasts finely with the bilious face of the truly gentlemanly cavalier who accompanies her, whose keen and dark eye is wonderfully softened just now by his emotions of gallantry. There too is H——, whose unexceptionable elegance of figure and grace of motion may not strike you, but will create in her favor a prepossession which you may not take pains to explain to yourself. Come, are you not in love with those deep womanly eyes, and those lips that part and meet with such indescribable sweetness? Note her smile, too. It is not merely a superficial look of delight that you observe. You seem rather to be looking through a long vista of bright thoughts and emotions, into her very heart. Come, bespeak her. I forewarn you that she has the gift of words, both witty and wise. You will hardly find her match for felicity and propriety of language, although it is any thing but the prim stupidity, elegantly expressed, which characterizes the common sort of "sensible" women. If her thoughts do come first from the frigid zone of her intellect, clear and crystalline, they always pass through the

tropical region of her heart before they escape in words. Ah, Dux ! when a woman really has the power of touching expression and has a rich treasure of feminine wisdom and feeling to express, is she not dangerous ? But H—— is too full of self-respect to play the game of a belle, and to exchange with every customer the small change of flattery, which, by the way, is generally coined of *brass*. She does not court to be courted. She may even annoy you by the sincere estimation in which she seems to hold her own dignity of character. She may seem too little impressible ; but, I assure you, that no one will respect you sooner or more warmly, if you deserve it. In short, do not fear that she will patronize and repel you, or, on the contrary, hope to make a toy of her. As a family secret, I may tell you that she is something of an adventuress, and means hereafter to adorn the first circles of Patagonia.

The lady with the large, shrewd, grey eyes, so observing and yet so indifferent, next to H——, is her sister, although you would hardly believe it. Yes, you look a little tender or so, as you fix your gaze on her, but beware. You may be sure that she will presume nothing in your favor, and is as hard to catch as a Will-o'-the-Wisp. Poor R—— took a ride on horseback with her the other day, and his “injured innocence” has not yet recovered from the shock she gave it, by deriding the difficulty which he experienced in putting her foot in the stirrup. With his wonted gallantry, he insisted that it was so small he could not find it.

But here approaches a live Saratoga belle, the belle of all the newspaper scribblers. Don't expect beauty, for her face is decidedly lunar in its contour, and her figure is rather oblong : nor youth, for she has a daughter just emerging into society ; but an elasticity of manner which attracts curiosity and relieves every body who comes into contact with her : a resolution to be agreeable to all, which enables her to pour out pleasant and gratifying things as from a cornucopia : a long list of graceful accomplishments which enables her to adapt herself instantly to the taste of almost any one. Even if you are keen enough to analyze her manner of charming, you will hardly be philosopher enough to resist it. You will even respect that steady determination to please, and thank her from your soul for having made you esteem yourself so heartily for a few moments. She might not tax the deep and delicate sensibilities of your love, but she will make you call her a marvellously fine woman, and say amen to every praise offered to her. Nor is this instance a peculiar one. Go to the brilliant assembly, and you will find that your dark-eyed, classic-looking sultana, who would be worshipped in a *tableau vivant*, but depends on her beauty alone for conquests, will mope, in torments of jealousy, before the evening is over, if she has for a rival an intrepid, fluent, skilful, accomplished woman, without beauty,

who is determined to captivate by active demonstrations rather than by languishing vanity and coquettish repose.

But that Neptune of a boy, who has been flourishing for hours the trident, with which he proffers tumblers of medicated water to the passing guests, is rapidly losing his customers: the breakfast-bell, "the tocsin of the soul," is pealing, and you and I must away.

* * * * *

Do you wish to know how we spend our time in Saratoga? My principal occupations are eating, and reading penny papers, which, as they cost six cents apiece here, have become, all of a sudden, a great luxury. Sometimes I saunter up to see the ladies roll at ten-pins, and have the exquisite pleasure of passing the balls to them, and of keeping up a perpetual discussion of the size of the balls, the result of the bowling, and the chances of victory. An angel of mercy could not be more severely taxed for consolation, or an old Roman parasite for approbation than I. Every bad bowl must be attributed to the irregularity of the alley or the protrusion of a flounce,—in short, to any thing but want of skill: while every successful blunder is to be received with enthusiastic gestures and the highest compliment to the dexterity of the fair bowler. It is wonderful how patiently and long ladies will take this joke. It sometimes seems as if their womanly gentleness would interpose in favor of the poor alley, every plank of which must have received from me a thousand disinterested anathemas at the very least.

At the "United States," we have the "Redowa:" not only under the glare of blazing lamps in the evening, but even in the morning. The vulgarizing desire for ostentation of gayety, already discussed at length, spoils the manners of some people. Fops and foppesses are seen here to outrage decorum by twirling around the parlors during the forenoon in graceless mazes. I never liked the Polka, as a whole, but the Redowa seems ten-fold worse. What the former seems to lack in decency, the latter wants in elegance. One, (as it is practised in this country,) is, where it came from, a low camp fandango, not tolerated in refined circles. The Redowa, I suspect, must have been originated in cellars and underground revels, where enjoyment is valued according to its boisterousness, amusement according to its rudeness, and motion according to its extravagance. The extended arms,—making men and women look like crazy guide-boards,—the furious whirl, the mincing tattoo of steps, the rampant bounds, cannot be graceful. Fair faces and fine dresses cannot redeem the dance from being ridiculous. How meanly does it compare with the soft, thrilling, voluptuous mazes of the waltz! which, however objectionable, (perhaps the more so on account of its refinement,) must be confessed to be the most elegant demonstration of human grace in the world.

But the dance is for the gay : some of the *sober* people are obliged to have recourse to horse-races and balloon ascensions. Why Saratoga horse-races are so much more moral than others, I cannot say, unless it be because they are infinitely worse—as races—than all others. The Saratoga “turf,” I must allow, presents some eccentric features, and I can only recommend it as being the *cheapest* humbug, to which miserable people at the Springs can resort when it is absolutely necessary to assassinate time. It only costs a shilling, which can be paid to any loafer, who is disposed to take off his hat and turn amateur beggar for a few moments. Having settled this matter with public opinion, you can enjoy the brilliant scene with a clear gentlemanly conscience. To give greater solemnity to the hoax, the managers always exhaust an hour beyond their advertised time in settling extra preliminaries ; which interim you can beguile with listening to swearing enough to satisfy you fully, that you are in a *Christian* country. (Hard swearing is unknown elsewhere.)

All at once, the signal is given. The horses start under whip and spur. The spectators cheer. O, glorious sight ! Your interest and excitement are repaid by seeing one horse distance the other within the first fifteen rods : under circumstances, too, which leave no doubt in your mind that the managers of the race know beforehand it must be so. In short, *one* fast horse in capital enough for Saratoga sharpers. This gives an excuse for getting up a race, and they do not care if the rival nag is the worst specimen of horse-flesh in the country. Imagine Alexander the Great and Don Quixote backing Bucephalus against Rosinante, and you have a tolerable, although too exalted an idea of a Saratoga horse-race.

And here let me ask you, Dux, if you can explain how it is that sedate and moral people, who when at home would sooner suffer martyrdom than attend a ball, find their way to such places as racing-grounds and circuses during their visits to Saratoga ? Is it because they are so delighted at being released from home-cares and the jealous eyes of home-friends, that like truant school-boys, they are ready to accept any thing that bears the name of pleasure, and to work quite hard to get it ? Certain it is that such persons usually select the most impotent and insipid of public recreations, to while away time with. People, who *live* for pleasure, instead of travelling once a year for it, have better taste in selecting pleasures. They do not go to four-penny theatres and poor races. On the other hand, I have seen the whole family of a New England deacon at a *circus* in Saratoga, set, like “ gems of purest ray serene,” in a mosaic of black, yellow and dirty faces, listening to rude jeers and shouts from the auditory, and the coarsest jokes of Mr. Merriman, and breathing an atmosphere which drove me instan-

ter into the open air, leaving behind me a whole lesson in human nature unstudied.

All that is necessary to a balloon ascension at Saratoga is, to extract half a dollar a-piece from about four hundred people for standing up three hours within a wall of canvass, and seeing the slow process by which the failure of the experiment is insured beyond all cavil: while if it should happen to succeed, those who stand outside and do not pay at all, have quite as favorable a location as spectators. Then the oil-silked bag is carefully half-filled with gas, after a laborious trial. This is enough to raise the machine off from the ground, provided nobody steps into it. The chords are cut. The daring aeronaut rises full four feet, stakes his flag, and is then obliged to drop it as soon as may be to hold on to the ropes. For down he comes, with marked emphasis, amid the jeers of the crowd. He then goes to work with great anxiety and assiduity to throw out ballast. Up he rises, sweeps off with the wind among the crowd inside of the canvass, who scream with apprehension: until he strikes a knoll of ground three feet high, where his balloon is at rest safely as Noah's Ark on Ararat. All the spectators are highly satisfied—that they have been disgustingly cheated.

Adieu, Dux; I have reached the limit assigned you for my epistle, and must take an abrupt leave, without even a snatch of poetry or a postscript.

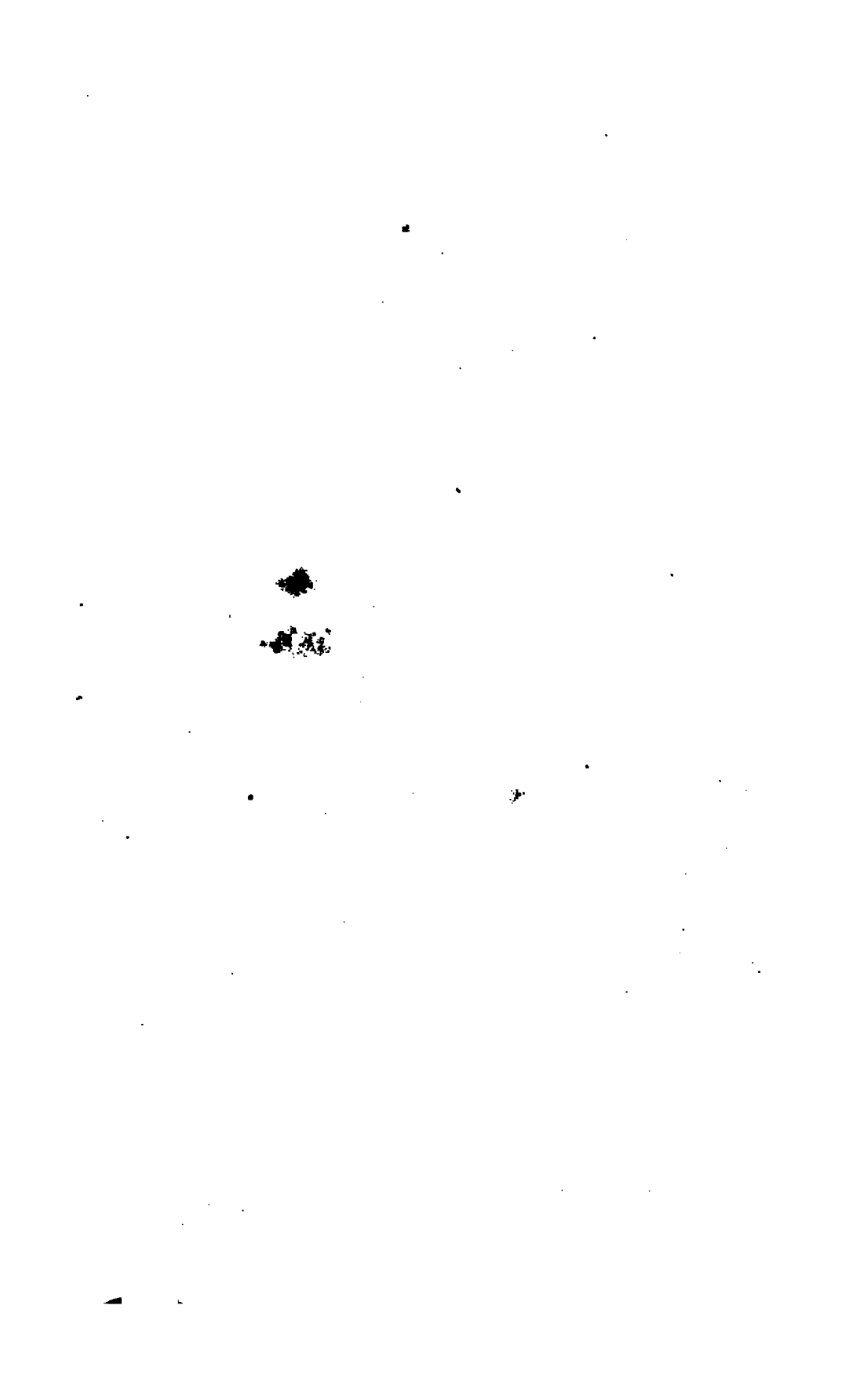


by G. Parker

Painted by G. B. Newton Esq.

Washington Irving

American Literary Magazine



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Taciturn and melancholy, the young genius indulged the pranks of boyhood only by fits and starts, and devoted not a little time, voluntarily, to composition. Some of his elder brothers had manifested some literary taste and ability, and one of them, Dr. P. Irving, conducted a newspaper, in which Washington's first literary efforts attained to publicity. They and their mother undoubtedly furnished Washington with all his early education.

Accident threw in his way, at a very early age, what his taste might designedly have addressed itself to afterwards—the writings of Chaucer and Spenser. From the quiet study of these old masters of simplicity and Anglo-Saxon purity, he unquestionably formed a regard for that simplicity of style and purity of diction, which has always characterized his own writings. In language he is a rigid Anglo-Saxonist, and his success is proof enough, that for sweetness which never grows wearisome and for charming effect, the Anglo-Saxon dialect, as moulded into English, is unrivalled. The love for old English writers, thus early planted, grew with his growth, and his writings are not only imbued with the spirit, but beautified, here and there, with the real presence of Waller and Herrick and Herbert, and others of the bards who early did honor to the English tongue. Hence come that mellow antiquated shadow, which seems to hallow Irving's writings with the mysterious idea that they are not of our age exactly; that they are already accredited classics, and must inevitably be read by our children's children as surely as the *Spectator* and Tom Jones.

His disposition was always, in youth, as in manhood, quiet, unassuming, modest, frank, generous and captivating. He has been as genial and lenient in his feelings as in his writings, and, if his character has lacked force, it seems as if this deficiency was necessary to the virtues which he so truly possesses.

Among the communications to the newspaper, edited by Dr. P. Irving, few of our author's effusions are to be identified. The letters, over the signature of Jonathan Oldstyle, are known to be his, and as such were collected and published without his consent or approval, after that his reputation was great enough to give them a currency which they hardly deserved. These are interesting, however, as containing in embryo the quiet pleasantry and genuine humor which have made Irving so fascinating a writer.

These were the only published efforts of Washington Irving, before a pulmonary attack made it advisable for him to take a voyage to the South of Europe. He was on the very verge of manhood, when he took a Bordeaux packet at New York. His tour was at first through Nice, Genoa, Leghorn, Florence, Rome, Naples, and other Italian towns. He crossed over Sicily, returned to Italy, traversed Switzerland, and reached Paris, where he spent several months in making researches in its libraries and galleries. Curiosity of course led him to Flanders and Holland, where he had an opportunity to observe Dutch burghers at home. He thence crossed over to England, from whence he took passage to America, having occupied two years in his travels.

On his return, Mr. Irving, in connection with James K. Paulding, entered upon the publication of the periodical papers, known under the title of *Salmagundi*: one of the raciest, cleverest and most good-humored satirical series ever issued in any country or age. Their interest has become somewhat blunted, as the spirit and manners of the times, in which they were written and which they held up to ridicule, have faded out, or at least have now no such striking embodiments as they had then. So perfectly kindly was the ridicule bestowed, that it was fame worth courting to be the butt of these laughing philosophers. They were as popular in New York as the *Spectator* ever was in England, and Irving and Paulding enjoyed, in their anonymous disguise, as sweet incense of approbation as ever fell to the lot of Addison and Steele. The articles, we believe, have never been set apart to their respective authors; and when we observe how unique is the tone of all of them, and how the amiable satire never degenerates into bitterness, it is fair to conclude that Irving, like Addison, was either part-author, or the high and mighty critic of all.

So life-like were some of the sketches, that, if we may believe a widely-circulated story, an English tourist in Jamaica once prosecuted a gentleman for libel,—alleging that a certain publication was intended to bring him into ridicule,—when it turned out on the trial, that the said publication was nothing but the delineation of Tom Straddle in *Salmagundi*!

The next work, issued by Mr. Irving, was the indescribable, whimsical, delightful "History of New York, by Diedrich Knicker-

erbocker." Its gravity and perfectly natural style were exactly adapted to impose upon many at first, and betray them unexpectedly into that jolliest of all laughter—the laugh of surprise. No affected witticism, or pertness of style, or gambols of verbiage, are anywhere to be found. The story is told in attic phrase, and with the sincerity of one's grandmother. Nothing so clever, in the way of narrative satire, has appeared, since the time of Swift, and nothing but its local character will stand in the way of its immortality. A finer model of the purity of the English tongue has not emanated from the press for many literary ages.

While writing these works, Mr. Irving was pursuing his legal studies, and subsequently ventured to get a sign painted, as if he really intended to be an Attorney at Law. But his shrinking disposition made him utterly incompetent to face a grave judge and twelve sedate men with his case, and his first client, after being nervously accepted by the youthful barrister, was subsequently turned over to another young attorney, whose outlie had a little more legal toughness and whose assurance was not so easily baffled.

He went at once into a commercial firm, as a partner of his brothers, expecting to find trade more profitable than either literature or law. But the war of 1812 suspended all business operations in New York, and the young Irving, full of the military spirit of the times, offered his services to Governor Tompkins, Commander-in-Chief for the District of New York, and was placed in the staff of that gentleman as an aid-de-camp. He was not called, like Horace, to the field, but had many duties to discharge, which tested his fidelity and zeal. When our glorious naval victories were achieved, Irving turned biographer of their heroes, and contributed to the *Analytical Magazine* sketches of those great men who first offered England her match on the seas, and whose exploits are more fully detailed in the masterly pages of Cooper.

Returning to mercantile pursuits, he visited England again, and settled at Birmingham. Here the novel rural quiet of places, which had been rural and quiet for ages, overcame his fancy with a beautiful surprise, and he was soon on his way through English villages in search of country scenes and rustic habits. But the commercial revulsions of 1815 swept down the hopes of wealth

which he had formed, crushed the house in which he was a partner, and drove him, for solace and subsistence, to his pen. The "Sketch-Book" appeared simultaneously in America and England, and was received by the latter with overwhelming condescension and by the former with irresistible pride. Its author had at once the entrée of the most aristocratic English circles, and the good will of the most arrogant critics. He was beset by the book-publishers, and "Bracebridge Hall" appeared. This is the most wonderful transcript of rural life in England that was ever made. The scene-painting and the portraits exceed the finest touches of all other painters of the same theme, while the spirit and tone of the whole is such as to be utterly un-American and thoroughly English. The citizen was lost in the author. His country can claim nothing but the genius of the work. The inspiration, the materials, the thoughts, are all foreign.

The "Tales of a Traveller" followed, in which the peculiarity of the last was preserved, with some of the features of the Sketch Book superadded. This work was less kindly received by critics abroad, weary no doubt with praising and always ready to find the last end of a man worse than the first. But we are prepared to say, that the English language contains no more ludicrous, life-like, Hogarthian sketch than the opening paragraphs of the "Stout Gentleman." Whenever we want to be warmed into the most satisfactory internal merriment, we recur to that; as regularly as we turn to the description of the wedding in Bracebridge Hall, when we are in search of the most refined and graceful sentimentalism.

Mr. Irving occupied the years 1822 and 1823, in a German tour. His "travels" proper have never appeared; we know only the results of his foreign tour, scattered through sketches and romances. His letters to his friends during that period, are said to be as well worth publication as any thing which has ever appeared from his pen. 1824 he spent in London and English country-towns; 1825 in Paris and Touraine; 1826 in Spain; finding himself every where a popular author, for his works had passed into nearly all the continental languages.

In Spain he collected materials for his "Life of Columbus" and commenced its composition. This work is of national inter-

est to both Americans and Spaniards, and is worthy of its picturesque and noble subject. It is history, but it is yet romance. It contains more genuine poetry than Barlow's *Columbiad*. The researches of its author extended through various languages, and it has all the fidelity of history, the individuality of biography and the vivacity of fiction.

In Spain, too, he prepared his genius for the execution of two more recent works, the "*Alhambra*" and "*Conquest of Granada*." The light of gorgeous antiquity, the wrecks of races in their rise and fall, the strange amalgamation of Moorish luxury with Spanish taste, all give a tone to these stirring volumes. The author seems inspired with the spirit of the place.

While Mr. Irving was sojourning in the very walls of the Alhambra, he was appointed Secretary of the Legation at the Court of St. James. Hon. Louis McLane was our minister in London at this time (1829.) When Mr. McLane resigned, Mr. Irving remained as American Chargé d'Affaires until the successor of the former arrived. The office was unsolicited; he was too modest even to look forward to or hope for a public station; but we believe he accepted it gratefully.

While in England, Mr. Irving assisted at the consecration of William IV. and received the degree of LL.D. from the University of Oxford in 1831. Cheer upon cheer arose from the assembled spectators, when the latter honor was formally conferred on the distinguished American author.

During his stay abroad, Mr. Irving received many intimations that he was growing unpopular at home. The *English* tone of his writings, his apparent sympathy with foreign scenes, and his long absence, excited mean suspicions, of which he was very carefully advised. His reception on his return in 1832, was therefore doubly gratifying; it dispelled doubts as well as raised his hopes and pride. At the public entertainment given in his honor, the lamented Chancellor Kent presided.

Mr. Irving then journeyed over the various parts of this country and after visiting the mountains of New England, Niagara, and the lakes, turned his steps towards the gigantic prairies. His researches among the scenes of primitive nature in those occidental wilds, form the subject of his "*Tour on the Prairies*."

Mr. Irving has been subsequently appointed American Minister to Spain, a post which he held creditably to himself and to his country.

There has been of late years a long intermission of new publications from his pen. He has been engaged on a *Life of Mohammed*—a subject admirably adapted to his genius. This work will soon be read with eagerness from one end of this land to the other, reminding his countrymen of the existence of one of the noblest of living authors, whose modesty and silence do not suffer him to intrude upon their notice.

This meagre sketch is all that our limits will allow us to say of Washington Irving, who, either as *Diedrich Knickerbocker*, or *Launcelot Wagstaff*, or *Geoffrey Crayon*, or biographer, or historian, or tourist, or editor of a popular magazine, or author of fiction, is one of the most agreeable writers, who ever walked the varied fields of literature. His immortality is safe in the keeping of his country and of the world.

THE JESUIT MISSION AT HUDSON'S BAY, IN 1694.

THERE are probably few subjects connected with our country on which so little is known as the early Jesuit Missions. Their reports to Rome are contained in a set of works called the "*Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses, Ecrites des Missions Etrangères*," in thirty-four volumes. There are but few copies of this work in America, and its size, together with the old French in which it was written, would prevent most persons from investigating it. These volumes contain letters from all parts of the world, and scattered among them are those from the early missionaries in this country.

The first publication on this subject, in this country, was about two years ago. An American having accidentally found a copy of the above work in a bookstore in Europe, purchased and selecting the letters with regard to our own country, published a literal translation with notes and a preface.* Of the character of this volume, we cannot give a better idea than by quoting a few passages from the preface.

"There is no page of our country's history more touching and romantic, than that which records the labors and sufferings of Jesuit Missionaries. In these western wilds they were the first pioneers of civilization and faith. The wild hunter, or adventurous traveler, who, penetrating the forests, came to and strange tribes, often found that years before, the discipline of Loyola had preceded him in that wilderness. Traditions of 'black robes' still lingered among the Indians. On some grown tree they pointed out the traces of their work, and wonder he deciphered, carved side by side on its trunk, the emblem of our salvation and the lilies of the Bourbons. Amid the snows of Hudson's Bay—among the woody islands and bays and inlets of the St. Lawrence—by the council fires of the Hurons and the Algonquins—at the sources of the Mississippi, where, of the white men, their eyes looked upon the Falls of St. Anthony, and then traced down the course of the bounding river, as it ran onward to earn its title of 'Father of Waters'—on the vast prairies of Illinois and Missouri—among the blue hills which he saw the salubrious dwellings of the Cherokees—and in the thick swamps and brakes of Louisiana—everywhere were found the members of the 'Society of Jesus.' "

And the story of their sufferings is thus concluded:—

"Most of them too were martyrs to their faith. It will be noticed in reading this volume, how few of their number "died a common death of all men," or slept at last in the grounds where the church had consecrated. Some, like Jogues, and du Poi and Souel, sunk beneath the blows of the infuriated savages; their bodies were thrown out to feed the vulture, whose shriek as he flapped his wings above them, had been their only req

* The early Jesuit Missions in North America; by the Rev. W. Ing Kip, M. A., corresponding member of the New York Historical Society. New York, Wiley & Putnam, 1846.

Others, like Brebeuf and Zallemand, and Senat, died at the stake, and their ashes "flew no marble tells us whither," while the dusky sons of the forest stood around, and mingled their wild yells of triumph with the martyr's dying prayers. Others again, like the aged Marquette, sinking beneath years of toil, fell asleep in the wilderness, and their sorrowing companions dug their graves in the green turf, where for many years the rude forest savage stopped to invoke their names, and bow in prayer before the cross which marked the spot."

Among the letters, was that of Father Marest describing the mission of Hudson's Bay in 1694. Having been excluded, however, by the size of the volume, we have procured it from the author for publication in our magazine. After the lapse of seventeen years from the date of this letter, Father Marest was laboring among the Illinois Indians, and one of the most interesting letters in the volume of which we have spoken, is that describing his adventures on the western prairies. We now proceed to his letter on Hudson's Bay; furnished us by Rev. Dr. W. INGRAHAM KIP.

I.

LETTER.

Of Father Gabriel Marest, Missionary of the Society of Jesus, to Father de Lamberville, of the same Society, Procurator of the Mission in Canada.

MY REVEREND FATHER,

The peace of our Lord be with you.

It is rather late to ask me the news from Hudson's Bay. I was much more in a condition to give it to you, when I crossed over again into France, in returning from the prisons at Plymouth.—All that I am now able to do is, to send you some extracts from a brief journal which I kept at that time, and of which I have preserved a copy. It begins with our departure from Quebec, and is continued until the return of the ships which carried us to the Bay. It is perhaps however best that I should first make you acquainted with what I learned at Quebec, partly with respect to the first discovery of Hudson's Bay, and partly concerning some subsequent events of which I heard from two Jesuits who had made the same voyage before me.

It is now more than 200 years that navigators of different nations have been endeavoring to open a new route to China and Japan by the North ; yet none of them have been able to succeed, for God has placed in their way an invincible obstacle in the mountains of ice with which those seas abound. It was with the same design that in 1611, the famous Hudson, an Englishman, penetrated more than 500 leagues beyond his predecessors, by the great Bay which to our day bears his name, and in which he passed the winter. In the Spring of the following year he wished to continue his course, but his stores began to fail, and disease weakened his crew, so that he found himself obliged to return to England. Two years afterwards, he made a second attempt, and in 1614 advanced even to the 52d degree. But he was so often in danger of perishing, and found such difficulty in returning, that since that time, neither he nor any one else have dared to undertake to advance so far.

Nevertheless, the English merchants, to profit by the voyages and discoveries of their countrymen, have since made an establishment on Hudson's Bay. Their object was, to conduct a trade in furs with the many Southern Indians, who, during the heat of summer, come in their canoes down the rivers which empty into the Bay. At first, they only built some houses in which to pass the winter and await the arrival of the Indians. They had much to suffer there, and many of them died of the scurvy. But as the furs which the savages brought to this Bay were remarkably fine, and the profits of course proportionably great, the English were not repulsed by the variableness of the atmosphere or the severity of the climate. They were not however left in undisputed possession, for the French in Canada wished also to establish themselves in the same way, and claimed that as many of the neighboring countries were part of the same continent as new France, they had a right to trade to the 51°, and even much higher.

A misunderstanding of course grew up between the two nations ; each built some forts for the purpose of protecting itself from the insults of the other. But the frequent maladies and the continual dangers to which they were exposed, rendered the French unwilling to undertake these expeditions without having their Chaplain with them. It was in this capacity therefore that Father Dalmas, a native of Tours, embarked for Hudson's Bay.

Having arrived there he offered to remain in the fort, as well to serve the French who were stationed there in garrison, as to have an opportunity of learning the language of the Morians who brought thither their furs in the summer. He wished in this way to qualify himself at length to preach the Gospel among them.— But the ships which should have brought their provisions in the following year, having been always driven off by the violence of head winds, the greater part of those who remained in the fort, perished by famine or disease. At last their number was reduced to eight individuals, five of whom having departed on a hunting expedition on the snow in the woods, there remained in the fort only Father Dalmas, the surgeon, and a tool-maker.

On their return, four or five days afterwards, they were very much surprised not to find either the Father or the Surgeon.— They of course demanded of the tool-maker what had become of them, but the embarrassment with which he received them, the contradictory answers he gave, and some traces of blood which they perceived on the snow, induced them to seize the miserable man and place him in irons. Finding himself thus arrested, and being pressed also by remorse of conscience, he confessed that having been long at variance with the surgeon he had one morning murdered him, and then drawn his body to the river where he thrust it through a hole he had made in the ice. Having immediately returned to the fort, he found the Father in the Chapel preparing to say mass. The unhappy man asked to speak with him, but the Father put him off till after service, which he performed as usual.

Mass being ended, he confessed to the priest what had happened, declaring the despair he felt, and his fear lest the others on their return should put him to death. "It is not that which you have most to fear," answered the father, "for we are a very small number, and they have too much need of your services, to wish to put you to death. Should they show any intention of doing so, I promise you I will oppose it to the utmost of my power. But I exhort you to confess before God the enormity of your crime, and to do penance for it. You have need to appease God, and I that of men." The Father added, that **to do so, he would go and meet those who were not, endeavor to soften them, and gain from would not harm them on their arrival.**

The tool-maker accepted this offer, appeared to be comp and the Father departed. But scarcely had he left the fort, this miserable man found himself troubled anew; dark bodings filled his mind, and he became possessed with the ne that the Father would deceive him, and had gone to find others, only to prejudice them against him.

With this idea, he took his axe and gun to run after the Fa Perceiving him at a distance by the river, he called to him wait, which the missionary did. As soon as he came up, he proached him for being a traitor, and intending to betray him the same time giving him a blow with his gun which severely wounded him. To escape from the fury of this infatuated the Father threw himself upon a large cake of ice which floating in the water. The tool-maker sprang after him, struck him down with two blows of his axe which he inflicted his head. After having cast his body under the same piece of ice on which the Father had taken refuge, he returned to the where the five others shortly after arrived.

They had resolved to guard him in this manner until the arrival of the first ships in which he could be sent back; but before assistance could arrive, the English attacked the fort. Those who guarded it had taken the precaution to keep all their cannon loaded, and were thus prepared to make a furious discharge upon their enemies whenever they made their approaches. A heavy fire, which wounded and killed many of their men, made them think there was yet a strong party in the fort, and therefore retreated with the determination to come back with greater force. They did in fact return, and prepared to attack the place in form. The five French therefore who were guarding finding themselves not in a condition to resist, escaped by running through one of the embrasures of the cannon, and gained the woods, leaving the tool-maker alone and bound as he was. The tool-maker of course never knew what the English thought of it, or of his account of himself he gave them. But of the five persons who went out of the fort, three died on the road, and only two arrived after great fatigues, at Montreal. It was from them that I received this account which I have now given you.

The accident which had happened to Father Dalmas, did however deter Father Sylvie from returning some time a

wards to Hudson's Bay to serve in the same capacity as chaplain. But at the same time he wished to open a way for preaching the gospel to the savages further south, who hitherto had been without any instruction. He soon however found himself so disabled, that he was under the necessity of embarking to return to Quebec, where he has never yet entirely recovered from the maladies he contracted at the Bay. On my arrival in Canada, I was destined to the same duty, which I will not conceal from you was contrary to my inclination. My design in leaving France was to devote myself as far as possible to the service of the Indians, from which by this arrangement I found myself still farther removed.

The late M. d'Iberville, one of the bravest captains we have had in New France, had received orders to make himself master of some posts which the English had occupied on Hudson's Bay. For this purpose he had equipped two ships of war, the *Poli*, on which he was about himself to embark, and the *Salamandre*, commanded by M. de Serigny. Having requested from our Father Superior, a missionary who might serve as chaplain to the two ships, the Superior elected me, apparently because having lately arrived, and being as yet entirely unacquainted with any of the Indian languages, I was the least necessary in Canada.

We accordingly embarked on the 10th of August, 1694, and towards midnight anchored opposite to Cape Torment.* We doubled it on the 11th at 7 or 8 o'clock in the morning, but in consequence of a head wind made but little during the rest of that day or the three following days. I therefore availed myself of this leisure to engage the greater part of the crew in celebrating the Festival of the Holy Virgin. On the 14th I distributed in the *Poli*, the images of Our Lady which had been given me at Quebec by Madame Champigny, Lady of the Intendant of Canada, and passed all the evening and the next morning in hearing confessions. Many received the communion on the day of the festival. When I had finished the service of the mass, the wind changed, and they set sail immediately. On the 20th, however, the wind having again entirely died away, I passed from the *Poli* to the *Salamandre*, to see M. de Serigny, and to celebrate the

* This cape is only eight leagues distant from Quebec. It is called *Torment*, because with the least wind the water is agitated as in the open sea.

mass on board. The crew were very much delighted, and many availed themselves of this occasion to go to confession and receive the sacrament.

On the 21st we passed Belle-Isle. This island, which is circular in shape, is as high as 52° North Lat. and distant 220 leagues from Quebec, in the midst of a strait which forms the island of Newfoundland, (*Terre-Neuve*) by separating it from the main land of Labrador. We began from this time to come in sight of the high mountains of ice which float in these seas, of which we saw perhaps one and twenty. They appeared at a distance like mountains of crystal, and some like rocks with rough bristling points.

On the 23d, we had in the morning a perfect calm, but towards midday a head wind sprung up, and continued to blow very violently during the 24th and 25th. The two following days we had a return of the calm, which was equally prejudicial to us as the head wind. The season was already far advanced—we were in a country where winter came at once, without being preceded by Autumn; we were at the height of 56° , and much of our voyage still remained to be accomplished, over a sea dangerous on account of the great banks of ice which are generally found there, but through the middle of which it was necessary that we should make our passage as high as the 63° .

(*To be continued.*)

SMILES AND TEARS, OR THE COUSINS.

BY MARY LESLIE.

CHAPTER III.

We could not, while the rose was bright,
Its leaves so fresh and fair,
See that the bud was blasted,—
A worm was lurking there.—*M. Leslie.*

IN the most fashionable part of the city of New York, in a magnificently furnished apartment in a large and spacious house, sat Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Singleton. Mirrors were hanging from every side, and the soft rays of a solar lamp falling on heavy crimson curtains, threw a beautiful light on the pale features of the wife of a "man of fashion." Ella Singleton was dressed in the deepest mourning; her beautiful dark hair was drawn tightly back and confined in a Grecian knot behind, throwing into bold relief a profile a little too sharp to be perfect: her eyes were strangely bright at times, and then again we thought their light a shade or two softer than when we bade her farewell as a bride. With an imploring and pitiful glance she turned to her husband and said, "Do, dear Alfred, pass the evening with me; I will promise to be so *very* agreeable; for she saw him rising from a sofa impatient to join his club. "Why Ella, how *very fond* you are of me: don't you know *love* is out of fashion now-a-days: why, it is positively vulgar to *dote* upon any thing, unless it be one's *horses*, one's *club*, or it may be one's *dog*, said he, addressing a noble hound. "Come, Victor, Frank Walton will be waiting;" and as he left he hummed his favorite air, "To love and linger near thee," and the notes with his footsteps were soon lost in the hum of Broadway. But how little did Alfred know, how those few careless tones had touched the chords of his young wife's heart, and found there already a sad echo, for memory had stirred its thousand strings, and was playing that same sweet air as she

had once heard it in her sunny home, in the now far off South. In that crowded and fashionable street there were no friendly faces, no kindred spirits, but it was full of cold and fashionable and stranger hearts. As Mrs. Singleton sat silent and alone, she thought of the past and her childhood's home. Loved companions, gentle friends, in memory ye have all come back, and how does the heart cherish the recollection; but ye have come only to scatter your ashes over the past, or chaunt a requiem to the blasted hopes and wasted love of Ella Singleton.

And he had lingered, when the bridal train
Had gone; to soothe the hearts
Of those he fancied dying—
To heal the wounds which deeply he had made
In hearts "*so fresh*"
He almost heard them sighing.—*M. Leslie.*

So crammed as he thinks with excellencies,
It is his ground of faith that all who look on him love him.

—*Shakspeare.*

"Ah, Alf, how are ye, I'm *dev-e-leesh* glad to see ye—I've made a pretty stay of it at the South. I'm quite *used* up, that is, *ess*-entially, heartily sick of Nig-yars and lazy Southerners. But what makes you look so down? tired of matrimony, eh! well, I thought it would n't agree with you; but seriously, Alf, I've been thinking of the grand scheme myself. I was almost 'in for it' with sweet piquante Fannie Linwood. I left the dear creature terribly in love with me; she won't live till fall, I'm certain; but I could n't marry her; 'pon my soul I could n't, for that old griffin of an Aunt hugs her money and the fair Fannie too tightly, and the old thing is so tough she'll never 'cut up.' "But Frank, how have you managed that affair with the heiress Ada Jones? I surely thought that would be a 'go.' I would have bet on it." "Oh no, the estates have passed down far too long a line of ancestry. You know they are in tobacco land. It was quite currently rumored, the *yield* was not very overwhelming this year, 'cause why, Alf; like your friend, they are most 'used up.' "A laugh in a high sharp key rung out on the smoky atmosphere as Frank Walton became more voluble. "I tell you I can't go it on an uncertainty. This is far too fine a capital," added he (surveying himself in an opposite mirror, and adjusting a scant moustache,) "to invest without the best of security." Seating himself, he drew

from his pocket a delicately perfumed mouchoir, which simple act scattered a quantity of withered rose-buds, delicately wrought safety chains, and several long curls of silky hair. Mr. Walton soon gathered them, and seemed to enjoy their destruction as he saw the flame of the grate slowly consuming them. "There they all go, Alf, trophies of a season at the sunny South; but I declare if it had not been for that straight lock of black hair, I should have quite forgotten the fat Senora Cortez: *she* is to be sure a *bona fide* heiress, but a hundred and fifty pounds of fat is far *too large* a mortgage to accept with the property; but by Jupiter I've had a rich time out of this flirtation; a greener subject it has never been my good fortune to meet. Oh, if you could have seen her when I told her how *bright* her *eyes* were; the poor soul little thought I saw the old Don's Spanish shiners in them; and when I gave her a leaf of geranium, with the *language of course*, she looked like a heaving billow, when she sighed and poked it away in her sash, to dream on, no doubt, and of her very devoted lover and your humble servant, Mr. Frank Walton. I have not finished this flirtation, Alf, and must have a little more fun out of it yet, so I'm off again next season to New Orleans, where the old Don resides. Give me another cigar, friend; I can't make a go of this. I guess it is some of the heiress's tobacco, and like her love for me, will end in a puff. I'll help you drive away care, Alf, for as Sam Weller says, I am afraid you are a victim of connubiality; if not, you are certainly a practical lesson to your old and best friend, not to yield himself a victim to sighing young ladies;" and Mr. Walton sung out in rather a shrill voice,

"First love is a pretty romance,
Though not quite so lasting as reckoned,
For when one awakes from the trance,
There's a vast deal of truth in the second;
And e'en should the second subside,
The lover need hardly despair,
For the world is *uncommonly* wide,
And the women *uncommonly* fair."

"So here goes the song; and Mr. Frank Watson free and unincumbered, is my motto." We will follow the conversation no farther. We have only given a sketch of Alfred Singleton's most intimate friend. Our inclinations or tastes never lead us to a club room, and many a neglected wife will echo our thoughts when

we say that they are the very graves of domestic happiness. We are certain that poor Ella Singleton, as she sat lost in her reveries, felt the truth of it, with its most bitter experience. We will return to her fashionable home; for soon after we left her she received a letter from her fair and happy cousin Fannie. We will read it for her. Her eyes are filled with tears, and it lies unread before her.

HAZEL GLEN, Georgia, 18—

Imagine, if you can, my dearest Ella, the most beautiful little nest you ever found in the old groves at Woodside, and you have a perfect miniature of my new home at Hazel Glen. My parent bird, good old Aunt Becky, watches over her silly doves, as she chooses to call Arthur and myself, with far more solicitude than ever your pet pigeon did over hers. Taking advantage of her protecting wings and kind care, we wander off every bright morning to explore the beauties of Hazel Glen. Oh Ella, how very blue the sky is, and the turf is so soft and yielding to our feet, I am sure you and Alfred would like to join our party, were it only to breathe the sweet air, or gather the beautiful flowers of which I know you were ever fond. I need not tell you how dear the warm and welcome greeting was to my heart when I first came with Arthur to my new home. You remember well how you used to smile, and I thought questioned the depth of my love for Arthur, when I talked of stranger tones, and thought with a chill of the kind friends I would leave forever. I often wished then for your calm smile and trusting confidence; and though I loved Arthur as few can love, I knew it would be a new thing for Fannie Linwood to study her words and actions, for she had ever been a wild bird, though a cherished one, in her own home. I trusted in my heavenly father, Ella, and nightly, as I sought my pillow, I asked his blessing on my earthly love. My dark thoughts are all over now, and I have taken the most important step in the life of woman; and although with all the happiness a mortal can wish for, I do not forget this world is one of change, or neglect to ask God to permit me to enjoy it rightly. Arthur de Lacy's friends are *now*, all *mine*. I have not forgotten old ones, Ella, though I have made room in my heart for the new. Every one gave me a kindly smile when I came to Hazel Glen; even the old willows at the gate seemed to gracefully nod a welcome;

thousands of bright flowers emptied their cups of perfume at my feet, and roses scattered their delicate leaves as I passed up the gravel walk. Hosts of glad children and old domestics waved their hats to their young master and new Missus as we entered our future home. You know, Ella, that I have always felt that "activity is life," and here, though comparatively retired in our cottage home, I am in the very midst of bustle, and find employment enough to keep me as busy as a bee from morning till night. I have a family of one or two hundred negroes under my especial control;—but while I am writing I hear Arthur's voice reminding me the old man at the lodge is asking for his young Missus to come and tell him of heaven and God, a God who has filled my cup to overflowing. In such offices as these,—in ministering to the happiness of those around me, I shall forget the long absence of Arthur when Congress again sits. I know our first parting will be sad, but I have a thousand little plans which will occupy the time till the summer brings him again to my side. I am very proud of my husband, but I will dare confess it when the whole nation are helping me to sing his praises. I will make a full pause here, or I might write on perhaps forever; for of *one* subject I can never weary. Do not think me foolishly in love, Ella, but remember our honey-moon has only just begun, and we intend to do all we can to insure its continuance forever. That you may be as happy as your Cousin Fannie, is my best and kindest wish. Remember me to your husband; and on no account forget to give my best respects to his friend Frank Walton, with many assurances of my health and happiness; and lest he may imagine I am dying of unrequited affection, you may present him Mrs. Arthur de Lacy's card.

Yours ever,

FANNIE.

CHAP. IV.

So silently the lily pale had mingled with the rose,
We did not know it was the hue that death around it throws,
But now we marked the pallor that o'er the cheek had crept;
We saw her rest was troubled as painfully she slept;
But her eye is never lifted, no higher thought is there,
Above the one she loves on earth, no other half so fair.

M. Leslie.

THREE years have passed on the wings of time, and brought much of joy and more of sorrow to the heart of Ella Singleton. When Alfred had introduced a beautiful and wealthy bride to an aristocratic circle of friends, how they had admired and flattered; when the novelty wore off, and the world grew weary of caressing, Alfred became tired of his home, and his careless tones were throwing shadows over a heart Ella began to feel had been the throne of a false idol. The first fading away of the drapery in which fancy has hung the world, first sorrows, as well as first disappointments, make deep furrows in the young heart, and wear upon life itself. Poor Ella had never been trained for the purposes for which woman is destined; there had been no preparations for the storms of the troubled sea of life, and no schooling of her spirit to battle with its waves. She had cultivated her fancy, and her morbid taste for romances had permitted her for a time to live in a happy but imaginary state. When stern reality showed her for the first time how delusive were human hopes; when with the neglect of her husband, the dark wing of death hovered over that fashionable home, and bore her infant away from her bosom to cradle it in a cold grave; when in her depth of sorrow she heard a note of sadness from her Southern home that told her of the wrecks of time; how loved ones were all scattered, and the nearest and dearest had found a silent and last resting place: when Ella saw link by link of the fragile chain that new friends had woven in her heart (as sorrow entered her home) unclasp and fall broken around her, she had not that one unfading hope that looks away from this vale of tears. She heard not the still clear tone of angels rising above the death moan and

telling lone mourners of a peace and rest the world knows not of : making sorrow for the dead, as Irving so beautifully expresses it, " a sorrow we would not wish to root from the heart, though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the hour of gayety, or a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom."

The customary fashionable call was made ; the frozen and forced tear of fashionable sympathy shed ; but in that circle of worldly friends where she had once shone the brightest flower, there was not one to lift it when it drooped and withered, to the still clear air of heaven. She heard none speaking of a better land, a happier home than is ever found in this " shadowy valley," but the gay laughed on, and the dancer's foot was as light as was Ella Langdon's in the gay hall where she first met Alfred Singleton. And was he insensible to the inroads his neglect had made on his once beautiful and romantic wife ? Did he feel it was his heartlessness that was wasting her life and beauty. Ah yes ; he saw she had changed, but he saw it with the eye of a man of the world, and felt it with the heart of a man of fashion.

CHAP. V.

With scant moustache and slender mein,
Frank Walton you before have seen,
And though the very "*height of ton*,"
He lowly bends before a Don.

For justice cries from all the world ;
And from the fancied height he's hurled.
He finds that he who sets a trap
Is sure to meet with some mishap.—*M. Leslie.*

IN the large and ample drawing room at St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, a tall and fierce looking foreigner was engaged in an animated discussion with a slightly built exquisite, our chance acquaintance, Mr. Walton. Although not particularly interested in his character, we consider it our duty to follow his fate, so far as to show how the intrigues of the vain and heartless are often

overturned, and meet with their reward in life. Our hero had been sated with pleasure and taken his fill of gayety in the city of New York ; and as all the members of his club, to use his own vain words, were literally lassoed and noosed for life, he came to have a little more fun out of his already begun flirt with the Don's daughter. It was the first time Don Cortez so honored Mr. Walton by calling on him at his rooms at the Charles's, where he was located for the winter, with a somewhat lightened purse. Adhering to his motto, "Free and unincumbered," he intended to avail himself frequently of the hospitality of his friends in New Orleans, and have a rich time out of his flirtation with the Senora. Now we often hear it remarked "youth is always beautiful;" but we are bound to confess the Spanish girl was a rare exception to this general rule, that she was very far from being either the most attractive or agreeable young lady in New Orleans; and was at the age of fifteen, as Mr. Walton has already hinted, "very fat and lazy." As her bodily development had gained the start of the mental, some five or six years, it was no marvel if she was very uninteresting. To be sure her drooping eyelids rose and fell most languidly, and, to the blinded gaze of a true lover, might have contained some Donna Julia's melting orb, but Mr. Walton was not at all struck with its effect, nor was he in the least in love with the Senora. Why was it then one so fastidiously refined should be found early and late in her boudoir, where were the latest novels, the most fashionable periodicals, extremely comfortable sofas and inviting lounges. Why was he always in the hour, of dinner, the first to seat himself at the side of the Senora ? Have we not heard him whisper in the ear of his friend, Alfred Singleton, that the Spanish girl was "very fine" ? It was no fancy of Mr. Walton's that she had dreamt of him as her devoted lover since the wedding night of Ella Langdon. But think you the young "exquisite," the "distingué" Mr. Walton had any idea of appropriating such a mass of Spanish family to his wife : oh no ! it was no intention of his to attach a new "branch" to the family tree of the Waltons, and he was not to be caught in any such trap. If the world did happen to say he was engaged he would admit, with a laugh, he was engaged ; but only to part of the Spaniard's dinners, which were very fine ; of his wines

very old, his lounges and couches very inviting; and he could pass his hours quite agreeably for a while; for the Senora's boudoir was a capital place to kill time and flirt with a "green" subject. Day after day passed in this way, when he began to grow tired of the Senora, and he thought seriously of returning to New York, where he promised himself a rich harvest among the hearts of the young set, who had "come out" during his absence. Now as the love of the Senora had actually become "quite a bore," and as Mr. Walton hated scenes, especially with foreigners, he determined to take "French leave" of his fat innamorata, and not trouble the old Don with a farewell. It was the morning previous to his intended departure, that Don Cortez called at the St. Charles, having just overheard a conversation between two of Mr. Walton's friends. "Walton has been rather bold," said Henry Fitzhugh to an exquisite opposite: "they say he has flirted desperately with the Senora Cortez; why, said he (with a laugh) "the poor soul has actually lost a pound. Frank does n't intend to marry her, it's pretty certain, for he sails to-morrow." "Not quite so fasht," muttered Don Cortez; "I shall see if one of dish noble line shall be made the laughing stogh of dese Americans:" and ere an hour had elapsed, he stood in the presence of Frank Walton, a strong, fierce, powerful man, armed to the teeth with bowie knives and pistols. The Spaniard's threats were so loud, that the sound of an approaching carriage was unheard, and the door slowly opened, and the Senora entered, leaning on the arm of a priest. "Yes," said the Spaniard, "she musht be your wife; you have shtolen her leetle heart, and she will be meeserable midout you. I musht go back to mine own coondry, and I cannot take her mit me—she ish too grease. I give her to you vreeley, for she ish not mine daughter, but my poor relashun." There stood Mr. Walton, the "elegant and the distingué," quivering like a helpless kitten, under the tiger-like eye of Don Cortez: nor did he feel "free and unincumbered," as he saw the priest and Senora slowly advancing. The ceremony was very short, and as Mr. Walton hesitated, the hand of Don Cortez grasped the hilt of a bowie knife,—a quick but expressive gesture, that forced from him a reluctant but *necessary* word, that made him and the fat Senora one. Instead of allowing a French leave of her, as was intended, the old Don saw them safely ensconced

in a vessel bound for New York, and had made him walk Spanish with her through life.

CHAP. VI.

No word of deep reproach was ever spoken :
In the cold world none knew her heart was broken ;
But calm and still as dies the summer's day.
She sank to sleep, so passed from earth away.

M. Leslie.

ALFRED SINGLETON had heard it whispered in the gay world, that his wife had terribly faded, and it was no longer his pride to drive out with her in his unique establishment : in fact, he cared not to "show off" his wife, for her eye was now too dim for notice, and her pale cheek called forth an emotion of pity, a feeling quite repulsive to a man of fashion, "who stands alone, leaning on his own petty vanities, and looking to such worthless ends, truly the dust of which he is a part predominates." The world in which he had mingled, and for which he lived gave no knowledge of love as God had planted it in the innocent heart of his wife,—a love all purity, but strangely misguided as it was. He saw the change that had fallen on the cheek and brow of Ella, and he supposed from the effects of climate. There is a coldness more chilling than that of a Northern clime, that scatters, as it passes, the frosts of death ; it is the coldness of a heart on which we have wasted our affections : a chill from that will freeze the life's blood, and stifle the warmest feelings of youth. Poor Ella knew no consolation : hers was the bitterness of a torn and bleeding heart, without a Christian's hope to bind or the Christian's balm to heal ; and while she mourned in despair as those who have no thoughts beyond the grave, a voice come over her spirit : it was the whisper of woman's pride ; and the choking grief was stifled, and the gushing tear drop turned back to wear upon its already broken fountain. In all her silent sorrow, Ella's heart was true to its first passion, and she clung to its false idol, though it now lay shattered in ruins.

A whisper went round among the gay and fashionable, that Ella Singleton was dying of consumption, (alas! it often comes in such a form,) and as the gay and thoughtless looked at that once beautiful eye, now closed forever, and the lifeless form of Ella Singleton, they did not know how memory had gnawed at those heart strings, which fancy had tuned too tightly for the blasts of life,—how hopes had all died in that heart, and its cold and empty chambers could only echo back the bitter word, unloved. Alfred Singleton was no longer a husband, and he wept over the remains of his wife, or rather his young victim, as a man of the world would over any accident, regarding it as his fate; but no feeling of remorse mingled with his worldly sorrow for his wife, for he knew not her heart was broken. In a few months only sorrow that touched not the soul will wear away, and an affliction that chastens not the spirit never troubles it long. In a very short time Alfred Singleton was married to the reigning belle of the city of New York; and every bright day that unique establishment, those liveried servants, and that elegant looking creature buried in laces and ribbons, are seen driving through Broadway. Alfred is "happy;" *she* is no sighing wife, no sentimental or romantic girl: she asks not his society by the soft light of the solar, and interferes not with his private arrangements; for what cares she where her husband is, when she is a "woman of the world," and he a "man of fashion."——But how fares it with our friend Fannie de Lacy? We will hear by a letter poor Ella received a few weeks before her death, and whose soothing words and kind counsel we trust calmed her last moments.

CHARLESTOWN, March 18——

Three years have passed, my dearest Ella, since I wrote you I was the happiest of mortals. Do you not think it strange I can echo those words to-day, when in that brief space, time has made so many ravages? Good old Aunt Becky has gone to a long and happy home, she was ever striving to reach in her quiet peaceable way. It was a sad day for me, Ella, when she closed her eyes in death, and although there was a desolate feeling in my heart, I looked upward to that God who had taken her to himself, and I trust bowed submissively to this heavy affliction. I tried to remember God had not left me in this cold world alone,

for he had spared to me a kind husband who was ever near to soothe me, gentle and loving friends to shed with me the tear of sympathy. But I feel, dear Ella, the worth of the inheritance which I have begun to realize in the dark hour of affliction far more than all earthly blessings,—an inheritance which consists of the ample promise of the “Word of Life and a hope of Heaven.

“The gloomiest day hath gleams of light;
The darkest wave hath bright foam near it;
And twinkles through the cloudiest night
Some solitary star to cheer it.”

It was a pleasant thing to see the tears that Aunt Becky's hand had dried starting afresh from many a poor eye, when God called her away from us; and though she has gone from our sight forever, she will live in the hearts of all who knew her; for the “memory of the good is blessed.” This my first sorrow was not my only one, though the most bitter in my cup. We were obliged to dispose of our plantation and cottage home at Hazel Glen; for with the failure of the United States Bank our ample possessions were scattered to the winds; but “despair is never quite despair,” and I was enabled through God “to see a silver lining to this cloud.” We had been too happy in our cottage, and I saw the finger of God in this trial. In the midst of my afflictions I have always felt more grateful than ever that in my choice of a companion for life I was neither guided by my eye or fancy, but have ever found in Arthur de Lacy one who could with a true Christian spirit rise above misfortune. To my father's house in Charleston we have taken refuge, a poor though comfortable dwelling; but I am in the very midst of brothers and sisters, and turning to advantage, I trust, an education so carefully acquired, for I act the important part of governess to no less than nine mischief-loving boys and girls. Arthur's term in Congress has expired, and he is a practising lawyer in the city of Charleston. There are no long partings, Ella, and every evening we are as happy a domestic circle as you would wish to see. I cannot look for more happiness than I now enjoy in this world; I know I should not find it. Life has been full of “smiles and tears,” but I have always found a hand near to dry up these drops of sorrow, and my spirit has been soothed and softened by the “joy of

grief." In this world, dearest Ella, joy and grief are strangely mingled, and there is but one place, and that place is Heaven, where we may find a *smile* without a *tear*.

Always yours, FANNIE.

THE BURNING SHIP.

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

"The vessel sinks—'tis vanished, and the sea
Rolls boiling o'er the wreck triumphantly;
And shrieks are heard, and cries, and then short groans,
Which the waves stifle.—*Barry Cornwall.*

I.

The shades of midnight fling
Gloom on the rolling sea,
While, swift as osprey on the wing,
A bark moves gallantly.
Hundreds within her cabin sleep
In quietude profound,
Unconscious that the waters sweep
Above them and around.

II.

Amid the sleeping throng
Are men of iron frame :
The gifted sage and statesman, long
Known in the lists of fame ;
Frail woman is on board—
Old age with trembling hands ;
And son and sire to health restored
By the balm of Southern lands.

III.

They leave behind in dreams
Old Ocean's briny foam,
And wander by the laughing streams
And pleasant bowers of home ;

Familiar voices breathe
The words of welcome warm,
And snowy arms, in fondness, wreath
Round many a manly form.

IV.

Ha ! whence that clangor dire—
Those shriekings of despair—
That rush of thunder and of fire
Convulsing sea and air ?
Why, round that graceful bark,
Of matchless speed and might,
Roll funeral vapors, dense and dark,
Like demons of the night ?

V.

Her iron sides are riven—
Her timbers torn in twain—
Like autumn leaves, by whirlwinds driven,
Her fragments dot the main.
Upon her pride and power
Will dawn no cheering day ;
But in this dooming, dreadful hour,
Those dreamers—where are they ?

VI.

Where, where those visions sweet
Of kindred round the hearth—
Oh, will the parted household meet
No more on this sad earth ?
Will not the God who reigns
Alike in calm or storm,
Whose breath can bind the deep in chains,
Extend salvation's arm ?

VII.

Some, whirled in flame on high,
Beneath the hissing waves
Find without moan of agony
Unfathomable graves ;
And others madly cling
To plank and fractured deck,
While heavy swells destruction fling
Across the sinking wreck.

VIII.

Here, perishing Despair
Sends up appalling cries—
The froth of Ocean flecks his hair,
And blood-shot are his eyes ;
And drowning Beauty calls
On man to save in vain ;
Her sylph-like form through princely halls
Will never glide again.

IX

There, with his wife and child,
The pious Pastor kneels,
But offers up, in accents wild,
No profitless appeals.
Faith, with a look serene,
Calms fear within the soul.
One kiss—the last—and darkly green
The waves above them roll !

X

A boat rocks on the tide :
Skill plies the bending oar.
May God her trembling inmates guide
In safety to the shore !
From danger on the deep
To far off friends restore them—
In vain :—the surf, with drowning sweep,
Breaks, in its terror, o'er them.

XI

Ah ! one *I knew*, no more
Will see the hearth of home ;
Although a *few* have gained the shore,
Half-dead, and drenched with foam.
Grim monsters of the main
Will make his corse their prey,
While wife and child await in vain
His coming, far away.

XII

Ill-fated ship ! of all
Who shared thy dreadful doom,
And sleep, beneath a briny pall,
Within a boundless tomb,

Where legions of the drowned
Fill grot and cavern dim,
Not one, not one was more renowned,
Or better loved than him.

A CASE OF RESUSCITATION.

ONLY a twelve-month has gone by, since time obviated the last of the objections which prevented me from disclosing sooner the facts hereinafter stated. Since that period, I have frequently related them in conversation, and can no longer hesitate to give them permanent publicity. The two medical class-mates, who were concerned with me in these adventures, are both deceased. One perished in attempting to ford a flooded stream in Missouri: the other fell a victim to an epidemic, which he was attempting with rare self-devotion to arrest, in one of our Southern cities,—New Orleans, I think. The principal subject of the following narration was a member of a family, early doomed to languish into tubercular consumption, and no relation of his, nearer than an uncle, now survives. Moreover, I have never mentioned his name, even among my own household, and am therefore sure of keeping secret, as I have always designed to do, every thing which can assist in identifying the persons involved in the following statement.

The writer has for a long time debated in his own mind the question, whether the incidents he is about to relate, would not be more appropriately communicated to a medical than to a purely literary journal. But as they are of such a nature as to interest the public at large quite as much as the Faculty, and have about them an air of romance, (if the use of the term in this connection is proper,) he has finally determined to give them currency for the present, through one of the thoroughfares of thought; which medical journals can never be called, so long as their circulation is limited almost entirely to our own profession.

No fact in history, I judge, is more thoroughly authenticated than this : that one of the Alphonsos, of the royal line of Arragon, was saved from death by the hands of an intended assassin. He lay *in articulo mortis*, under the effects of dropsy in the pericardium, when a hired cut-throat, unaware of the king's near approach to dissolution, slipped by the attendants, and struck a dagger into the royal breast. The murderous weapon achieved an operation, which the surgeon's knife has never performed with success. The discharged matter gave instant play to the functions of life, and the monarch, relieved, next day sat up in his bed.

When reading this case in a quaint old volume on surgery, I little thought that, within less than a year thereafter, I should be called to witness an anomaly, similar in kind but more wonderful in degree, to which the phenomena of resuscitation, within the range of published incidents, present no analogy.

The events occurred during my novitiate at the medical school of Dr. J ———, than whom a better lecturer on anatomy was never known. At this time, I was so intimately associated with two young companions, that we could scarcely be said to have any individual history. Our studies, our meals, our frolics, our excursions, were all in common. We became, as a trio, notorious, although it might justly be said that as separate persons we were obscure. With our triplicity of force, we could accomplish many wonderful things, especially in the way of adventure ; for together we felt ourselves to be irresistible. Gilbert (for I must feign names for my comrades) was a youth of gigantic frame,—imperturbably cool,—one of the good-souled, generous fellows, such as are always popular among their comrades, but likely to become the very tools of the fair sex, who never love their tools half as well as they love tyrants—and brave as a lion. He was never awake without a quid of tobacco stowed away under his cheek, and frequently went to sleep without relieving his mouth of its load. He had but three books in his library, the Practice of Surgery, Channing's Essays, and the Holy Bible. But he was, notwithstanding his peculiarly negligent disposition, and his limited resources of book-learning, possessed of unusual natural dexterity, and the most accomplished anatomist in the school. With the scalpel he was "magnificent," as I used

to tell him ; and with the scalpel he had cut his way into all the knowledge of the profession which he possessed. No one could surpass him in the skill with which he made an incision, stripped the cutis from a muscle, unravelled a tendon, or traced a nerve to its ganglia. His bravery and strength were proverbial. It used to be a maxim in the school, that if a dead man should crawl out of his grave, and seize Gilbert by the hair, honest G. would coolly turn around, shake him and let him go.

Alsop was of a different mould. I well remember his delicate, womanly features, imbedded in glossy whiskers, and his winning smile. An incessant porer over books, he seemed to stereotype in his memory every page he read. When, upon the dissection of a subject, any thing novel with regard to formation or to the locality of disease transpired, he always had from one to twenty analogous cases at his tongue's end.

Alsop was one of those proud, sensitive spirits, who are better companions than friends. He was strongly bound to us, but yearned to be the superior of every one else ; and, even in our frank intercourse, did not always exhibit that perfect freedom from selfishness and pride, which the generous spirit of Gilbert was perpetually exemplifying. Alsop thought always of himself ; Gilbert never. In our various mad frolics, the opposite nature of these two interesting persons shone out. Gilbert's utter indifference to danger contrasted strongly with the nervous vehemence and courage stimulated by pride, which belonged to Alsop. The latter would turn deadly pale, (from anger I think rather than fear,) in the various *melées*, of which perhaps we were overfond ; but his high spirit would never yield, even after physical power was exhausted. In short, whether for study or sport, I could not have had two more useful companions.

These remarks on persons I have introduced, as the reader will have judged, to give my narrative that sketchy minuteness which distinguishes a literary story from mere scientific minutes. With the same object in view, I will mention the preliminary incidents of the adventure which brought the strange vital phenomena under discussion within my personal observation.

It was on the 12th of November, 18—, that our trio attended the funeral of a respectable gentleman of G—, who had died the night previous of a mysterious attack, which was called

peripneumonia, but resembled in its symptoms some forms of internal suffocation. We were not fashionable mourners, and kept our white handkerchiefs in our pockets. (In fact, a white handkerchief without tears at a funeral looks hypocritical to me.) But we had come to the funeral to hear all that common rumor had to say about the various stages of disease and the final symptoms, through which the deceased had passed. It was a way of our own of acquiring much practical information, which has since proved useful.

The family of the deceased were unwilling, notwithstanding the gentle persuasions of the attending physicians, to allow the opening of the stomach. It seemed to them, they insisted, like suffering cruel indignities to be inflicted upon the body of a beloved friend, for the benefit of science. As the good old Dr. J. informed us of this fact, with an expression of benevolent regret, our eyes instinctively sought each other's, and met with very significant glances. It was evident that we did not share the Dr's regret. We might have a very interesting case for beginners, entirely to ourselves.

The funeral went on. We sauntered out to the grave-yard, heard, with uncovered heads, the reading of the finest part of the church-ritual, and the mould rattle three times on the coffin. The real mourners cast a lingering look into the grave as they bent over it with inflamed eyes, applied their wet handkerchiefs to their faces, and turned slowly away towards the carriages. In a few moments, the procession had left the cemetery, but not so soon as we.

Night came : a cold, dark night, like those in which spirits are said to gibber around grave-stones, and witches, with wild locks streaming on the wind and unearthly shrieks, sweep by the window where the maiden is saying her prayers, and curse her. But it was the very night we most desired to see : a bad night, as Gilbert said, for watchers to stay long by a grave. Our own experience had not inspired us with very exalted opinions of the fidelity of grave-watchers. We *have* known them, I confess, maintain their posts the night through, during July and August, but cannot say as much for the other months. However, as no one is ever the wiser for their desertion, it does not make much difference ; a fact, of which they are often duly sensible.

We sat until one o'clock ~~over~~ our drinking-sculls that night, sipping a fluid which we believed to be a preventative of colds. Having toasted our enterprizes, we laid our plans to keep together after that operations actually commenced, and trust, as usual, to fighting our way through any difficulties that might arise, rather than to evading them. With this worthy intention to share all coming toils and perils, we disguised ourselves, and separated in front of the Medical College, to take a different direction to the cemetery, and thereby avoid curiosity. The wind howled and whined dolefully, and the sky seemed to grow blacker every minute. It was therefore not strange that we met no one during our walks, which brought us to the iron gate of the cemetery at about the same time. Nothing but such a desperate adventure as ours could have induced any one to promenade the streets of G—— at that hour of that night.

We supposed that watchers had of course been procured for a man of such position as the deceased enjoyed during life, and therefore proceeded with stealthy and wary tread towards the grave. The coast was apparently clear. We approached nearer, but saw no sign of life among the manifold memorials of death. We then separated for exploring in different directions, but each reported that the enemy had left the field. Hesitating no longer, we went after our spades, industriously hid in a receptacle artificially prepared in a mound surrounding a vault. Returning, the whole trio began to dig with an energy and a will known only to resurrectionists. The soft sand yielded rapidly to our exertions, and in fifteen minutes the coffin was bare, the cover wrenched off with a wedge, and the corpse lying white and stiff on the cold earth. We were lowering the coffin into the grave, when I heard a step. Looking up, I caught a full view of old Ramsbottom, ex-sweeper of the Medical College, from which post he had been removed on account of intemperate habits. The irregular halo of yellow hair, which stuck out and dangled all around his thin and wasted features, distinguished him from all living men, and I ~~sunk~~ deeper into my coat-collar as he approached. As he shuffled up to us, with his small bony arms thrust in his pockets, and chuckling at the end of every query, I felt as if I would like to bury him alive.

"Aint you *nice* fellers? He-e-e-e! Body-stealin', eh? He-e-e-e!"

P'r'aps you think pretty considerable sharp of going to Jug and learnin' to cobble shoes, for a livin' ? He-e-e-e ! Think of you fellers eatin' prison-soup with wooden ladles. He-e-e-e !"

This squeaking mockery was hardly finished, when Gilbert, who had listened to these interrogatories with great composure, dropped his spade, thrust his hands in his pocket, and marched up towards the intruder. In an instant, we stood at his side, for we knew that bodily force was to be used on this occasion. The old fellow was marvellously still during these proceedings, but in a minute after emitted a chuckle and began another sentence. He had not finished two syllables, before he was gasping with the iron fingers of Gilbert around his throat. In a second, my handkerchief was in his mouth. He was rolled over, and Alsop bandaged his hands behind his back. In the mean time, Gilbert was silently smoothing the writhing joints of the old spy into whatever attitude pleased him best.

Alsop could restrain himself no longer. He commenced a homily at once on the rascality of allowing a grave to be robbed, and then coming forward with menaces, designed, no doubt, to secure a bribe. "Infernal miscreant," he muttered, "we should serve you right, if we left you here all night to catch your death of cold. I'd like to have the doctoring of you first and the dissecting of you afterwards." It was plain that Alsop was almost bursting with indignation.

His remarks, however, reminded us that we were about to be guilty of a very cruel action, for I must own that to leave the spy there seemed to me inevitably necessary : I had not thought of any other mode of escaping the dilemma. In this way alone could we avoid being tracked out or having an alarm raised about our ears. But Alsop's threat reminded me of the risk of leaving the lean old man on the ground all night, with a cutting wind piercing his frame, and under the peltings of a rising storm of rain. I knelt down, and putting my face near the captive's, found that he wore an expression of extreme terror, and was pleading earnestly with his eyes.

I whispered to my comrades. Alsop then took my place and passed his scalpel athwart the vision of the rascal, until he thought that the full moral force of the exhibition was received, and then began to remove the gag.

"You won't kill me, if I *do* holler," were the first words of Ramsbottom after his release. "But I ain't agoin' to do any such a thing, because 'taint honest. The old corpse ain't worth nothin', and they gin' me five dollars to watch the grave till mornin', which I'll be mighty glad to do. So if you'll give me ten, you may take off the body; and I'll fill up the hole, into the bargain. That's dirt-cheap, for corpses is scarce, and the old doctor gave five for the last he got from the poor-house. I mean that body that died of the distillery—(dysentery ?)"

The impudence of the old wretch set me off into a fit of laughter.

"You don't know us, and we'll tie you to a tree and carry off the body in spite of you. if you say any thing more about the dollars," said Alsop.

Ramsbottom seemed to think this a most capital joke, for his small hissing chuckle began and continued for several seconds. At last, he broke out :

"Don't know you ? do not know the big chap that throttled me ? There ain't but one feller in this hull town that can straighten out a fellow's legs as he did mine. Don't know old Hercules ?"

"Old Hercules" was G.'s sobriquet among the students.

"And don't I know the sound of the voice of that handsome chap, that giv me such a jawin' ? Hain't he got whiskers, and aint his name Allsoap ? He-e-e-e ! In course, I don't know the other, you three Siamese twins, you. You ain't known much in these parts, because you are never seen together, you know. You never broke into the watch-house together, to get old drunken Smith out, did you ? You never go out sailing together much, perhaps. Oh, no—you ain't known. Carry off the old 'natomy, never mind me."

As we laughed aloud in each other's faces, Alsop drew out his purse and handed the scape-grace a gold eagle ; upon the receipt of which the grave-watcher indulged in the most liberal encomiums on our character as gentlemen. We waited long enough to see him begin to fill up the grave, which operation he interrupted every few seconds to leer at us and chuckle with irrepressible delight. He was thinking no doubt of the nett profits of the night's work.

What a finished varlet was that old Ramsbottom ! Often has

he called on me since I became the only one of the trio within the reach of his importunities, for an additional dollar to relieve his distresses and confirm his resolutions of secrecy. Every succeeding time, the said dollar came with more reluctance from my purse, until in a fit of vexation I told him to tell if he wished to do so, for he should get no more money from me. He thereupon showed how good-natured was his rascality. He did not wish to tell: he only wished me to pay him for not telling. His word, I think, would hardly have been taken even by a justice of the peace or grand-juror, notwithstanding the wonderful facility at receiving worthless testimony, with which the prospect of costs for an information or mittimus inspires the small fry of judicature. From that time until the day of his death, I never indulged any apprehensions of exposure. To requite him for his generosity, I attended him at his last sickness, during which he presented me in advance with his body. I boiled the gift, and his skeleton is now dangling in the office, where I write, consecrated to science. Every tooth is as sound as a dollar.

To return. A night, thus far so eventful, was destined to bring with it events more solemn and tragic than the farcical proceedings already related. We carried the lifeless trunk into the dissecting-room of the school. The unnatural distension of the chest attracted our notice, as soon as we had stripped it. Our ambition was fired, and we expected a case of unusual interest.

"His heart must have resisted an immense water-power at every throb," suggested Alsop, as he pressed his hand on the dropsical chest.

"Suppose I puncture it," returned Gilbert, whose shirt-sleeves were turned daintily over his cuffs: "do you think the water will play up like a jet?"

"Try it," said I, laughing.

The steady hand of Gilbert was instantly at work. With great deliberation and caution, he thrust a lancet through the flesh at the right of the heart. A black fluid oozed out very rapidly. G—— pressed the body slightly.

As we stood, guessing how much of the fluid would thus exude, I thought I detected a slight trembling of the chest, but attributed it to a jar in some one of the student's rooms below. But on glancing up, I found that Gilbert was looking down with an air

of impertinent interest at the body, while Alsop's eyes shone like fire. They had seen the movement. "By heavens, it ——," A. had scarcely uttered the words, when a delicate but decidedly perceptible tremor in the neighborhood of the heart was seen by all of us. We could not believe it was life; and to Alsop's suggestion of mechanical action we all assented. But a more measured and stronger throbbing ensued; the features and limbs still looked stark and deadly stiff. We were electrified. Suddenly a violent spasm shook the whole body, and a struggle to respire succeeded it. At this time faint livid streaks seemed to shoot through the face and settle under the eyes, as if the effort to breathe had started the blood through the empty veins, or rather as if some foul secretion in the brain had been set free and was overspreading the tissues of the face. Again the breast quivered; and at last the muscles of the limbs themselves seemed to writhe with exquisite pain. It was a terrible struggle apparently for breath. But while I was wondering whence the vitality came that excited the effort, Gilbert had drawn an old blanket out of the closet near at hand, and tearing it one-third-way through several times, so that half a dozen wide strips hung from the untorn part on each side, placed the trembling body, with our help, directly upon the middle of the tattered blanket, and passed the strips around the breast, interlacing each other, like the strings of stays. Gathering the ends into a bundle, and standing on opposite sides of the body, Gilbert and myself, began slowly to draw and relax the bandage by simultaneous motions. With this firm and even pressure, we hoped to produce the common result of the same operation upon recently drowned persons—an artificial respiration. Alsop held a candle to the lips of the body, and the gentle swinging of the flame showed that the lungs had begun to receive and expel the air. In the mean time, the contortions of the limbs increased and extended to the face. We did not move our eyes. Placing my hand on the heart, I felt slight and fitful flutterings. Surprise and anxiety gave way to feverish hope, until the violence of the agitations of the frame made me fear that convulsions or fatal delirium was about to ensue, and extinguish my burning expectations. In another moment the agitations had ceased: a slow dull respiration seemed to begin; the eyelids moved and gradually opened, while the face assumed an expres-

sion so sad, so faint, and yet so grateful, that it reminded me of the look which a feverish patient gives after his first good sleep. The lips parted with a desire to speak, but no words followed the effort. That look and that effort afforded me the sweetest thrill of pleasure I ever experienced.

As those sad eyes were turned towards us, Gilbert, whom nothing could ever betray into an emotion of surprise, bent over the resuscitated with the familiar inquiry : "How do you *do*, sir, this evening?" He treated the gasping man like a patient, whom he had waked up to feel his pulse. Alsop was biting his lips with an air of abstraction : it was plain that the books contained no precedent for this case*. As for myself, I was so bewildered with joy at this providential salvation of the life of a fellow-being, that I could hardly reflect at all. I was absorbed in exultation.

Suddenly I recovered myself. "What is best to be done," I asked. The speechless man looked depths of gratitude. His prostrate nature was leaning on us, and the first word of sympathy inspired him with joy.

"Better give him some brandy," said Gilbert, quite seriously. In fact, although so fine a surgeon, Gilbert's knowledge of *materia medica* seemed to begin and end with French brandy.

Alsop was beyond his books, and therefore silent. He had none of the practical impudence, so necessary to the practising physician, who must never seem to be baffled by strange symptoms, or be at a loss to explain any thing whatever.

Waiting an instant to collect my thoughts, I darted down the stairs, and was soon dashing through the streets towards the residence of Dr. J——, with breathless speed. A violent pull of

* The best explanation of this anomalous incident, which almost daily reflection upon the adventure ever since it happened has as yet suggested, may be briefly expressed. It was no common case of asphyxia. The time which had elapsed since the apparent departure of life, was too long to allow such a supposition. I am exceedingly incredulous, whenever *hours* are mentioned, as having gone by after seeming death, before resuscitation was effected. I therefore conclude, that the present case was a mysterious coincidence of one of those unaccountable, extra-natural states known in common parlance as "trances," with the natural and common state of asphyxia, or suspended pulsation, which is generally the result of suffocation by water, or some other mechanical agency. The trance may have concluded a little before or just at the time (by a wonderful chance) that the spell of the asphyxia was broken by artificial means. That suspended animation may be the result of inward supuration, causing suffocation, (that is, paralysis of the heart resulting from the non-arterialization of the blood by exposure to the air through the action of the lungs,) I have no doubt.

the door-bell was shortly answered by the apparition of the Dr's night-cap through the window. I gasped out my errand, and, by some device of dressing known only to physicians in full practice, he listened and put on a considerable portion of his attire at the same time. But he was not too quick for my impatience, and scarcely had he reached the bottom of the stairs before I seized him by the arm and was hurrying him faster and faster along the streets, till I fairly got him into a run. Such a wheezing chase I never knew. He had no breath at all when he reached the top of the stairs which led to the dissecting-room.

He was welcomed warmly by the bright glance of Alsop, the extra-polite bow of Gilbert, and a low murmur of satisfaction from the patient. The latter could now articulate, and said that he felt easy but faint. His breast, he said, had not been so light and free from oppression for years. This relief, however, had been preceded by indescribable agonies, a straining which wrung every nerve and fibre of the body, and far exceeded, he thought, the pangs of the most violent death. He had been at first conscious of oppression only, which seemed to diminish rapidly and give place to spasms of pain, which every moment grew more excessive and thrilling. He thought some violent operation had been performed during his *sleep*. He supposed he had been removed to the surgical chamber in which he lay, for that purpose.

Knowing that in cases of physical weakness, it often gives a spring to the vital energy to inspire the hope of and desire for life, I informed him that he had been supposed dead, and that the operation which had restored his consciousness, was supposed by those who performed it to be a post mortem examination of his body: that his escape from death was providential, almost miraculous. Tears of joy and gratitude streamed down across his hollow cheeks. "Ah, I remember, I remember," said he, endeavoring apparently to collect his thoughts.

He then in a half-whispering, half-loud tone gave a sketch of his recent sensations, bodily and mental. He remembered the death-rattle and the struggle which accompanied it. He recalled the mysterious picture, which seemed to present his whole life before him in a single view, as he entered the shadow of death. The picture seemed, he said, to widen indefinitely, while the struggles

of his frame were growing feebler, and a sense of repose seemed to inundate his whole system. Soon, every sensation, the last included, vanished. He was not conscious: he had no thought of a body, or of life. The picture of the past faded also, and a bright, delicious dream succeeded. He was sublimely conscious of indescribable intercourse with other intelligences, but could not tell how it was manifested or known. A sense of unravelling mysteries, of knowledge without reasoning seemed to usurp all his being.

He thus went on, struggling to express what no known dialect can reveal or human intelligence comprehend; occasionally making use of words which indicated that, after all, even in his trance, he had not lost his human modes of thinking, and therefore was not "out of the body." He "saw," he said, and "heard;" showing that his imagination, even in its unnaturally free and untrammelled state, still flowed through its ordinary channels of perception. In short, a naturalistic explanation of the phenomena through which he had passed, although so incomplete and unsatisfactory, seemed nevertheless necessary. I was unable to believe them supernatural.

"I have never felt so well, since my youth," said the patient. "Life seems to be coming back to me without its burden;" and he smiled feebly, as he uttered the words.

Dr. J—— had been listening with the greatest attention, although he had been obliged to occupy the whole interim in efforts to regain his breath. He was now feeling the patient's pulse, and watching the still livid countenance. His expression was very benignant, but also very sad.

He whispered to me. I started and felt the blood run cold to my heart. "I must tell him at once," said the Dr.

Looking the poor man kindly in the face, Dr. J—— began: "My dear friend, I am sorry that I cannot cherish your hope of life. I must tell you, that the vital force of your constitution has too far sped to allow of your recovery. Whether it is ebbing away in an internal flow of blood, caused by the very operation which seems to have restored animation, I cannot say. It may be the effect of your disease, under which vitality has been worn out. Perhaps the struggle of exhausted nature to reanimate your body was too great, and the overwhelming reaction is destroying the functions of life. But it is certain, that your pulse,

irregular and feverish ever since I took your hand, is perceptibly failing. You cannot, I fear, live half an hour."

"Doctor," said the patient quietly, "I cannot believe you. This faintness is nothing. The inexpressible relief I feel is a new lease of life—it must be, sir. My pulse decreases perhaps now, but it has been wild and impetuous in its flutterings before. It is but the effort of nature to establish an equilibrium. Come, kind sir, are you not hasty and mistaken?"

"Earnestly as I wish, sir, that your own explanation of your condition might be true, there are signs of approaching dissolution about your person which never yet deceived me. My young friends here, as I see by their cast-down looks, know that what I say is too true. I am too old, sir, to dare to raise a hope which a few moments will destroy. My frankness, sir, you are no stranger to. That life is struggling to resume her ascendant is true, but the struggle is against fearful odds. It is time for candor, my poor friend."

"But, Doctor, is not the case unprecedented?"

"As a whole, it is so, sir."

"Are these symptoms ever known to follow resuscitation, when death soon after ensues?"

"No, sir," exclaimed Alsop suddenly and with a start of excitement: "delirium, raging fever, convulsions, are the fatal symptoms, universally, sir, always, sir, in such cases. Doctor, I beg your pardon," he added in a lower tone.

The kind old doctor took no apparent notice of the vehemence of his young pupil, and was about to address some mild observation to the patient, when a look of encouragement passed over his features. The hands of the patient grew warm, and the pulse calm and tolerably strong. But it passed away in an instant. Before we had time to answer the dying man, an expression of extreme faintness overspread the face of the latter. The same sad smile, which appeared on his features when he was first resuscitated, glimmered there again. He tried to speak, but utterance was denied him as before. Resignedly, he raised his eyes slowly towards heaven, as if in prayer. Gilbert bent over him, to catch the last sound of those pallid lips, and in an instant the face was as rigid and livid as if on the point of utter decay.

(Post-mortem examination showed that the death had resulted

from mere exhaustion. There were no signs of internal bleeding from Gilbert's operation, or from the bursting of blood-vessels.)

The old doctor, who had been intensely excited during this whole scene notwithstanding his meek smile, burst into tears. Gilbert rolled his quid of tobacco nervously from one cheek to the other, and said that he was "glad we dug him up." Alsop engaged my presence the next day at his lodgings, to aid him in recording the incidents in an index, as it was without precedent in all the books.

I could only think of the mysterious ways of Providence, who had thus called back and again extinguished the spark of life ; perhaps to give occasion for that inarticulate prayer, of which those eyes, upturned in death, were the still-remaining sign.

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

BY A. MESSLER, D. D.

Jede blume, sie spricht lauter und lauter, mit die.

Goethe Metamorphose der pflanzen.

Ye beauteous children of the vernal sun !
 Born from the crystal dews and tepid air ,
 Your tranquil life in beauty is begun,
 And not, like man's, to end in death and care ;
 When sun and stars have paled their cheerful light,
 And hopes bright visions all are gloomed in night—
 Ye children bright !

If grave philosophers the truth do speak,
 Your loves, like ours, will form your higher life ;
 And passion mantling on your blushing cheek
 Ripen to bless, without its rending strife ;
 While rapture, kindled by a pure desire,
 Glows through your nature like a holy fire,
 Flashing higher !

Tell me, ye sweet ones, in your beauty born,
How love sheds o'er your life its holy power ?
How is its assent spoke ? its bitter scorn ?
When some cold, torpid and unloving flower,
Stands unimpassioned, like the bloomless rush,
Unwarmed by love's inkindling fire and flush,
Or passion's blush.

Methinks all rapture must an utterance find ;
And seek, sensations deep and warm, to tell ;
That by communion with its living kind,
The blended joys of that deep witching spell,
Concentered in one blissful point, may flow,
And extacies untold but deep felt glow,
The heart may know.

No voice we hear—no utterance to sense—
No accents breathed upon the listening ear—
But sense's conviction—faith is strong credence ;
And that soft blush must make the pass on clear ;
For love has many tongues by which to speak—
Its melting eye, its glance, and glowing cheek,
Its silence break.

Oh, yes, there must be language known to flowers ;
They need no voice—no outward speaking sound—
Love talks by sympathy ; and in *its* powers
The heart's most clear communications found—
The rose of feeling on the vermeil cheeks
In sweet, expressive, certain language speaks,
And the soul wakes.

Wakes into rapture quite as pure and high,
As love-lorn maiden in her rosy bower,

When youthful heart with stammering tongue and sigh,
Speaks of strong passion's all controlling power ;
And throws the jewel of his unstained mind
Before her feet ; a captive willing, well resigned,
By love inclined !

THE NEW FANNING MILL, OR CONTINENTAL CRITICISM.

BY REV. WALTER CLARK.

THE German philosophers, having little to do out of doors in the way either of work or of politics, and not altogether content to do nothing but read and smoke, have contrived, for a pleasant pastime, a kind of mock husbandry, which they manage to carry on within their own capacious heads. A head is to the philosophical Dutchman, a convenience somewhat analogous to the New England farmer's barn. Day by day the Teutonic sage withdraws into himself, takes down bundle after bundle of gathered thoughts, unbinds, threshes, winnows, and puts away in ready sacks and waiting cribs the stores of his brain for future use. And no farmer is better provided with all curious and convenient utensils for his work in field and barn, than is the literary Dutchman for his employment in mind and brain. We purpose in this article to describe one of these implements. On the Continent, where they affect high-sounding terms, they give this instrument the cognomens, criticism, rationalism, &c. &c., but its true name among all sensible Saxons is, The Dutch Fanning Machine.

The reader will inquire the uses and the benefits of this apparatus. He shall hear.

The Dutchman, having learned that all is not tobacco that smokes, is at once in a condition to ascend to the general maxim, things are not what they seem to be. And as he will not put into his pipe every weed which would burn and fume—as he discriminates and selects in these matters—he gets the habit of criticism and analysis in other affairs. Things as they are in themselves, and the same thing, as they appear in our minds may differ, as much as the chips and buttons and shells that fill the kaleidoscope differ in appearance from what they are in fact. And since our minds gather in not the things themselves, but only

the appearances of things, our mental conceptions are a mixture of fact and fancy—a mass of outward impressions and inner imaginings, jumbled together, and in great need of winnowing. This is well-established doctrine among the Dutchmen—the sages of the long pipe. Accordingly, a German philosopher can no more look into his own mind and see things as they are in his first conceptions and sensations, than he can see the casks of meal in a stack of barley, or shelled corn in a rick of stalks. He no more expects to find the world as it is in his imagined thoughts, than the former thinks to see his barn change of a sudden into a bakery, his cribs into ovens, and his bundles of wheat and shocks of corn into loaves of bread. All his impressions of things, so long as they retain the forms in which they first appeared to his mind, are, in the Dutchman's opinion, thoughts in the husk, smoke in the weed, chips in the kaleidoscope. But what hero of the pipe cares to keep the weed after he has drawn the smoke from it? That is all he wants, the smoke; let the weed go to ashes. And what sage cares to keep his brain full of mere appearances? Who does not wish to see his soul a mirror of the world as it is, and his thoughts types of outward things? Who wants to keep a kaleidoscope in his head? The Dutchman does not. He must have then some convenient apparatus which he can set up within, and with which he can winnow every thought and every series of thoughts, and blow away with the chaff all mere appearances and seemings. Thus sifting his impressions, he shall have at last a pile of thoughts clean as winnowed corn—true as reflected shadows. The Teutonic mind is said to be slow of invention: but to Germany is the world indebted for the discovery of the Intellectual Fanning Mill—the system of Continental Criticism.

Set up this machine, this mill of criticism, and put it in working order, and it will winnow from any sensation, thought, impression, or memory, all that is fictitious and false, and leave you nothing but substantial verities and unequivocal facts. Put what you will into the hopper, the chaff at once knows that it is chaff, and goes its way, while every grain of wheat falls in a pile by itself. Throw in the World's Histories, ancient or recent, and at once all fictions and fancies, and blunders fly off on the winds of criticism—and the facts lie clear and smiling before you. Throw

in old parchment and scrolls, the gleanings of the antiquaries—and one turn of the magical mill separates every spurious word and letter, whips off every modern appendage and interpolation, and gives you in a trice the genuine sayings of the forgotten author. Such is the power of the Dutch Fanning Machine.

No wonder the Germans love to use it! No wonder they are trying it upon every thing that enters the omnivorous mind of a smoking sage. The reader may desire a review of specimens of German fanning. We will supply three or four.

The mind of the Dutch sage is a garner filled with multiform thoughts of Nature. His soul, free as escaping smoke, floats over earth and sea, and ascends lightly into the heavens: and when he returns he invariably brings a harvest home. But as he reviews his thoughts of nature, he finds that three impressions have shaped and colored every conception of outward things. These impressions have respect to time, to space, and to Deity. Every object which he contemplates seems to hold some relation to a divine cause, and seems to fill some portion of space; having extension, bulk and figure. And every event which he observes seems to sustain some relation to time. Phenomena all seem to unfold in a progressive series, one following another, as do the hours and the moments. Here then are three seeming facts,—time, space, God. And there are in the mind, mixed up with all our impressions from the external world, three corresponding ideas. But things are not as they seem, say the Germans. The truth lies in our conceptions, as corn in the husk, or barley in the sheaf. Much that appears real in the conception is chaff, the moment criticism winnows the thought.

Kant therefore called for the Dutch Fanning Mill, and threw all our thoughts of nature into the hopper to winnow away their chaff. His famous work, the Critique of Pure Reason, gives the results of this experiment. No sooner did the machine of criticism begin to play upon these conceptions of the mind, than away went all ideas of time and space, rolling like a cloud of chaff before the pursuing winds. Time and space belong not now to things as they are. These are only the false seemings of the mind that views things—the form and color which objects get after they enter the cranial kaleidoscope. The clock does not click: the rivers do not flow; the stars are all still; there are no

days, no years, no intervals or spaces—no figures or forms. Things as they are, are without any of the relations or attributes of time and space. This was the result of Kant's winnowing.

Then came Fichte, and gave the wheat of Kant another fanning. And while he worked the mill, away flew the idea of God, careering with the chaff; and nature lay under the machine without a God, without figure or color or bulk, or any of the relations of time. Such sifting have all thoughts of the world received at the hands of the owners of the German Fanning Machine.

But not content with winnowing all our thoughts of Nature, and blowing away as chaff all ideas of God, time and space, the Continental philosophers have now begun to make experiments upon the world's histories. Wise men were wont to think in earlier times, that God and man, working together here among these forces of nature and these laws of life, produced the history of the world. They thought that history was the shadowing forth of persons and personal wills: that the will of God and the wills of men came forth and exhibited their various workings in the theatre of history. Accordingly, persons and places, details and dates, circumstances and facts, were supposed to be the staple of all old reliable records and histories. But the German Mill has tried its powers on some of our favorite histories and biographies, and it is now revealed to the wondering world, that philosophies of history are the only true histories, and that our old tomes and archives and annals are nothing but barley in the rick—oats in the bundle. In the Dutch mill, persons and facts, dates and details, go off with the chaff, and ideas are all that remain for narrative or record. Ideas are the only forces and the only actors in history. Men and institutions, facts and phenomena—the common material of old histories—are only the husks and coverings which ideas consent to wear in this world. A throne is an idea with a curious shell upon it. A battle is the conflict of ideas dressed in regimentals. A revolution is one company of ideas entering a city or a State, shut up in the houses of men, as in so many Trojan horses, that they may overthrow another company, fortified in the houses and other social institutions are strong and that are in them are strong and :

and stronger ideas come in sight, the old ones withdraw, carrying their shells on their backs.

Christianity, in its inspired record, and also in its visible Church, is nothing but a sheaf of unthreshed ideas. The philosophers therefore are now engaged in sifting out of all old histories and biographies their simple ideas, and putting these in sacks, to be sold in the markets of the world, under the name of Philosophies of History. Michelet and Neander are at work, winnowing out our Ecclesiastical Histories,—giving us not the lives and fortunes of God's children, but the combinations and cosmogony of Christian ideas.

But the Bible must also be winnowed in this new mill. And Eichern and DeWette, Schliermacher and Strauss have labored with great assiduity and abundant success in the work of fanning from the word of God all errors and falsehoods—removing its chaff, and recovering its real verities. And the uninformed Christian would gaze with amazement on the pile of chaff, which these adepts in criticism have found in the scriptures. Inspiration, miracles, prophecies, all that is supernatural, flies careering upon the gale—chaff going home to the winds. Strauss and Neander, and several others have concerned themselves especially with sifting the inspired biography of Christ. And it is astonishing how Mark and John misunderstood and misrepresented the Son of Mary. Neander's Jesus is as little like the Christ of St. John, as the World that comes from the hand of Kant, is like the World that came from the hand of God.

These are the uses to which continental philosophers are putting the Dutch Fanning Mill. And it seems that we are to have the benefit of the same invention in this country. Theodore Parker and several other gentlemen have recently borrowed the machine and begun to work it on this side of the water.

Mr. Parker, among his first experiments, threw in, one after another, all forms of religion that have ever appeared in our World. And strange to tell! on winnowing them it was found that a great being blown away, the same truths and principles and the real wheat was yielded alike by all. and worship of each system is the chaff, But what remains after Christianity criticism is no more, and no better

than that which one can winnow out of Budhism, or the religion of the Druid.

This is the Dutch Fanning Mill. And if our readers are inclined to forebode evil from its working, we will suggest as forming a fit conclusion to the present article two consoling antidotes: First: These philosophers seem very much inclined to winnow one another, which is certainly a comfort to the spectators. Many an old Dutch sage who once wrought at the mill as lustily as his successors are now doing it, has long since been tumbled into the hopper by a rival or a pupil, and blown off to his place on that pile of German rubbish, which every passer-by recognizes at a glance, as undoubted chaff. Thus Fichte winnowed Kant, and Schelling Fichte.

Secondly: The mill remains unimpaired by use. And when these Dutchmen have done winnowing, and have fanned and sifted every thing else—then, having taken lessons of good masters, we will just remind ourselves that continental critics are not what they seem: pass them into their own mill and send them to the chaff where their brethren are rotting—thus making the first good use and the last real use of the Dutch Fanning Mill.

ABDUHL RAHHAHMAN, THE MOORISH PRINCE.

BY REV. T. H. GALLAUDET.

It was in the fall of the year 1828, that I became acquainted with the subject of this narrative, Abduhl Rahhahman. He had been a slave forty years, in Mississippi, and came to Hartford, Connecticut, the place of my residence, to solicit the contributions of the benevolent, that he might redeem his five sons and eight grand-children from bondage. Himself and wife were already free. Could he succeed, his intention was to return with them to Africa, his native land. He gave me his history, and, had I time,

I could show from the most satisfactory evidence, that his statements were worthy of entire belief. They were subjected at various times, and by different persons, to a close scrutiny, and the results of these examinations were harmonious and conclusive.

He was born in Tombuctoo about the year of our Lord, 1762. His grand-father, Almam Ibrahim, was King of Tombuctoo, which is the name of the territory, as well as of the city. His father, Almam Ibrahim Jalloh, at twenty-two years of age, was sent by his grand-father to make war upon the city of Susos, 1200 miles S. W. from Tombuctoo, on account of some affront offered by the chief. The inhabitants fled. The conqueror took possession of the city, and was made Governor of it. He established a new kingdom, called Footah Jallok, and founded its capital, Teembo, a city now containing a very numerous population.

Abduhl Rahhahman's grand-father lived to the age of one hundred and ten years, and, before his death, had resigned the throne of Tombuctoo to his brother Almam Ibrahim *Danajot*, so called from his white face. Abduhl had another uncle, Moorde Armada, who was Governor of the Province of Massina. The first cousin of his father, Alpha Boomaree, was Governor of Tenna, and his second cousin, Moorde Sulimana, was Governor of Bamboago. *Almam* means King, and *Moorde* means Governor. These facts show that Abduhl's family connections were persons of power and influence in Africa. They were Moors and Mohammedans, and the cities and territories over which they have ruled, had advanced to a very considerable degree of civilization.

Abduhl's father went back and forth, several times, from Teembo to Tombuctoo, from which place he finally removed his family, Abduhl being then about five years of age, to his newly acquired territory. At twelve years of age, Abduhl was sent to Tombuctoo, where he remained several years, to obtain an education, being the rightful heir to his father's throne, in preference to an elder brother, whose mother was a Susoo woman, while his was a Mooress.

When Abduhl was nineteen or twenty years of age, Dr. Cox, an American citizen, surgeon on board a ship, arrived at Sierra Leone. Having gone a hunting in the interior, and getting lost in the woods, he found on his return to the coast, that his ship had sailed. He undertook an excursion into the country, and becom-

ing lame and sick, arrived, at length, within the territory of Footah Jalloh. Being the first white man ever seen by the inhabitants, he was carried, as a great curiosity, to the King at Teembo, who provided remedies for the cure of his lameness and sickness, and entertained him, for six months, with the greatest hospitality. During this time, he was an inmate of Abduhl's house, adjoining that of his father. Restored to perfect health, and anxious to return to his own country, he was sent by the King, with gold and ivory to pay his passage, and an escort of armed men to protect him to Sierra Leone, where, providentially, his ship had come again, and in it he was carried in safety to the United States.

At twenty-one years of age, Abduhl was made a captain in his father's cavalry, and at twenty-four a colonel. To use his own words, in this part of the narrative,—“ At the age of twenty-six, they sent me to fight the Hebohs, because they destroyed the vessels that came to the coast, and prevented our trade. We fought, and I defeated them. They went back one hundred miles into the country, and hid themselves in the mountain. We could not see them, and did not expect there was any enemy. When we got there, we dismounted and led our horses until we were half way up the mountain. Then they fired upon us. We saw the smoke; we heard the guns; we saw the people drop down. I told every one to run until we reached the top of the hill, and then to wait for each other until all came there, and we would fight them. After I had arrived at the summit, I could see no one except my body-guard. The enemy followed us, while we retreated, and fought as well as we could. I saw this would not do. I told every one to run, who wished to do so. Every one who wished to run, fled. I said, I, who am a Moor, will not run from an African. I got down from my horse, and sat on the ground. One of the enemy came behind and shot me in the shoulder. Another came in front and pointed his gun to shoot me, but seeing my clothes, which were ornamented with gold, he cried out, ‘that’s the King.’ Then every one turned down their guns, and they came to take me prisoner. I had a sword under me, but they did not see it. I sprang forward and killed the one who first came towards me. Then one came behind and knocked me down with a gun, and I fainted. They dragged me to a pond of water, and dipped me in it. After I came to myself they bound me. They pulled off my shoes, and

made me go barefoot one hundred miles, and led my horse before me. They took me to their own country, and kept me there one week. As soon as my people got home, my father found I was missing. He raised a troop and came after me. As soon as the Hebohs knew he was coming, they carried me into the wilderness. My father burnt their country and returned. The Hebohs carried me to the Mandingo country on the Gambia. They sold me, with fifty others, to an English slave-ship, which took me to the Island of Dominica. After that, I was taken to New Orleans, and thence to Natchez, where I was bought by Colonel Foster."

About sixteen or eighteen years afterwards, as Abduhl was, one morning, accompanied by Sambo, a fellow-slave, on his way to a neighboring village, with a basket of sweet potatoes for sale, he saw, at a little distance, a man approaching them on horse-back. "Sambo," said he, "that man rides like a white man I saw in my country. Look sharp, and see, when he comes up, if he opens but one eye; then he is the same man." "He opens but one eye," said Sambo. "Then you say nothing," replied Abduhl,— "I know him."

As the man approached, Abduhl accosted him, inquiring if he wished to buy some sweet potatoes. He looked steadily at Abduhl, and asked him where he lived. He replied, with Colonel Foster. "You were born in Africa," said the man—"your name is Abduhl Rahhahman; do you know me?" "I know you very well; you are Dr. Cox."

And so it was, the identical Dr. Cox, who had so many years before been an inmate of Abduhl's family at Teembo, and treated by his father with so much hospitality and kindness.

The interview, under such singular and affecting circumstances, can better be conceived than described.

Dr. Cox dismounted, embraced his old friend on the spot, and made many and earnest inquiries about his past history and present condition. In the fulness of his gratitude, he went to Col. Foster, and said, "if any sum of money, that he could command, would purchase Abduhl's freedom, he would pay it, and have him safely returned to his country and friends." But his master would not part with him. After Dr. Cox's death, his son renewed the negotiation with Colonel Foster for Abduhl's freedom, but with no better success. Within two years previous to his visit to the North, in

1823, some gentlemen in Natchez interested themselves in his case. A representation was made to the Government of the United States on the subject, which, after having obtained the most satisfactory evidence of the truth of Abduhl's history, directed its agent at Natchez, if possible, to procure his freedom. On application for this purpose, Colonel Foster manumitted him without any equivalent. He was now about sixty years of age, having been in slavery forty years.

His wife,—for he had married in this country,—and five sons and eight grandchildren, were still in bondage, all owned by Colonel Foster. His wife was manumitted for two hundred dollars, raised by subscription in Natchez and the neighborhood.

On his arrival at the seat of government with his aged wife, having determined to return to his native land, and their hearts being deeply affected at the thoughts of leaving their little flock behind them, he was advised to make an appeal to the public in their behalf, that he might procure their freedom, and carry them back with him to Africa. He was on this errand, as I have already stated, when he came to the place of my residence.

What a striking and sad illustration of the wrongs and evils of slavery! Heaven speed the day when these wrongs and evils shall cease, and especially in our own land! On whom is the deep disgrace to fall, that, when Abduhl's history, and the unexampled kindness shown by his father and himself to an unfortunate American citizen, were known, the debt of gratitude was not immediately paid to its full extent, without subjecting this aged sufferer to the irksome toil of begging it himself in one part of the country and another? Does it fall on individuals, or on the General Government?

No one could see this Moorish Prince, and converse with him, without feeling a warm interest in him. He was tall of stature, well formed, erect and manly. His countenance was quite unlike that of the negro in its features, intelligent, expressive, and full of composure and benignity; with a complexion darker than is common among the African Moors, rendered so by his long years of servitude and toil in a Southern climate. His hair was not curly, but rather thick and bushy; his eye, dark and mild, but, at times, lighted up with a keenness and vivacity, which bespoke the latent ardor and energy of his soul.

When in New York, I got him to sit for his portrait. It was taken by Inman, and engraved by Illman, both distinguished artists, and proved to be an admirable likeness. I remember that, being with him one day, at Inman's, I remarked to the latter, I thought he was making the complexion rather too light. "I do it intentionally," was his reply, "that I may show the expression of his countenance more distinctly." Abduhl, who was in his chair, and heard what was said, straitening up, with an air of great dignity mingled with some degree of not unamiable self-complacency, exclaimed, "I wish you had seen me on my white horse, when I was a young man." Forty years of degrading bondage, and the mellowing effect of age, had not yet beclouded the soul-inspiring recollections of his younger days, and, for the moment, he fancied himself riding as colonel commandant, in all the splendor of military pomp, at the head of his father's cavalry.

His manners were refined, courteous, and dignified. When he met, as he sometimes did, with a fastidious distance towards him on account of his color, he yielded to it quietly, taking a more humble position, and yet never in a cringing or abject way; while, on the other hand, when considered as an equal, as I often had the pleasure of seeing him treated by the true nobility of the land, and at the table of domestic hospitality, he showed himself quite at home among the well-bred and polite. He told me, one day, he understood it all, and that it gave him no trouble. "It would do no good," said he, "for me to make any difficulty about it,—I can sit by the kitchen fire, and smoke my pipe there, or I can go into the parlor with the ladies and gentlemen,—it is all the same to me."

He was a close observer of human nature, and often made very discriminating and shrewd remarks on the conduct and character of those around him. On one occasion we lodged, with a friend who accompanied us to aid in procuring donations for the object Abduhl had in view, at a hotel in a small village in Connecticut. He had risen quite early, and was making his observations from the front door of the house on the scene before him. In the meanwhile, a stranger came into the room where my friend and myself were sitting, and entered into a conversation, very earnest and fluent, on his part, on religious subjects. Abduhl soon entered, and heard part of the conversation. When the

stranger retired, I remarked, that he seemed to be a very good, pious man. "I guess he is not very pious," said Abduhl. "Why do you think so?" I inquired. "Oh! I see him, this morning, before sunrise, walking up and down the road, and preaching out loud to the people. If he were very pious, I think he would stay at home, at so early an hour, and pray with his own family, and teach them to be good."

Before leaving Africa, Abduhl accomplished the usual course of instruction in the Mohammedan schools, and could read and write Arabic well. So he told me, and that he had read the Koran through twelve times. While in New York to aid him in his object, a very favorable opportunity presented itself for my testing both his avowed knowledge of the Arabic language, and the fidelity of his statements. I found a friend who had a copy of the Koran, and a clergyman, a neighbor of his, who was a finished Arabic scholar. Having made the necessary previous arrangements, without letting Abduhl know my object, I called with him at the house of this friend, the clergyman being present. After a little conversation, the Koran was produced,—an old and rather rusty-looking volume. I put it into Abduhl's hands, asking him if he knew what book it was. He examined the outside very carefully, and then, opening it, exclaimed, apparently with great delight, "This is the Koran; I read it through twelve times before I was twelve years old." "Let us hear you read it now," said I. He read for some time, and the clergyman, who was looking over the pages, pronounced his manner of reading it to be, in all respects, that of an accurate, accomplished Arabic scholar. The materials for writing were brought: Abduhl wrote in the Arabic language, and the clergyman bore witness to the correctness and elegance with which it was done. All this was the more wonderful, as he assured us he had never seen an Arabic book, or a solitary leaf of one, during the forty years of his servitude; though he said, he had sometimes amused himself and others by tracing Arabic characters on the sand, or on paper.

There was a very large and enthusiastic meeting in the Masonic City of New York, in behalf of Abduhl and his Committee of some of the most respectable solicit subscriptions to aid in redeeming men from slavery. What was raised

there, and in various other places, however, did not amount to enough to enable him fully to accomplish his object. All that I can learn from authentic sources, is, that he and his wife sailed in the ship *Harriet*, Capt. Johnson, from Hampton Roads, on the ninth of February, 1829, in company with 160 emigrants, for Liberia. A letter from him to the Secretary of the American Colonization Society, dated Monrovia, May 5th, 1829, speaks of their safe arrival. He says, "You will please inform all my friends, that I am in the land of my forefathers, and that I shall expect my friends in America to use their influence to get my children for me, and I shall be happy if they succeed. You will please inform my children, by letter, of my arrival in the Colony. As soon as the rains are over, if God be with me, I shall try to bring my countrymen to the Colony, and to open the trade. I have found one of my friends in the Colony. He tells me we can reach home in fifteen days,* and promises to go with me. I am unwell, but much better."

Abduhl uniformly declared before leaving this country, that he had no desire to return to Africa, in order to assert his right to the throne of Footah Jalloh. He said, he had seen too much of the troubles and dangers of royalty, to wish to wear a crown at his advanced age. He proposed merely to establish himself, with his family, as a colonist in Liberia; to live and die under American protection; and to render what services he could in promoting an intercourse, advantageous on both sides, between the colony and the interior, especially his own country. But his hopes in these respects, and the high expectations of his friends, and the supporters of the Colony, in this country, were blasted by his being attacked by a disease of the lungs, which, in 1830, ended in his death.

While a slave, Abduhl embraced the Christian religion; and himself, wife, and eldest son were baptized, and joined the communion of a Baptist Church. Certificates from several of the most intelligent and respectable citizens of Natchez testify, that they had known him personally from thirteen to twenty-five years, and that he uniformly sustained the character of a moral, honest man; remarkable for his strict integrity; harmless, faithful, and inoffensive in his conduct; courteous in his behavior, and friendly

to all, and that he was generally respected by a large and respectable circle of acquaintances.

It has been said, that, soon after his return to Africa, he abjured the Christian religion, and went back again to the faith of Mohammed. But I have never seen any satisfactory evidence of this. While with him in this country, he disclosed his religious views and feelings to me in the fullest and most unreserved manner. He professed an entire belief in the Religion of the Bible. His temper, conversation, and conduct manifested, as I thought, the spirit of the Gospel. At times, indeed, he showed a certain degree of attachment to his old religion, and to the Koran. He said, there were many good things in it, and attempted to show me what they were. Now, when I consider his long course of servitude, with comparatively very little moral or religious light poured into his mind, and that he was a mere babe in Christ, I can easily conceive how the early religious instructions and associations of his childhood and youth, might, at times, come up in his thoughts with a freshness and interest, that would lead him to blend the more unexceptionable of them, with his views and affections as a Christian, without subjecting him, in the estimation of that charity which "hopeth all things," to the suspicion of having swerved essentially from the faith as it is in Jesus. Did not Paul, in his day, exercise the same charity towards certain converts to Christianity from among his countrymen, who still retained a strong and avowed attachment to some of their old Jewish notions and customs?

May we not indulge the belief, that the same Charity would discover, if all the circumstances in the case were thoroughly and accurately known, that Abduhl Rahhahman died a Christian? He may have retained to the last, and disclosed to those around him, some of his Mohammedan prejudices. To ascertain how far these prevailed, and whether they materially affected his religious views and character, required the scrutiny of a discerning mind, and the candor of a Catholic heart.

Abduhl's wife survived him. Her name is given, and her age, eighty years, in the Census of Monrovia; also the names of Simon Rahhahman, aged twenty-one,—Susan, aged seventeen,—and Nancy, aged fifteen, grand-children of Abduhl. I know not whether any of his *children* ever went to Liberia.

The following verses are found in the African Repository of 829 :

ABDUHL RAHHAHMAN,

THE MOORISH PRINCE.

“ Speed, speed, beneath the fresh’ning gale,
 Fast towards my father-land,
 Thou gallant ship, whose snowy sail
 Has waved near every strand.
 Fast as the coursers of the wind,
 Fast as the dawning light,
 Speed, like the thoughts which leave behind
 Far, far thy tempest flight.
 My limbs upon thy deck indeed,
 May listlessly remain,
 Yet now, as oft, by Fancy freed,
 My soul darts home again ;
 And ship and sail, and rope and spar,
 Fast vanish from my view,
 And feelings, slavery could not mar,
 The shadowy past renew.

Fathers and brothers, kindred all,
 Come wrapt in awful gloom ;
 And slow obey my memory’s call,
 In ceremonies of the tomb.
 I see the crowd, whose spirit fled
 In life’s protracted day ;
 I see the throng, who joined the dead
 In childhood’s hour of play.
 I see the arm of manhood’s might
 Shrunk to the fleshless bone ;
 And all that hurries past my sight,
 Tells me I stand ALONE.

But what ! although my father’s halls,
 Unrecognised, I tread,—
 Although my foot, unconscious, falls
 Above my kindred dead ;
 Do not the bright and glorious sun,
 The wide extended plain,
 The rivers, which since time has run,
 Unchanging still remain ?
 And they, though sounds no human voice,
 Speak me a welcome true,
 That bids my inmost heart rejoice,
 As each arrests my view.
 For, what though friends and kindred all
 No more around me stand,—
 Am I not in my father’s hall,
 FREE in my native land.

SHORT TALKS ON GOOD MANNERS.

BY AN EX-MEMBER OF SOCIETY.

(Addressed to his Second Cousin.)

IN dressing yourself for a party, Stanhope, you must not let artificial rules betray you into inelegance. The etiquette of dress, as well as the fashion of dress in general, becomes an arrant humbug when it falls into conflict with taste or æsthetics. Vulgarly does not depend upon the coarseness of your cloth at all, or upon the roughness of the needle-work upon it; but it will be visible in an excessive pliancy to tailors' fashions, or in a mechanical submission to the code of etiquette. Tell your wife, that this theory is just as true in application to the female toilette as to your own.

For instance, you know that you must always appear at a party in a dress-coat: never in a frock-coat. But if you come in one of those equivocal specimens of the *toga virilis*, with elliptical skirts or "swallow tails," be sure that you have sinned against politeness more than if you had worn the seediest frock-coat in your wardrobe. Such articles of wear look well enough behind a counter, where one rather prefers to appear as if ready to take wing to the top-shelf, if necessary, in order to please a customer: but in a party they seem too much as if one had come to present the ladies with their "little account" for the silks and satins in which they are decked.

Again, although you are safe in your full suit of black, or blue coat and black or white pantaloons, and in your white or straw-colored kid gloves, at any social gathering whatever,—still please to warn your wife not to dress for a small circle as she would for an assembly. If a lady is ever out of character, it is when she flaunts in splendid white satins while modest brown or dark-colored silks are all around her. A peacock among daws is very apt to be the object of disagreeable attentions. Etiquette would not be against Mrs. Stanhope in this instance, but taste and common sense would annihilate her.

American etiquette (the best in the world in matters of dress) tolerates the white waistcoat. But if you wear one, see that it is really white, when you buy it. The contrast of pure starched linen will make it look shady, if you purchase whatever the tailors sell for white.

You are aware of the prevalence of "scarfs," as an article of wear for gentlemen. They are certainly less objectionable at a party than a

stock, but, if you take my advice, you will eschew both. A roll of figured silk or satin, perpendicularly stuck, like a piece of engine-hose, between the throat and waistcoat, is certainly less elegant than a smooth surface of a spotless linen. Stand by the cravat, Stanhope : it is an ancient and honorable article of attire.

Although good manners have nothing to do with ladies' stockings, I must ask you to induce Mrs. S. to select, as the most beautiful covering for a neat or ugly foot, the whitest stockings and low slippers with narrow ribbons crossed over the instep and tied around the ankles. Believe me, human ingenuity has never invented any thing half so exquisite in dress, since Eve turned tailoress.

But good manners have something to do with bare necks and arms. As true politeness is the art of pleasing others by external deference to their tastes and wishes, it is abominable for ladies to offend the eye with the sight of cutaneous roughness, redness, eruptions, scrawny arms and long necks. Bracelets will not mend the matter, and following the fashion is a poor consolation for making a display of defects which were better hidden. I speak plainly, but not half so plainly as some fashionable females display their anatomical disorders.

But enough of this. I know your taste, and am perfectly confident that at parties you will eschew all huge breast-pins, striped pantaloons, fancy-colored gloves, figured handkerchiefs and red vests. Here, then, I drop the subject of dress.

When you are ushered into the entry-hall of your host's habitation, if you happen to meet any of your friends, who have strolled out thither to escape the oppressive atmosphere of the crowded parlor, do not take pains to look like a Gorgon horror and turn their glance of recognition to stone. Of course the books on etiquette will tell you to make your first addresses, after your entrance, to the lady of the house. Accordingly, some young disciple in artificial politeness, takes it for granted that he must compose his features to rigidity, frown down every attempt to recognize him and prowl about with an air, which says,—“I know what's proper,”—until he finds the hostess ; then he dissolves away into rippling smiles and is ready to make himself agreeable for the rest of the evening. This is, of course, ill-manners. A cheerful look and a glance of recognition are vastly becoming, as one joins a circle of friends and acquaintances. No formal bows or conversation should be entered into, before the hostess has received the oblation of the newcomer's respects. But to look like a fiend and act like a puppet, is a costly way of accomplishing the object in view.

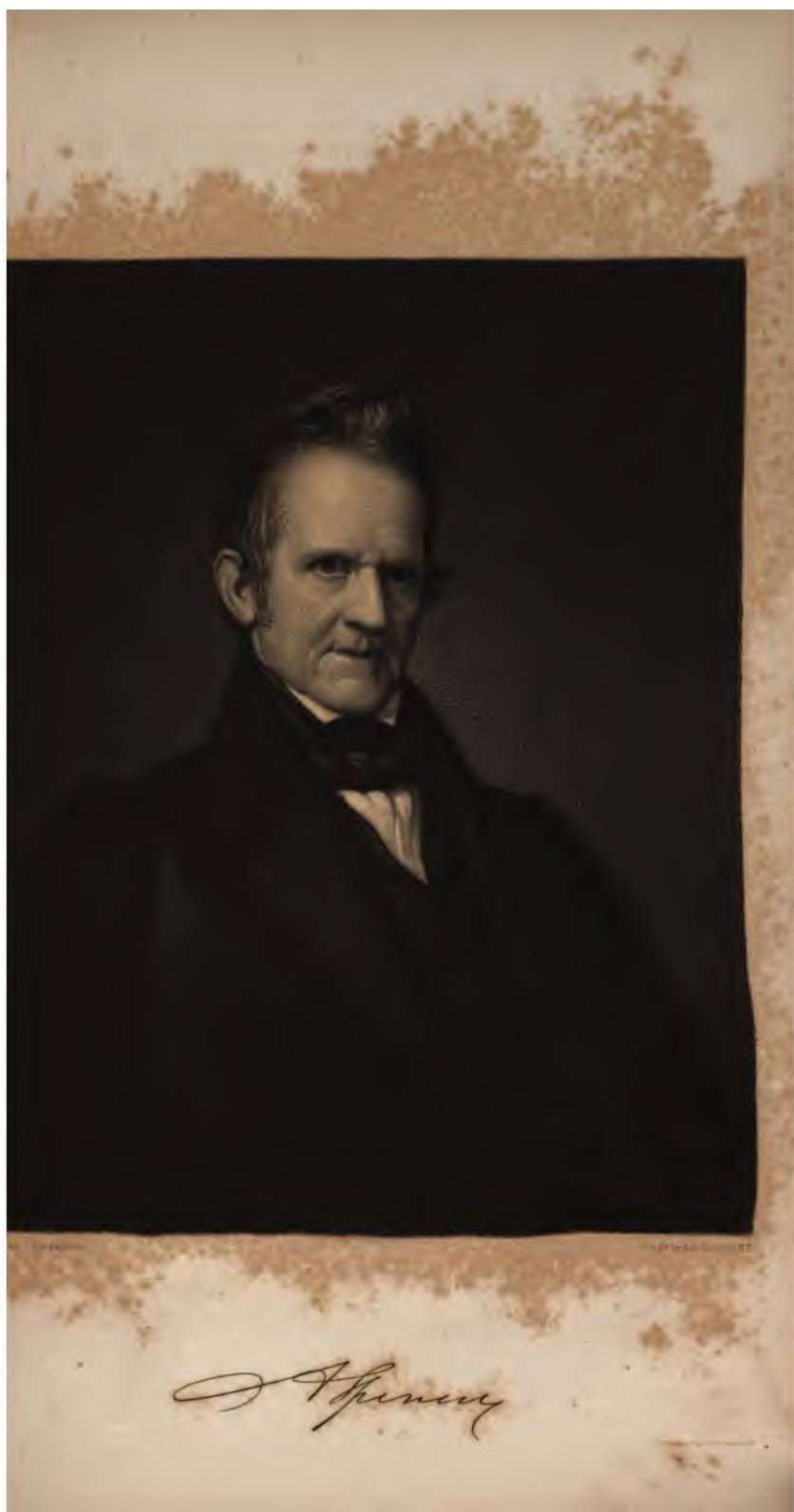
If the party is crowded, you will be obliged to slip by the hostess with a bare exchange of salutations ; but rather take the hint from her than make a movement of your own. If she glances inquiringly behind

you, you may be sure of a new comer, and pass on. Or if she gives some other sign of readiness to release you, accept it instantly. But avoid leaving her by herself in the middle of the room, like a statue of Patience. Juvenile gentlemen are frequently apt to let the lady of the house know that they regard her as a mere cumbrance, by swaggering up to her, and passing her with an air of impatience, to join those whom they are really anxious to see. The hostess ought to be made to feel, that her guests reckon her as at least as important a personage as any one in the room: no matter what may be their own unexpressed opinion on that point.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE are sorry to be obliged to cut off so abruptly our master in politeness. We offer all the amends in our power.

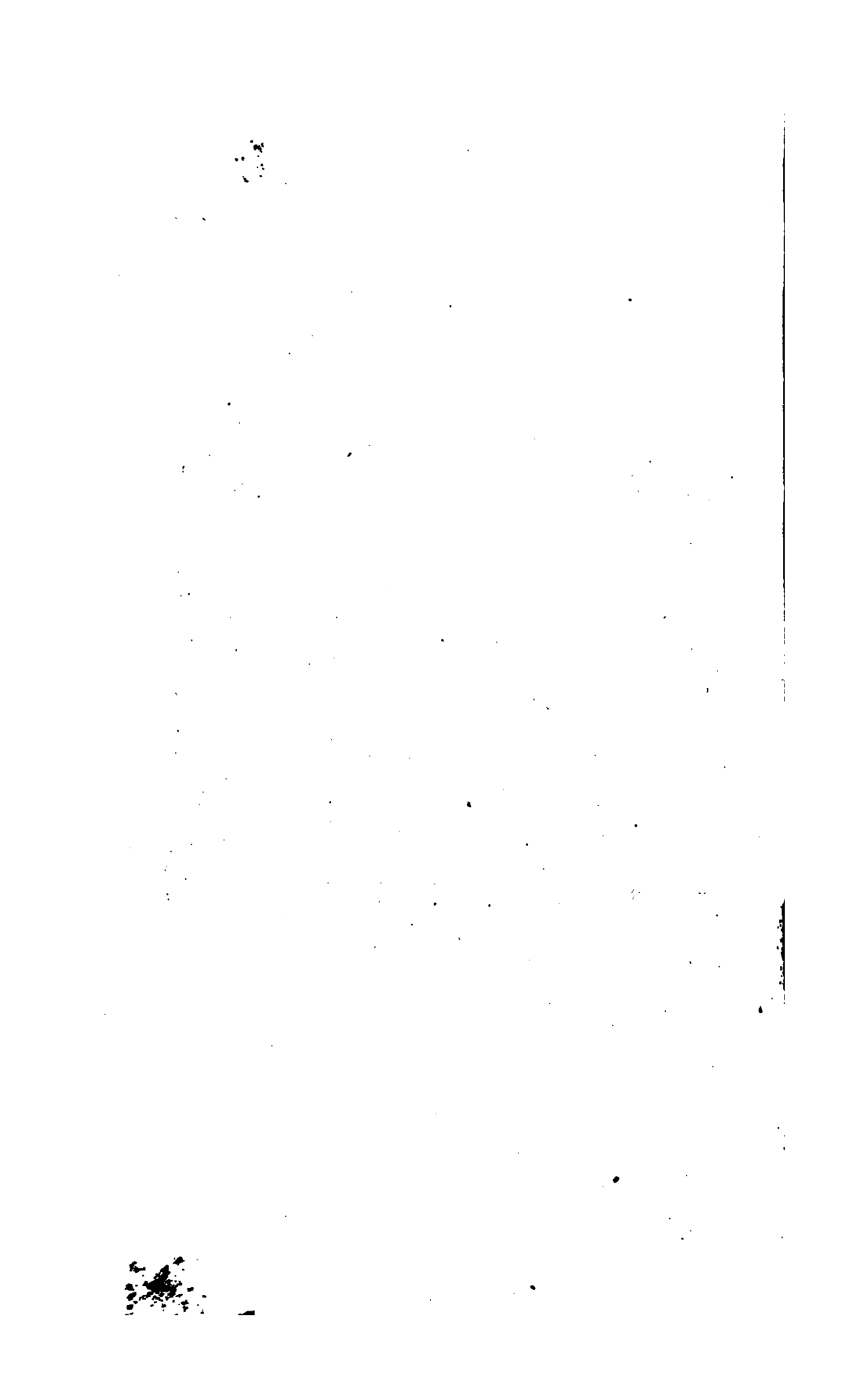
We present articles this month from distinguished gentlemen: among others the noted pioneer of American Deaf-Mute Charities—the Rev. THOMAS H. GALLAUDET; also from Rev. WALTER CLARKE, Rev. Dr. KIP and others.





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CHIEF JUSTICE SPENCER.

IT sometimes happens that a man of moderate powers is, by some fortunate accident, elevated to an important station; and not less frequently perhaps, that men of acknowledged abilities and accomplishments are never called forth from the walks of private life. In either case the task of the biographer is a constrained and difficult one. It is hard for a conscientious and generous man to tell the story of an individual, who holds a high place of which he is not worthy, and it is no less difficult for *any* man to do justice to the capacities of a great mind, that has always acted within a limited sphere, and never been quickened by the sense of public trust and responsibility. But where eminent intellectual and moral qualities exist, in connection with circumstances most favorable to their development and exercise—in other words, where a truly great man is found occupying an honorable and responsible post, devising and executing for the public weal, with the wisdom and energy of a master mind—there the office of the biographer becomes at once easy and pleasant; for he has no occasion to tax the faith of the reader for any thing in respect to the character of the man, which is not amply proved by the story of his life. In presenting to our readers a brief sketch of the late Chief Justice Spencer, we feel that we have this double advantage of having to deal not only with a great man, but a great man who for many years filled a wide

sphere of public usefulness, and we may add that what we are doing is, in the highest degree, a labor of love; as we were privileged, for many years, to reckon him among the most affectionate and honored of our friends.

Ambrose Spencer, was born at Salisbury, Connecticut, December 13, 1765. His father was a plain man, in moderate circumstances, but had a high sense of the value of intellectual culture, and determined, though at considerable sacrifice, to give to his son the advantage of a liberal education. Accordingly they (his father and Ambrose) joined Yale College in the autumn of 1782, and remained there three years, when, in consequence of operations of College being interrupted by the war, they were removed to Harvard University, where they were graduated in 1785. It is understood that the subject of our sketch was distinguished throughout his college life, for great industry and perseverance in every thing he undertook, and that, in the vigor of his powers as well as the extent of his acquisitions, he gave unequivocal presage of the distinction which he was destined to reach in subsequent life. We remember to have heard him, more than once, speak in terms of the highest praise of the instruction which he received from Dr. Samuel Williams, at that time a Professor at Cambridge; and he seems always to have regarded him as one of the most able and accomplished men with whom he was brought in contact in the course of his education. Dr. Williams, it is believed, is now chiefly known as the author of the *History of Vermont*.

Mr. Spencer was graduated, entered on the study of the law, and pursued his course under the direction of John Canham, a distinguished lawyer of Sharon, Connecticut, continued it under John Bay, at Claverack, and completed it under Ezekiel Gibert, of Hudson. His first appearance at the bar fulfilled the highest expectations of his friends, and no one doubted, from that time, that he was destined to hold a place among the brightest stars of the profession. Scarcely had he been admitted to the bar, before his high intelligence and uncompromising honesty began to mark him out for places of public trust. In 1786 he was appointed clerk of the town of Hudson—the place where he resided. In 1793 he was chosen to the Assembly of the State from Columbia County. In 1795 he was elected for three

years, and in 1798 was re-elected for four years, to the State Senate. In 1796, he was appointed to the office of Assistant Attorney General from Columbia and Rensselaer Counties. In 1802 he was appointed Attorney General of the State; and in 1804 Justice of the Supreme Court, of which, in 1819, he became Chief Justice. Having nearly reached the period at which his age forbade him to continue in the office of judge, he retired from the bench in January, 1823, while his faculties both of body and mind had shown no symptoms of decay; leaving the community to lament the loss, which they had prematurely sustained through the operation of what has generally been regarded a most absurd and unnecessary provision. From this period onward he devoted a few years to the practice of law, and also, for a time, held the office of Mayor of the city of Albany. In 1829, he was elected a member of Congress, where he served for one term with his accustomed ability and fidelity. Shortly after this, he removed to a farm in the vicinity of Albany, where for several years he was occupied chiefly in agricultural pursuits. In 1839, he took up his residence in the village of Lyons, New York; and there, in the full enjoyment of the *otium cum dignitate*, passed the residue of his days. The disease of which he died had been preying upon him for many months, but he endured it with great composure and fortitude, and enjoyed a constant ministration of the most devoted kindness from his children and friends. His death occurred on the 13th of March of the current year, at the age of eighty-three.

The character of Judge Spencer was formed of strong and bold materials, and was so marked in every feature as to make itself always and everywhere impressive. And with his extraordinary powers he combined an admirable clearness of thought, that brought him easily in contact with other minds, and gave to whatever he said or wrote an air of perfect transparency. He had no communion with that modern school of mystics, who live and move and have their being in the regions of dreamy speculation, and who, if they should do justice to their own views of genius, would paint it as dwelling in a dense mist. His mental operations were rapid, we might almost say, beyond those of any man whom we have ever known. The moment a difficult subject presented itself to his thoughts, he seemed to comprehend it in all its various rela-

tions, and to be able, almost by intuition, to relieve it of all perplexity, and throw it into the light of noon-day.

With this rare combination of high intellectual endowments, he united a moral constitution of a most decided character. Indeed, the strong thought for which he was so remarkable could never have existed independently of strong feeling. No important subject could engage his attention, but it seemed to absorb all the energies of his spirit; and not unfrequently he would communicate his own glowing fervor, as if by an electric power, to those with whom he was conversing. There are many who can remember occasions on which, in some earnest conversation that has taken strong hold of his feelings, he has, as it would seem, unconsciously to himself, risen from his seat, and poured forth a torrent of vehement, scathing eloquence, which would remind one of some of the most terrific bursts of the Grecian orator.

But notwithstanding the strength, we may say sternness of his nature,—meaning however by sternness, nothing more than a most fearless, uncompromising independence,—his heart was susceptible in a high degree of all the gentler and more tender emotions. His attachment to his friends was singularly strong; and there are not a few who remember how greatly he rejoiced in their happiness, and how ready he was to serve them, even at the expense of his own convenience. His letters to his daughter, many of which we have been allowed to read, breathe the warmest parental affection and solicitude, and are among the finest specimens of letters from a parent to a child that we remember to have met with.

He had naturally a keen sense of right and wrong, and few men were less tolerant than he in respect to manifest and palpable perverseness. If he regarded an individual as having been guilty of unworthy conduct, the feeling of disapprobation was very likely to sink into contempt; and such was his abhorrence of all disguise, that if he did not give utterance to it in the presence of the individual himself, it was probably for want of a suitable opportunity. Accustomed as he was to act in accordance with the rigid dictates of integrity and honour, he found it difficult to brook the least departure from either; and where such departure was once made manifest to him, it was no easy

matter for the individual ever to restore himself to the favor which he had forfeited.

In his personal aspect and bearing Judge Spencer was eminently favored. He was considerably more than six feet in height, was well proportioned in his frame, and vigorous and rapid in his movements. Even after he was past eighty, he was to be seen walking about with so firm and elastic a step, and conversing on every subject with such intelligence and power, that one could almost forget that he was a man of another generation. His countenance was the faithful index of his character,—bold, energetic and honest. If he had been a stranger in a foreign country, so much of majesty was there in his general aspect, that he could scarcely have walked the streets without being an object of attention. His manners, without the semblance of formality or affectation, had all the gracefulness and dignity of the court. He was at home in every circle, and could as easily accommodate himself to the humblest as to the loftiest intellect in society.

In the legal and judicial departments, no doubt, he earned his brightest laurels, and is destined to have his most enduring reputation. As a lawyer he was associated with a cluster of the brightest lights, perhaps of which, the profession in this country can boast,—among whom were Hamilton, Burr, and Harrison; and though he was greatly the junior of most of them, it is understood that his efforts at the bar, especially while he was Attorney-General, ranked well with the very highest legal efforts of the time. As a judge, it is perhaps safe to say that few men of any period have attained to a higher distinction. Here especially the wonderful quickness of his intellect, and his ability, as if by intuition, to search through the intricacies of any case; his superiority to petty intrigue, and his determination to adhere to his own honest convictions, let the result be what it might: in short, all the distinctive qualities of his intellectual and moral character here found full scope for their exercise. So proverbial was his impartiality in the exercise of this office, that we remember to have heard of an instance, in which an individual who was about to have an important cause tried before him, expressed his apprehension that he might suffer in the issue of the trial, from belonging to the same political party with the judge; for, said he, he is so much on his guard against the influence of political prejudice,

that if he errs at all, it will be likely to be in favor of his opponent. His whole course as a judge may be said to have been a brilliant one; and with this, too, no doubt, was connected the highest usefulness of his life.

It is hardly necessary to say that Judge Spencer was a keen and uncompromising politician. In the earlier part of his career, he sympathised strongly with the democracy of the country, but in the later divisions of parties, he showed himself an earnest and indomitable Whig. He noted carefully, to the close of life, every political party, and expressed his own views, openly, earnestly, and on all suitable occasions. No one could have been more deeply interested than he in the progress and final result of the Presidential election of 1844. He presided with great dignity at the Baltimore Whig Convention for the nomination of a candidate for the Presidency; and there are many who remember how cordially he approved of what was done on that occasion, and how his whole soul went into the mighty contest. He saw, or thought he saw, signs of portentous import in the management of our political concerns; and however men might dissent from his views, no one could have a doubt in respect to the honesty and strength of his convictions.

It is believed that, during his whole life, Judge Spencer evinced a high respect for christian institutions, and was accustomed to attend regularly on public worship. But, like many others of high official distinction, he suffered himself to be so much absorbed in public concerns, that he found little time to devote to his higher and more commanding interests. But after age had furrowed his visage and silvered his locks, he was led to a course of deep reflection and solemn self-communion, which resulted in a practical and ultimately a public assent to the truth and importance of Christianity. After having held the subject to his mind for a considerable time in earnest and anxious contemplation, he became a member of the Episcopal church at Lyons, the place of his residence, and from that time to his death he is understood to have evinced in his general conversation and deportment much of the christian temper. The severe features of his character were beautifully chastened and softened by the spiritual influence of the Gospel; and his friends, who saw him from day to day, felt that his path was constantly growing brighter. When the dis-

case, of which he finally died, began to develop itself, though he evidently had no expectation that it would have a fatal issue, he seemed willing to repose implicitly in the orderings of Divine Providence respecting him. And as the case gradually became more doubtful, his confidence in the wisdom and goodness of his Heavenly Father did not forsake him; and when it was demonstrated even to his own conviction, that he had but a little longer time to spend on earth, he exhibited more than ever the loving and trusting spirit of a child. His last days and hours are represented as having furnished a most edifying example of christian submission and faith; and those who were with him at the last, felt that they were standing around the bed of an expiring patriarch. His latter days were emphatically his best, for it was then that he learned to be absorbed in the paramount-interests of the world to come. He was indeed a truly great, useful and venerable man, and so posterity will record concerning him.

Judge Spencer was married three times; first to a daughter of Mr. Canfield, his instructor in Law, and afterwards successively to two sisters of DeWitt Clinton. His last wife he survived several years. He has left four children, all occupying places of usefulness and responsibility; one of whom is the Hon. John C. Spencer, late Secretary of the Treasury of the United States.

THE LAST NIGHT IN ENGLAND.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Hark, to the midnight clock.

The faint Spring Moon
Looks down on the Son's heights, while at their feet
Sleeps the quick-tempered Avon. Graceful domes
Catch silver from its beams, as lone I muse,

Listing for the last time, the noon of night
Told out from yon grey tower.

For the last time!

And so, farewell, Old England. Oft my heart
In careless childhood, long'd to see thy face,
For like a Mother, thou didst tell me tales,
Of knight, and tournament, and ladye-love,
The hooded falcon, on her finger's tip,
And sing me minstrel lays, and ballad chimes,
Till I forgot my play.

Well hast thou kept
The glowing promise to my fancy made,
Opening thy treasures to my graver eye,
Thy classic domes, and abbies' letter'd aisles,
Baronial palaces, and cottage homes,
Where the plump infant fills its hand with flowers,—
Still, with thy rich, cathedral melodies
Soothing my soul.

But at this parting hour,
'Twere sad to think I ne'er may see thee more,
Save that my western home so beckoneth me,
Peering with vine-clad porch across the wave,
That on my brow I feel its breath of joy,
Sweeping all clouds away.

I give thee thanks
For kindly words, and hospitalities
Sweet to the stranger. Wonderful art thou,
With thy few leagues of billow beaten rock,
Lifting thy trident o'er the farthest seas,
And making to thyself, in every clime,
Some tributary. Still extend thy hand,
Oh white-cliff'd Albion, o'er the wat'ry deep,
Grasping my Country in a true embrace.
For whatso'er doth bind those christian lands
In amity, is dear,—whether the threads
That Genius, like the venturous spider throws
High o'er the gulf of ages,—or such links
As Science forges, or bold Commerce turns
To golden chains, weaving like her of old,
Philistia's sorceress, with the pen and web
The mighty dreamer's locks.

Once more,—farewell!
And let no hostile purpose spring to birth,

Between our realms. For History hath not grav'd
So strange a madness on her time-worn scroll,
As this would be—Mother 'gainst Daughter set
In reckless warfare, shedding kindred blood.
No. Show your faith's true glory, by its fruits
Of peace, and charity.

So, may ye stand
Until the strong Archangel, with his foot
On Sea and Land, shall toll the knell of time.

THE ECONOMY OF SNOW.

Although our subject concerns only the utility of the beautiful meteor known as snow, the temptation to treat of the topic æsthetically—to dwell upon the marvellous magnificence and minute peculiarities of the phenomenon itself—is almost irresistible. It is a rare thought to indulge, when standing among the eddies of flakes as they circle in the wintry blast, that a world of crystals is falling around us; that every crystal is shaped to a beauty more exact than the finest work of art, and variously moulded* into pyramids, prisms, stars, feathery shafts, and all these combined; that these crystals are all as transparent as the clearest glass, but whitened by the reflection of the light intercepted within their innumerable sides: that, although clear and regular in form as the hardest jewel, yet are they light enough to fly on the wind, and delicate enough to dissolve into water at a single touch: that these flakes are susceptible of surprising differences of size,—when the air scarcely touches the freezing point, falling a full inch in diameter, and when the biting air congeals them almost into dust, coming down in misty and impalpable clouds. But we have no time to dwell upon such points as these.

It has long been understood, that snow is a protection to vegetation, shielding it from the excessive and too long continued

* Scoresby enumerates six hundred varieties of snow crystals.

rigors of the winter's frosts. But it has been quite recently settled, at there is an actual increase of heat under snow. Experiments show a difference of several degrees between the temperature of snow near the surface and at a few inches' depth below the surface. Many plants, which survive cold seasons when the ground is occasionally wrapped in a robe woven of countless flakes of frozen moisture, are killed during what are called open winters. Plants die during winter in England, which flourish in the colder but more snowy regions of the Alps. While the growth of a very large number of the vegetables, necessary for the sustenance of human life, is so timed, as to give a full opportunity for their maturity *between* the vicissitudes of cold—seed-time and harvest within the few warm months of the year,—still, there is a large class of plants which require more than one year's life to bring them to full and luxuriant growth—the grasses and the trees—and it is needful that during their torpid life in winter the roots, which contain the spring of life, should not be stiffened into death by the perpetual succession of frosts. It becomes plain, therefore, that the fall of snow is one of the chief blessings of the temperate climes; allowing us all the many physical and moral advantages of a bracing winter, while it prevents the roots of the tender herbage from dying under the penetrating touch of the cold.

The very form of the snow is exactly adapted to this purpose. It comes in particles as light as feathers and fills every hollow and indentation of the ground's surface, and seems to be folded like a flexible robe over it. If the moisture of the air froze into hard, stone-like pieces, such as the hail, or came down in the form of solid ice, it would not only injure man and beast and plants by its pelting force, but would furnish no close and snug covering for the ground, through which the air is slowly filtered and in quantities just sufficient to sustain the low vitality of vegetation.

The cause of the deadly cold, under which vegetable nature pines, is the rapid radiation of heat. The texture of snow renders it a bad conductor and heat is radiated with slowness through its subtle fibres.

Nature exhibits her usual proneness for variety in the amount of protection she sends to the earth. Sometimes the covering is scanty and is rent away by a short attack of sunshine or rain.—Again it comes in immensa¹ remains long, jealously

fostering the germs of life beneath it. When the snows first commence, they are usually light and fleeting, but when the rigors of frost demand it in the dead of winter, they pile fold on fold of their shining drapery around the chilled face of nature. In all these things we see the wisdom of the Divine Power, which, in more senses than one, "GIVETH SNOW LIKE WOOL"—like wool, in its whiteness, delicate texture and beneficent warmth.

But snow is not only beneficial in respect to vegetable life; it affects favorably animal existence itself. It is universally known that it is used by the poor Esquimaux as the building material of their huts. It is all that they can procure, as no timber is to be found on their sterile shores. For them it makes a most comfortable shelter, as impervious to the blast as the plastered wall or the slated roof. It is a well-known fact, too, that the air is warmed by the falling snow, much heat being thrown off in the process of changing atmospheric vapor into frozen crystals.

The color of snow, however, is perhaps one of the most remarkable features of its economy. It is white, of the purest kind and degree—the color that reflects almost all the heat it receives, instead of absorbing, like black and the other dark colors. If snow were black, so much would the bitter cold of the arctic regions be increased, that it is not probable that animal life could be sustained there. Black absorbs nearly all the heat it receives, and reflects next to none into the atmosphere. It is for this reason that we see such an illimitable variety of hues, especially the dark colors, beautifying the tropics. If the surface of natural objects was there of a prevailing white color, the heat would be intolerable.

Another benefit arising from the color of snow is this: the rapid radiation of heat from such pure white and the slight absorbing power peculiar to this absence of color, prevents its rapid melting. In countries where immense quantities of snow are found, if snow was black and absorbed instead of reflecting the burning rays of the sun, the swift and complete melting of the mass would cause terrific inundations, which would make the whole of the polar regions uninhabitable.

The color (or rather the no color) of snow gives an advantage in respect to light. The polar regions are not lighted by the sun for many months together. This long night would be

cheerless indeed, if it overhung chaotic blackness below. But as a bright carpet of snow reflects the faint light which streams down from the sky, the dismal scene is in a measure relieved by this dim radiance.

But why, it may be asked, is the sterile mountain covered with deep and perpetual snow? Its rocky sides are bald of all vegetation, such as needs the protection of a dense mass of snow.—But the snows of the mountains are by no means useless. In many torrid regions, the winds that blow down the sides of the whitened steeps carry coolness and health with them. In Mexico they temper the burning air with that cool play, which makes the summer of northern latitudes so grateful. Besides this, the perpetual snows of the mountains perform other offices of good. It is from them that rivers take their source. Their inexhaustible moisture gushes out at the touch of the sun, finds a thousand paths through the mountain gorges and finally forms gigantic streams, which thunder down the mountains and then subside to placid but powerful streams in the valley below, fertilizing millions of acres. They pour down, perhaps, into torrid regions, refreshing the air as well as the soil and supplying with moisture lands rarely visited by the rains. The water that comes from melted snow, is said to contain an unusual quantity of oxygen, which gives the greatest spring to the vitality of herbage.

In the opening part of our article, we hinted that an discussion concerned rather the economy than the beauty of snow. Perhaps we should have said that, in respect to snow, as in countless millions of natural objects in the world, beauty is a *part* of its economy. External graces are manifestly designed to serve some useful moral purpose. Otherwise beauty would not so far prevail around us. Waste and profusion, too, are a part of the *economy* of nature—because they subserve some higher end than mere material use. Perhaps the purpose is to enlarge the desires and ambition of mankind above a narrow utilitarian scope; to show us that good does not consist of those things only that go into the mouth or clothe the person or appease the appetites; to show man, that after all his toils for his slender possessions, the world is full, even to waste, of treasures of beauty, which he can neither create nor appropriate. Certainly, there is something

morally cheering about what is externally beautiful. Perhaps, without it we should all live in suicidal despair. If we did not have something to distract us from the dull round, imposed upon us by the necessities of our nature, we might abhor so senseless a life. But the smile of beauty,—the evidences of benevolent design,—the signs of inexhaustible riches and power, are all around us and we take courage at the thought that we must be in the hands of Infinite Goodness, which has not formed us in vain.

In the polar regions, the beauty of snow seems almost necessary, not only because it furnishes light during the long nights of the year, as we have already mentioned—but because it relieves in manifold ways, the gloom of those cheerless regions. No sweet prospect of gray hill and green valley, no phantasmagoria of infinitely various colors, no streams reposing in the laps of rich meadows, enliven there the dull sensibilities of man. But the inhabitant of the arctic regions has all around him the color least tiresome to the eye; and when the aurora shoots its magnetic rays into the sky, heightened to dazzling effulgence by the reflections of illimitable fields of snow, he lives in a glow of beauty, unsurpassed in any clime. Sometimes, too, the fields around him are of the deepest crimson, overgrown with minute vegetable particles, tenacious enough of life to flourish on beds of snow. And sometimes, this mimic vegetation has a green hue, making a cold bank of frozen crystals rival the meadow-sward of the temperate zones.*

Even among us, the wintry prospect is cheered by the presence of snow. Clothing dead nature like a shroud, it hides the marks of decay and even binds robes of beauty around the withered and desolate scene. And very often, when mixed with rain, it offers rich material to the cunning fingers of the frost, for turning the whole face of nature into a miracle of splendor. We have seen the trunks of the grove polished like marble shafts and overhung with a mass of crystals, surpassing the stalactites and stalagmites of mammoth grottoes. Every branch has been fringed with pendent jewels. Flashing in the silver lustre of the moon or burning in the beams of the sun, the scene has reminded us of the fabled arcades of fairy-land, where trees bear fruits of pre-

* This explanation of the phenomena of red and green snow seems now to be generally believed.

cious stones and silver pillars line the walks. Such wonders of beauty as the winter of the North often presents, are calculated to stir even the vulgarest mind with cheering thoughts. The hear is elevated, if not made thankful, and we wonder at the Power which makes all seasons beautiful; which decks even rugged winter in robes of lustrous white, and hangs myriads of jewels upon its bare and withered members.

NOVEMBER.

They call thee saddest month of all the year,
In England; and in that benighted isle,
Where Nature's face is seldom seen to smile,
Some force of reason in it doth appear :
But not so in my native land ; for here,
Even while I write, a flood of light pours in,
Clear, warm, and bright, as if it sought to win
My random mood to thoughts of happy cheer.
Yon growing wood, which, but a month ago,
Wore the gay livery of green and red,
Marks, with a seeming pride, the mass below
Of faded leaves, all withered, crushed, and dead,
As if it knew that the returning Spring
Would added strength and fresher verdure bring.

Hartford.

H. A. B.

THE JESUIT MISSION AT HUDSON'S BAY, IN 1694.

(Continued from page 208.)

On the 28th, at 8 o'clock in the evening, a light trade wind which came from the South enabled us to advance well on our way during the two or three days that it lasted. On the 31st, the wind changed a little, but nevertheless without ceasing to be favorable for us. It brought with it however a heavy fog, which prevented us from seeing the land, which we supposed to be not far distant, and to which we were in fact very near. In the middle of the day the weather cleared, and we saw without difficulty the coast bordered with a great quantity of rocks, which they named "Sugar-loaves"—(*pains de sucre*), because they were of that shape. They were entirely covered with snow. In the evening we entered the strait through which we had to pass in going to Hudson's Bay.

This strait, which is called the canal or strait of the North, is very difficult of navigation on account of the islands of ice which are continually forming in this cold climate, and through this passage discharge themselves into the open sea. The shores of the strait run generally WNW and ESE. At both ends of it there are some islands situated on the southern shore. Those which are found at the entrance of the strait—at the Eastern end towards Europe—are called the Bouton Islands. They are in Lat 60° and some minutes. Those which are situated at the other extremity of the same strait, are called the Dignes Islands. They are in about 63° . Besides these there are many others scattered through the strait, which is 135 leagues in length. Its least breadth is seven or eight leagues, but it is generally much wider. We saw from time to time large bays, especially near the Bouton Islands. There is one in particular much larger than the rest, by which they say it is possible to go to the southern extremity of the Bay of Hudson; but this is very doubtful.

It often takes a long time to go through this strait, but we made the passage very happily in four days. We entered it at 4 o'clock in the morning of the 1st of September, and left it on the 5th, also in the morning, with a wind very favorable, but which increased

very much on the 6th. On the 7th, the weather was calm, which gave more than fifty persons an opportunity of receiving the sacrament on the next day, which was the Festival of the Nativity of the Holy Virgin.

The calm continued on the 8th, the 9th, and the 10th, which caused much sadness and disquietude among all the crew. I therefore expected our Canadians to implore the protection of St. Anne, whom they regard as the patron saint of the country, and all honor with much piety. My proposition was received with joy, and we engaged to make during all that day, both morning and evening, our public prayers in honor of that saint. During the following night the wind became favorable.

On the 12th we discovered the North land, (*la terre du Nord*), but below the point we wished to make. The wind having again become contrary, we beat about during several days without making any headway, and were at length obliged to cast anchor. We now began to suffer much—the cold increased—and our water was almost exhausted. In this extremity our Canadians came to me with a proposal, that they should make a vow to St. Anne, to consecrate to her honor the first gain they made in this country. I approved of their design after communicating it to M. d'Iberville. At the same time I exhorted them to strive after their own sanctification, since it was the purity of their lives which rendered their vows agreeable to God. The greater part profited by my advice, and came to confession and received the sacrament. The following day the sailors wished to follow the example of the Canadians, and make the same vow which they had done; while M. d'Iberville and the other officers took the lead in the movement. The following night, which was that of the 21st of September, God gave us a favorable wind.

On the 24th, at 6 o'clock in the evening, we entered the river Bourbon. The joy was great through the whole crew. It was on Friday, and we chanted the hymn, *Vexilla Regis*, and above all, that of *O Cruz ave*, which we repeated many times in honor of the adorable Cross of our Savior, in a country where it was unknown to the Indians, and where it had been so often profaned by the heretics, who had thrown down with contempt all the crosses which we the French had in other times erected there.

This river, to which the French have given the name of Bour-

bon, is called by the English, the river Porquetton; from whence it happens, that many of the French still call the territories around, the country of Porquetton. The river is deep and broad, and extends far into the heart of the country, but as it is filled with rapids, it is less convenient for the trade of the Indians. For this reason the English have not built their fort on its banks. At the South-East of the river Bourbon, and in the same bay, another river empties, equally great, which the first discoverers called the river of St. Therese, because the wife of him who first saw it bore the name of that holy saint.

These two rivers are only separated by a low tongue of land, which forms in both of them very extensive shallows. The mouths of these rivers are in Lat. 57° and some minutes. They both run to the same point of the compass, and for a long distance their channels are not more than one or two leagues apart. The shallows with which they are filled render them dangerous to large vessels. But as this difficulty exists to a less extent in the river Bourbon, it was determined that the *Poli* should winter there, while the *Salamandre* was placed in the river St. Therese, on the banks of which the English had built their fort, on the tongue of land which separates the two rivers.

We arrived, as I said before, in the river Bourbon, on the 24th, at 6 o'clock in the evening. The same night they sent a party of our people on shore to attempt to surprise some of the English. They found however much difficulty in landing on account of the shallows, and were obliged to cast themselves into the water, while the ice which lined the banks furnished an additional obstacle. Among those who were sent on shore was an Iroquois Indian, whom on leaving Quebec they had requested me to baptize. I had hitherto deferred this rite, to allow time for his further instruction, but now seeing the perils to which he was exposed, I did not think it right to put it off any longer. One of our Canadians however who spoke the Iroquois language, had been of great service to me in preparing him for that step. The people whom we had sent on shore were not able to surprise any of the English, because we had been seen the moment of our arrival, and they had all immediately retired within their works, but on the 25th they brought off two Indians, whom they had taken near the fort.

M. d'Iberville had been on the same day to sound the river, and look for a place where our vessel could be sheltered during the winter. We found one which was very commodious, and after having visited those whom he had caused to debark, and given them his orders, he charged M. de Serigny with the care of taking the Poli round to the place assigned, and then on the 27th went himself on board of the Salamandre, whither I followed him.

On the evening of the same day we arrived at the mouth of the river St. Therese, nor did we fail on entering it, to place ourselves under the protection of that holy saint. In the middle of the night M. d'Iberville departed to sound this second river. On the 28th, we advanced up it a league and a half, by means of the tide, the winds being ahead. The rest of the day was employed in sounding both shores. On the 29th we again made a short league, and M. d'Iberville went on shore to mark out his camp, and the spot alongside of which he intended the ship to lay. He found one which he liked, about half a league below the fort. A large point of land, sufficiently high, extended into the river, and thus formed a kind of bay, in which the ship could be entirely sheltered from the drifting of the ice, which is to be very much feared in the Spring. Orders were accordingly issued for those of our people who had already landed, to encamp in this place. They were not more than 20 in number, but the Indians of the country had reported to the English that they were more than 40 or 50, which intelligence had always deterred them from going out of the fort.

On the 30th, it was impossible for us to advance. The 1st of October found us still in the same state, the wind always ahead, and as we ran aground at each low tide, it was impossible to tack. The wind too, and the cold, and the ice increased every day. We thus found ourselves only one league from the place where we ought to debark, but in danger of never reaching it. At length the crew began to be alarmed; but I exhorted them to trust to the protection of God, who had never yet deserted them in their voyage. On board the Salamandre they made the same run which had already been made in the Poli, and on that very day the wind changed and became favorable.

At eight o'clock in the evening we weighed anchor, the moon

being very bright, and favored by the tide, our boat rowed by six oars towed the ship, and conducted it even within gun-shot of the place where we wished to go. We were still however not able to land there, for the tide left us. In passing the fort they gave us three or four discharges from their cannon, but their bullets did not reach us. Our Canadians only answered them with the *Sassa Koues*; which is the name the Indians have bestowed on the peculiar cries they make in sign of rejoicing.

On the 2d we thought our vessel would have been lost. As we got under way, in the hope of immediately making the port, which, so to speak, we were just touching, a great whirlwind of snow concealed the land from us, while a violent North-west wind threw us on a shallow, where we grounded at high tide. Here we passed a most dismal night. At 6 in the evening, the ice, brought down by the current and thrust on by the wind, commenced striking against the ship with a noise so frightful, that it might have been heard at the distance of a league. This crashing continued four or five hours. The ice shocked the vessel so rudely, that it pierced the wood, and stripped it off in many places to the breadth of three or four fingers. M. d'Iberville, to lighten the vessel, thought best to throw overboard on the shallow 12 pieces of cannon, and divers other things which the water could not destroy, and which would not be injured by remaining there. He afterwards made a covering on the sand for these pieces of cannon, for fear lest they should be dragged off in the Spring by the drifting of the ice.

On the 3d the wind having somewhat moderated, M. d'Iberville determined to commence discharging the ship, which was every moment in danger of perishing. We were unable to use the boat for this purpose, because it was not possible to manage it amongst the ice, which was constantly carried by in great quantities. We therefore employed bark-canoes, which we had brought with us from Quebec, and which our Canadians guided through the midst of the ice with wonderful skill.

For some days afterwards I was unwell, and had at the same time a fever. M. d'Iberville pressed me to go on shore, but I could not make up my mind to quit the vessel in the peril in which it then was, and in the midst of the alarm in which I saw all the crew. I was constrained however to do so by the sad

news which we shortly afterwards received. M. de Châteauguai, a young officer of nineteen years of age, and the brother of M. d'Iberville, had gone to discharge his gun towards the English fort, to occupy their attention, and prevent their having any knowledge of our embarrassments. Having however advanced too far, he was wounded by a ball which passed through him from side to side. He sent for me to confess him, and I had myself transported thither to the camp. We at first thought his wound was not mortal, but were very shortly undeceived, for he died the next day.

We had just before this received news of the *Poli*, and learned that his ship was not in less danger than our own. The winds, the shallows, and the ice, had all been obstacles in its way. At one time, while aground, it received a severe shock in its keel. Four pumps were not sufficient to discharge the water which flowed in, and many barrels of flour were wet in clearing the ship. It was not yet relieved, and there was danger of its never being able to reach the place where it ought to winter.

So much sad intelligence did not in any way damp the courage of M. d'Iberville. He was deeply touched by the death of his brother, whom he had always tenderly loved, but he made it a sacrifice to God, in whom he wished to place all his confidence. Forseeing that the least sign of inquietude which might appear on his countenance, would throw all into consternation, he always sustained himself with wonderful firmness, giving every body something to do, active himself, and sending forth his orders with the same presence of mind as ever. But on the same day God consoled him. The very same tide placed both vessels out of danger, and conducted each one to the place which had been marked out for it.

On the 5th I baptized two infant children of one of the Indians. They had been ill for a long time, and I now judged they were in danger. I was the more urgent to baptize them, because the next day the Indians were to depart, to spend the winter in the forests at a distance from us. But before I baptized them I obtained from the father a promise, that if they recovered he would bring them back to me in the spring to be instructed. They were both children of the same father, but of different mothers, polygamy being customary among the Indians in this country. One of

the two afterwards died, and the father brought back the survivor to me in the following spring, as he had promised. For some time afterwards we were busy in building huts for ourselves, in unloading the vessel and in preparing for the siege.

On the 9th I departed, to return to the Poli, when M. de Tilly, a Lieutenant, had been dangerously ill for several days. It was the first journey I had made through an American forest. The ground over which we passed was very marshy, and we were obliged to take circuitous routes to avoid the swamps. The water had begun to freeze, but the ice not being yet sufficiently strong to bear our weight, we often sunk in half way up the leg. We made thus five leagues on the snow and in the forests, if indeed we may use that word, for in this country they have no open woods. The trees are mingled up in some places with thickets and brambles, and then again in others they are interspersed with clear savannas.

When at length we reached the banks of the river Bourbon, we found ourselves very much embarrassed. The ship was on the other side, and the river in this place a league and a half wide, very rapid, and at that time filled with floating ice. Those who had accompanied me judged the passage impracticable, and I had some difficulty in overcoming their opposition. But a little while after, the river became clear, the ice having drifted away with the falling of the tide. We therefore embarked immediately, after having carried our canoe over the ice which had formed along the banks of the river. We set out at sunset, and arrived in safety at the beginning of the night.

We found the ship in a safe and commodious place, and the crew beginning to recover from their past fatigues. I saw the sick man to whom I administered the consolations of our faith, received his confession the next day, and gave him the Sacrament. After dinner, I went to visit our Canadians and sailors, who had established themselves in huts on shore. On my return they informed me that the passage of the river was again practicable, and I immediately embarked, as I had promised to return without delay on account of the expected attack on the fort. Reaching the other side very late, we put up a hut in which to pass the night. We had built it with much carelessness as we trusted to the clearness of the sky, an oversight which we had cause after-

wards to repent of, for we were during three hours exposed to a heavy fall of snow.

On the 11th, we reached our camp, where everything was in readiness for the seige. They had made through the woods an excellent road on which to transport their cannon, the mortars and bombs. On the 12th, they fixed their mortars, and on the 13th, as they were ready to open on the fort, they sent to summon the enemy to capitulate, offering them favorable terms if they would surrender immediately. They asked until 8 o'clock the next morning to give their answer, and requested that we would not disturb them during the night, about the fort. This was accordingly granted them. The next morning at the hour appointed, they brought forward their conditions, which were at once assented to, for they did not even demand to retain their arms or tents. Their minister had given the terms of capitulation in latin, and I acted as interpreter on our side. The English had been seized with fear on our first arrival, and from that time had kept themselves entirely shut up, without even daring to go out at night, to procure water from the river which flowed at the base of the fort.

The same day M. d'Iberville sent his Lieutenant, M. du Tas to take possession. He went thither himself on the morrow, the Festival of Saint Therese, and named it Fort Bourbon. The same day I celebrated the Mass there and chanted the *Te Deum*. The fort was only of wood, both smaller and weaker than we had supposed, and the booty we had gained was also much less than we had hoped for. The English were 53 in number, all large men and well made, but those who commanded them were much more skillful in commerce than in the profession of arms, in which they had never been exercised. It was for this reason that they surrendered so easily. In all these things we could not but admire the wonderful arrangement of divine Providence. On entering the river of St. Therese, we had with confidence invoked the protection of the holy Saint whose name the river bore, and God arranged every thing in such a manner, that on the very day of the Festival of the same Saint we should obtain possession of the fort, which renders us masters of the navigation and all the commerce of this great river.

The same day I thought it well to return on a visit to M. de Tilly, whom I had left very ill. I set out therefore after dinner, and

reached the banks of the river Bourbon, but found the crossing absolutely impracticable. We therefore erected our hut, and spent the whole night there. The next day, the river being no better, we made on the banks fires which sent up high columns of smoke, this being the signal agreed on to announce the capture of the fort. They replied by similar signals, and we returned to the fort. Three days afterwards, that is to say, on the 18th of October, I joined M. de Caumont, a brother of M. de Tilly, and two other persons their relatives, together with a Canadian, in an attempt to pass over together to the Poli. We again found the river in a very bad state, and the next day it was no better. Nevertheless, we determined to risk the passage, which was not accomplished without great danger, but at last we arrived safely. I did not again leave the sick man until the 28th, which was the day of his death. After the funeral services were over, I wished to return to the fort to celebrate the Festival of All-saints, but was unable to pass that river until All-soul's Day.* We lost our way that night in the woods, and after wandering for a long time found ourselves in the place from which we set out. There we passed the night, and reached the fort on the 3d of November. I have since often made these little journeyings; for disease, and particularly the scurvy, having spread among our crew, I was constantly obliged to go from the fort to the Poli, and from the Poli to the fort, to assist the sick. I had myself some slight attacks of the scurvy, but the exercise I was obliged to take, in aiding here and there those who were in some danger, dissipated, what I believe to have been the commencement of the malady.

At the commencement of October, the river St. Therese was entirely closed by ice three or four leagues above the fort, where there are some islands which render the channel very narrow; but we did not begin passing over on it opposite to the fort, until the 13th of November. The river Bourbon was not entirely closed until the night of Jan. 23d. 1695. After this we were able to pass over to the Poli on the ice, which very much shortened our journey. The ice commenced breaking up in the river St. Therese on the 30th of May, but in the river Bourbon, not until the 11th of June. On the 30th of July, we embarked to go with one or

* In the Roman Calendar, All-saints' day is Nov. 1st, and All-souls' day, the 2d, Nov. 2d.—K.

two ships to the roadstead at the mouth of the river St. Therese, to await the arrival of the English ships, which are accustomed to come there at that season. However, we waited for them in vain, for none ever appeared.

I had undertaken on my arrival to learn the language of the Indians, and for this purpose wished to avail myself of the services of two of them who had remained during the winter in a hut near the fort. But my frequent excursions from one river to the other were a great hindrance, besides which, the man was a slave from another nation and only imperfectly knew their language, while his wife, who had a deep hatred of the French, never spoke to me except in waywardness, and often purposely deceived me. Nevertheless, the visits which I made them had one good effect. I had gained the confidence of this poor man and begun to instruct him as far as was in my power, when he fell sick. He then wished for baptism, which I had the satisfaction of administering to him before his death.

I will now relate what I have been able to learn about the Indians of this country. There are seven or eight different nations which trade at the fort, and this year 1695, more have arrived than usual. The number of canoes amounted to more than 300. The farthest distant, the most numerous, and the most powerful, are the *Assiniboëls* and the *Krigs*, or otherwise the *Kiristinnons* ;* and it is only necessary to learn the languages of these two nations. The language of *Krigs*, which is *Algonquine*, and that of the Indians nearest the fort, is the same except in some few words, and a very little variation of accent. But the language of the *Assiniboëls* is very different from this, being the same as that of the *Scioux* to whom my brother has made two journeys. They even assert that the *Assiniboëls* are a tribe of the *Scioux*, who separated from them a long time ago, and have since been engaged in constant wars with them. The *Krigs*, and the *Assiniboëls*, are allies, who have the same enemies and engage in the same wars. Many of the *Assiniboëls*, speak the *Krigs'* language, and many of the *Krigs* that of the *Assiniboëls*.

The *Krigs* are numerous, and the country very great, for they extend even to Lake Superior, where many of them go to trade.

* In all cases, the orthography of these Indian names has been preserved unchanged from the manner in which it was written by the Jesuits.—K.

I have seen those among them who had been to *Sault de Sainte Marie* and *Michilimakinak*. The river Bourbon extends even to the Lake of the *Krigs*. To go there takes from 20 to 25 days ; while it requires 30 or 40 days to reach the country of the *Assiniboels*.

These Indians are well made in body, large, robust, active, and unured to cold or fatigue. The *Assiniboels* are accustomed to make large drawings on their bodies, representing serpents, birds, and figures of various other kinds. They impress them by pricking the skin with little pointed bones, and then filling the holes with the dust of powdered charcoal. They are sedate in disposition, and may even be said to be phlegmatic. The *Krigs* are more lively, always in motion, always dancing or singing. They are both brave and fond of war. We might compare the *Assiniboels* to the Flemings, and the *Krigs* to the Gascons, their dispositions being in effect similar to those of these two nations. These Indians have no villages, nor any fixed abode. They are always roving and wandering, living by the chase and fishing. In the summer, however, they collect by the lakes, where they remain two or three months, and afterwards go to gather the *material* of their provisions.

The Indians who are nearest this place, live only by the chase. They are continually ranging the woods, without settling down in any particular place, either in summer or winter, unless where they find themselves particularly successful in hunting. Then they build their wigwams there, and remain until there is nothing left to eat. They are often obliged to pass three or four days without taking any nourishment on account of their own improvidence. Like the others they are inured to cold and accustomed to fatigue ; but in other respects, they are slothful, timid, lazy stupid, and every way vicious.

With regard to the religion they profess, it is, I believe, the same as that of other Indians, but I am not as yet sufficiently acquainted with it, to speak definitely of the nature of their idolatry. I know that they have some kind of sacrifices, they have grand Jugglers, and like the other Indians, a custom of the pipe, which they call calumet. They are accustomed to smoke with reference to the sun, and absent persons, and sometimes with reference to our fort and our ship. Nevertheless, I am able to say

nothing certain with regard to their ideas of the Divinity, not having been able to comprehend them. I can only add, that they are extremely superstitious, very depraved, that they live in the practice of polygamy, and in an estrangement as great as possible from any thing like Christianity.

Thus we perceive, my Reverend Father, that it will be very difficult to establish our faith among this people. I think that if we wish to make any progress, it will be necessary to commence with the *Krigs* and the *Assiniboëls*. Besides other considerations, these Indians are very numerous—they seem to me not so far removed as the rest from all ideas of religion—they have more spirit—and are settled during at least three or four months of the year. It would therefore be more easy to form a mission in their country. I am indeed truly sensible of the difficulties in the way of its establishment. In truth, I doubt whether our first fathers in their earliest missions in Canada, encountered as many as seem here to threaten. But we must not be deterred by these things. God will take care of us, and I trust that the more of pain and toil these missions seem to promise, so much the more will missionaries be found, who will offer themselves to God to be there his messengers.

It only remains for me, my reverend Father, to speak of the climate and the temperature of this country. The fort, as I have before said, is in the 57° of north latitude, situated at the mouth of two fine rivers, but the soil there is very sterile. It is a country entirely marshy, except where it is interspersed with savannas. We find but little wood, and even that very small. For the distance of more than three or four leagues from the fort, there is not in any direction an open forest. This undoubtedly happens from the violent winds which ordinarily blow from the sea—the intense cold, and the snows, which are constantly found here. The cold commences in the month of September, and is soon sufficiently severe to fill the rivers with ice, and sometimes even to freeze them entirely. The ice does not depart before the month of June, but even then we are not freed from the cold.

It is true, there are during this time some warm days, (for there is scarcely any interval between the oppressive heat and the severe cold,) but they last only for a short period. The north winds which are frequent, soon dissipate this early heat, and often, after

having perspired in the morning, we have frost at night. The snow lies on the ground for eight or nine months, but it is not very heavy. The greatest depth which we had during that winter was two or three feet.

The long winter, although always cold, is nevertheless not uniformly so. The cold, it is true, is often so extreme, that one cannot with impunity, show himself out of doors. There were few among us indeed who did not bear some marks of it; and among other cases was that of one of our sailors, who lost both his ears. But there were also at times beautiful days. But what pleased me more was, that we never saw any rain, and after a storm of snow or *poudrierie*,) it is thus they call the fine snow which insinuates itself everywhere,) the air was perfectly clear and transparent. If I had to choose between the winter and summer in this country, I do not know which I should prefer, for in the summer, in addition to the heat being burning, our passing so often from oppressive warmth to severe cold, and there being rarely three fine days in succession, there are also so many *Maringuoins* or musquitos, that we cannot go out without being covered and stung on every side. The musquitos here are in greater numbers and larger in size than they are in Canada. Then add to all these things the fact, that the woods are full of water, and if one enters them ever so short a distance, he is liable to sink to his waist.

But although the country is such as I have here represented it, there is still nothing to prevent a person living in it with comfort. The rivers are full of fish, and the chase is very abundant. All the winter too there are great numbers of partridges, of which we killed full twenty thousand. In the Spring and Autumn we find also prodigious multitudes of turkeys, geese, ducks, and all kinds of aquatic birds. But the best hunting is that of the deer, which lasts during the whole year, and particularly in the Spring and Autumn, when we see herds of them of three and four hundred at a time, and even more. M. de Serigny told us, that on All-Saints' day and All-Souls' Day, he had passed nearly ten thousand within one league of the cabins which the people of the Poli had on the other side of the river Bourbon. The does are very much like the males, except in their horns. The sailors, the first time they saw them, were afraid and ran away. Our Canadians however killed some, and the sailors having been rallied by

them, became very brave and followed their example. But we see in this how God has taken care of the savages. To compensate for their sterile land, He has furnished them with nourishment by sending so great a quantity of game, and giving them even a particular skill in killing it.

Beyond the nations who come to trade at the river St. Therese, there are also others much farther North, in a climate even colder than this. Such are the *Ikovirinoucks*, who are about a hundred leagues from here, but being at war with the Indians of this country, they have no trade with the fort. Still farther distant are the *Eskimaux*, and by the side of the *Ikovirinoucks*, another great nation allied with them, whom they call the *Atimouspigut*. They are a very numerous people, have villages, and extend even behind the country of the *Assiniboels*, with whom they are always engaged in war.

I do not as yet speak the language of the Indians very well, but nevertheless, none of them have come to the fort to whom I have not spoken of God. I have an inward pleasure in declaring to these poor people what they have never before heard announced. Many have heard me willingly, and they have thus learned at least that I have come among them with a different object from the rest of the French. I have told them that I came to their country to make them acquainted with the God whom I worshipped, and they seemed to receive the declaration with joy, and invited me to visit them. I find much greater difficulty in understanding the Indians than in speaking to them, for I am already indeed acquainted with the greater part of their words. M. de La Motte has been of great assistance to me, and an Englishman who knows the language very well has aided me still more. I have made a dictionary of all their words according to an alphabet, and considering how little I have been with the Indians, I think that I begin to speak easily and to understand their language. I have translated directions for making the sign of the cross, the *Pater*, the *Ave*, the *Credo*, and the commandments of God. I have baptized only two adults among the Indians, who both died shortly afterwards. I have also baptized three infants, two of whom have since been taken to Heaven; and if I had been able to mix more with the Indians, I should have effected more.

In the beginning of September, 1695 our two ships departed

on their return. As it seemed probable that they would go direct to France, I preferred remaining in the fort with the 45 men whom they left there in garrison, and who otherwise would have had no chaplain. I was persuaded too, that having more leisure after the departure of the ships, I should be able to learn the language of the Indians perfectly, and thus qualify myself to begin a mission. God however did not judge me to be worthy : the English came to besiege us, and we were taken prisoners. I have already told you, on my return to France, the story, with the history of our imprisonment. It would therefore be useless to repeat it here. I am, &c.

THE NIGHT SEER.

BY JOSEPH W. BENNETT.

"Three score and ten I can remember well :
Within the volume of which time, I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange ; but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings."—*Macbeth*.

Why roam ye thus amid the night,
When living things are hushed in sleep ;
And only shapes that shun the light
Their stern and spectral vigils keep ?

Why brave ye now the freezing air,
And mutter to the surly blast ?
Art thou companion of despair,
And haunt with her the murky past ?

"Druid of bleeding hearts am I,
Of ruin'd hopes the mournful seer !
'Tis mine deep omens to descry—
Trac'd nightly on the azure sphere.

“ Behold ! where spangling o’er the east
A group of new-born orbs arise,
While raging elements have ceast
Their tumults ’neath those lovely eyes.

“ They seem a band of youthful friends,
Just ent’ring on their fleckless way ;
While each a cheerful radiance lends,
And hails in turn a smiling ray.

“ Now gather clouds, and rumble storms,
Howl winds, and patter blinding sleet ;
See ! how their lately sparkling forms
Gleam palely through their winding sheet !

“ The feebler die—and tearful seem
The stronger o’er their vanish’d fire ;
And now they too have lost their beam ;
They flicker, darken, and expire !

“ And fiercely shrieks the piercing gale,
And wildly rushes on the cloud ;
Heard ye not sorrowing spirits wail,
And fiendish voices scoff aloud ?

“ Mourn for the dearly lov’d, and lost,
Companions of thy vernal life,
Upon the world’s rude tempest tost,
And perishing amid the strife !

“ Look ! look ! there floats thy natal star ;
Thy fate is written with its rays.
See ! where it treads the skies afar,
Night’s mantle gilding with its blaze !

“ With kindred glory on its brow
With stately planets see it vie !
It stands upon the zenith now—
The standard bearer of the sky !

“ Behold ! thy young ambition’s aim—
Thy dreams of affluence and power—
Thy visions of unfading fame,
Which beckon’d on to manhood’s hour !

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- "But mark ! how angrily around
 The clouds their sombre pinions fold ;
 Lo ! darkness rayless and profound,
 Is o'er its lofty pathway roll'd !
- "Thus fly the idols of thy heart
 Before the chast'ning scourge of years—
 And leave thee disappointment's smart,
 Defeated pride, and secret tears.
- "Review the varying moments past ;
 Recount the pleasures thou hast known ?
 And ask thy jaded soul, at last,
 If yonder orb is not thy own ?
- "'Tis gone ! the wastes of chaos o'er—
 Some happier sphere its rays illume ;
 So purified thy soul shall soar
 To loftier splendors from the tomb !

New Haven, November, 1848.

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 FERNEY.

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 EXTRACT FROM A TRAVELLER'S PORTFOLIO,  
*Containing Scraps, Incidents and Descriptions of a Continental  
 Tour.*  
 —

25th August. Spent most of the day in visiting Ferney, the residence of Voltaire, which is about six miles from the city of Geneva, in the direction of the Jura Mountains. On our way we just walked over the bridge which conducts to a little island in the Rhone, called *L'Isle De Rousseau*, planted with trees, and adorned with a fine statue of Jean Jacques Rousseau. He is represented in a sitting posture, with a volume in one hand and a pencil in the other, his head inclined, and his countenance expressive of thought, as if he were about to write. Rousseau was

born in Geneva, and is but too much admired by his countrymen. He was a man of unquestioned genius, fine taste, and deep sensibility. His style is extremely graphic and beautiful. But alas! his heart was corrupted by false principles and licentious tendencies. His *New Heloise* is a bewitching romance, but ensnaring and corrupting to the youthful mind; while his political writings, though they contain many sound maxims, and great principles, are yet superficial and false. His *Confessions* are a singular mixture of sincerity and hypocrisy, of virtue and vice. They furnish incontestible evidence of his licentiousness and heartlessness, his credulity and his scepticism, his puerility and his pride. While he was a sceptic by profession, he could not help believing the Gospel, and while railing at superstition, was himself the victim of the grossest credulity. For he decided that there was no hell, simply because he threw a stone at a tree, and missed it, having previously settled it in his mind that, if he hit the tree there was a hell, if he missed it, there was none. His criminal connection with Madame Warren, and the exposure of his children to the cold charities of a foundling hospital, will ever remain dark spots upon his memory.

We had an uncommonly pleasant walk to Ferney, passing by fields and meadows rich with the produce of agriculture, fine old villas embosomed amid shady trees, vineyards and gardens filled with foliage and flowers. Every now and then we stopped to look round us, and especially toward the lake and the mountains, the varying aspects of which filled us with increasing delight. Voltaire's house is near the village, on a gentle elevation, surrounded by forest trees, whence fair views are enjoyed over a vast expanse of wild and cultivated scenery. The edifice itself is plain, and stands very much as Voltaire left it. The little chapel which he erected near the house is going to decay; indeed every thing in and about the house wears a worn and melancholy air. We examined his bed-room and saloon, which are shown to visitors by a female who seems to have charge of the establishment. There are several portraits in his bed-room; one of Frederick, King of Prussia, but poorly done, another of Catherine of Russia, in embroidery; one of the Marquise de Chatelet; one of his sempstress, and one of his little Savoyard boy. There are two of himself, one of which is quite spirited. It must have been taken

when he was a young man, but it is quite characteristic. The countenance is full of vivacity and apparent self-idolatry, with an expression of sneering wit and cunning. And yet there is a brightness and elevation about it, quite peculiar, giving indication of fine thought and poetic fancy. On one side of the room are small engravings,—the family of Calas, De Lille, Diderot, Sir Isaac Newton, Franklin, Racine, Milton, Corneille, Antoine Thomas, Leibnitz, Helvetius, Washington, D'Al-embert, and Marmontel. Among the portraits there is one of Clement XIV., better known as Ganganelli, an intimate friend of Voltaire's. A good anecdote is told of the wit of this pontiff. "The Baron of *Gluchen* on his way to Italy, stopped at Ferney, and inquired of Voltaire what he should say from him to the Pope. "His Holiness," replied Voltaire, favors me with presents of medals and of indulgences, and even sends me his blessing. but I would rather *Ganganelli* would send me the ears of the GRAND INQUISITOR." The Baron delivered the message :—"Tell him," replied Ganganelli, with admirable good sense and wit, "that as long as Ganganelli is Pope, the Grand Inquisitor shall have neither eyes nor ears." There is a marble urn in the bed-room, which once contained Voltaire's heart, but that has been removed to Paris. It contained the following inscription :—*Son Esprit est partout, et son cœur est, ici.* The saloon, or principal room, is more handsomely furnished, and is adorned with a number of pretty good paintings, but all of them are of an immodest character, consisting chiefly of naked female and Cupids.

Voltaire was a brilliant writer ; but he had more wit than genius. His historical statements are associated with the greatest blunders. His knowledge was evidently superficial ; and his enmity to the Christian religion was due rather to the wickedness of his heart than to the clearness of his intellect. He had no grand conceptions, no lofty and comprehensive thoughts. His whole moral and intellectual character was a good deal like his face, which was said to be a combination of the monkey and the eagle. And hence, with much propriety has one remarked, "If the soaring wing and piercing eye of the eagle opened to him all the regions of knowledge, it was only to collect materials for the gratification of that apish disposition, which seems to have delighted him in grinning, with a malicious spirit of mockery, at the

detected weakness and infirmities of human nature. Though a man may often rise the wiser, yet I believe none ever rose the better from the perusal of Voltaire. The short but admirable epitaph on him may well conclude his character.

*"Ci-gît l'enfant gâte du monde qu'il gâta."*

Voltaire died in Paris, in awful dread and torment, where also he was buried. His works, with those of Rousseau, Diderot, and D'Alembert, contributed greatly to the French Revolution, much, I have no doubt, to its spirit of hate, infidelity, and murder; a little perhaps to its spirit of liberty and renovation. R. T.

## READY TO DIE.

BY W. M. J. ANNABLE.

I found a young creature of fairy-like grace;  
 Joy danced in her bosom and smiled on her face,  
 And the song of her spirit rose free on the air,  
 While she gathered wild roses to braid with her hair;  
 And her marvellous beauty so ravished my sight,  
 I deemed her the "angel of flowers" in white.  
 As she passed me I caught the bright glance of her eye,  
 And whispered, "my child, are you ready to die?"

I questioned a maiden, whose step was as free  
 As the breeze on the mountain, the waves of the sea;  
 And the hopes of her life were as fresh and as green,  
 As the banks where a river rolls calmly between:  
 And fragrant and pure as the dew drop that flows  
 From the heart of a rose-bud, her feelings arose:  
 Yet I asked as she came, "are you ready to die?"  
 "O, this world is so fair," was her pensive reply;—  
 "There is so much to love, and so dear to my heart  
 Are the friends of my youth, it were sad to depart;

Yet if it seem good to my Father on high  
To call me from earth, I am ready to die."

I questioned a mother : she folded the child  
Of her heart to her bosom in fondness, and smiled ;  
Like the pure shining stars in their blue homes on high,  
Beamed the rapture of love in her eloquent eye ;  
There was life in her motions, unchilled by life's woes,  
And her cheek wore the tints of the lily and rose.  
" O, deem you," she cried, " that a mother could give  
Her breath to the spoiler, and yearn not to live ?  
Yet though she were not, are her babes left forlorn ?  
God tempers the wind to the lamb that is shorn :  
And the hour of my death, be it distant or nigh,  
I would not defer : I am ready to die."

I asked one midway to the goal of his life ;  
Whose courage and zeal had waxed warm in the strife ;  
Whose glorious brow and truth-speaking eye  
Revealed a soul's purpose both holy and high :  
Man's weal was his mission—man crushed and enslaved,  
His reason o'erclouded, his nature depraved.  
" Man's weal is my mission !" he cried, as he passed ;  
" For Freedom, Truth, Right, will I stand to the last :  
The battle's deep thunder shakes earth and the sea,  
And I burn for the conflict, though fierce it may be.  
My life I commend to my Master on high—  
If I fall, 'tis His will—I am ready to die."

Are you ready to die ? then I murmured to one  
Who sank by Life's wayside, faint, weary and lone ;  
Long since had age whitened his head with its snows,  
And furrowed his brow by its ills and its woes ;  
His loved ones all slept 'neath the cypress and yew ;  
And deeply he yearned for the rest which they knew ;  
But he answered me not—and I asked for a sign,  
And while his eye shone with a brightness divine,  
He stretched forth his hands as if praying the while,  
Then clasped them with fervor and died with a smile.  
I knew that his spirit had passed to the sky,  
And I felt it was well to be ready to die.

*Tebron, 1848.*

## WALENAH.

Calmly the river St. Lawrence slept in the passionless starlight. There was not a sound to break upon the hush of the holy Night, except the murmurs of the wind through the forest of pines that stretched along the Northern shores, and the low dreamy chime of the rippling waters of the majestic river which, reflecting a cluster of stars on every wavelet, seemed like a sea of gems. The island of Orleans lay peacefully on the river's bosom, as if no sound of warlike preparation had ever echoed through its green bowers, or the tread of martial feet crushed down the dewy flowers, which exhaled their sweetness on the night air; and serenely looked down the bright stars from the "infinite depths of Heaven," on the river and the island, as if earth were yet an Eden, as in the primeval days of old, ere sin and sorrow had visited it. A profound stillness reigned along the shore, where the frowning rocks, that overhung the waters, cast their picturesque shadows beneath, when suddenly a slight canoe shot out from the darkness of a projecting ledge of rock, into the clear and rapid current of the river. As sudden and as noiseless as the flight of a bird, aroused at night, was the progress of the light bark across the waters, and though an indistinct light hung over the landscape, the slight outline of a female form, guiding the canoe up the stream by a few but vigorous strokes of the oar, was clearly visible. It was only when the waters which divided the island from the stern old fortresses of Quebec had been fairly crossed, that she relaxed her efforts, and laying the oar by her side, she looked eagerly up to the grim and frowning battlements of rock, which overhung the river, while the canoe lay motionless upon the water. A stream of red light flashed down from the fortress above, bringing out for a brief moment, in bold relief, the slight but exquisite proportions of a young Indian maiden, who with her arms folded calmly upon her bosom, looked eagerly and anxiously up to the height, where the sentinel was passing to and fro. Very beautiful was the young face upturned to the rich glare of the



torch-light, a face which though slightly marked by the peculiarities which distinguish her race, had yet also the softness of expression which adorned the countenances of her sisters of a fairer hue. The full dark eye, had a melancholy tenderness in its glance, but the slightly dilated nostril, the thin, half-scornfully curved lip, bespoke the energy and decision of her race, and the high resolves and dauntless daring of an unfettered spirit. Scarcely two hours before, and that slight arm had stealthily forced back the thick boughs of hemlock which closed in the encampment of the British forces on the island of Orleans, and that young face had bent eagerly forward to catch the whispered intelligence, which ran from lip to lip, of the assembling troops, or the sternest words of command from their officers. With a heart beating high at the thought of the fearful mission which it was her lot to bring, she stood for a few moments in breathless uncertainty as to the course she was about to pursue, and then suddenly seizing her oar again, with a few bold strokes, the canoe swung lightly round the projecting ledge of rock, and gaining a more accessible part of the fortress, it touched the shore, and she sprang lightly upon the rocks. A sentinel also stood here, but as he started forward to confront the intruder, a recognition seemed to have taken place, as she murmured a few words in the Indian tongue; for with a quick nervous gesture he waved her forward, and the Indian girl, folding her mantle closely about her, noiselessly and unquestioned, but with a hasty step, threaded her way through the streets of the fortress town.

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It was a night of rare festivity in the city. Though the war cloud still brooded over the provinces, and the prospect of battle darkened the future, there were too many gallant hearts from the land of vines and song, to sit down in listless inaction until the bugle's blast should call them forth to the battle field. These were brave young scions of nobility, from the most ancient and honorable families of France, who had shone as bright particular stars scarcely a year before, in the presence of royalty. These were lovely ladies who had floated through the mazy dance, amid the voluptuous splendors of the French court. What wonder that amid this assemblage of youth, beauty and nobility, in this new home, the festivities of their own bright land, were again re-

vived, and the grim old castle of St. Louis, was nightly illuminated for the dance ; that dream-like music floated through its state-ly halls, and that jewelled robes and fairy feet, and bright faces, stole here and there like gleams of sunshine through its deep corridors and ancient apartments. It was the birthnight of Adèle de Cheaux, the beautiful and only daughter of a proud and gallant officer in Montcalm's army, and the halls of her father's mansion were illuminated for the fete. Groups of the high-born officers of the French army, their uniforms emblazoned with the brilliant insignia of rank, were moving with a free step through the gorgeously illuminated hall, or bending with courtly grace to catch the silvery accents of song or wit from the lips of beauty. There were groups of merry masquers too, the representatives of all climes : the dark-eyed Castilian, the proud Highland chieftain, the swarthy Arabian, were all here fitly personified, and among them all, and treading with a proud free step, and something of a lofty scorn on his thin lip, and in the flash of his deep black eye, might be seen the stately Indian, the ally of the French, his gaudy and picturesque garb in fit keeping with the scene.

A soft mellow light from waxen tapers, and dazzling chandeliers, flung a rich enchantment over all ; light feet kept time to the strains of music's melody, and a soft delicious perfume floated in with its voluptuous sweetness from the gardens beyond. Here had Walenah, the Indian girl, directed her steps, and from the deep recess of the closely twining vines, which had been trained up the spacious verandah, she looked eagerly down the vista, afforded by the broad spacious hall, which swept through the whole length of the mansion, and closely scanned each group, that emerged from the apartments on either side of the hall, and floated lightly down the dance, so eagerly that all else seemed forgotten. She was evidently seeking for one who had not yet appeared, but after a long and searching gaze, she folded her mantle around her, and, with an expression of disappointment and painful isolation, she was about to descend the balcony, as stealthily as she had entered it, when a louder and yet more thrilling burst of music than she had yet heard, floated out upon her ear, and she hastily turned again as if to catch a parting glance at the festive scene. At that moment a pair emerged from the farther apartment, at the upper end of the hall, and at

the instant Walenah's eye fell upon them, a half-suppressed exclamation burst from her lips, and she hastily stepped back into her hiding-place, so completely obscured by the tangled vines, that few, if any, would have observed it, yet commanding a full view of the broad hall, and all that passed within it. A young officer of loftier and more commanding aspect even, than any of the high-born groups there assembled, richly attired in a splendid uniform, and wearing a brilliant jewelled star upon his breast, led out a fair young girl, Adèle Da Cheux, whose birth-night the gay assemblage now celebrated. It was Victor Armand, a Colonel in the French army, a friend of the youthful General Montcalm, a universal favorite with the army, no less than amid the brilliant circle of beauty. Many a fair cheek flushed crimson at his approach, and many a soft eyelid drooped timidly, as his courtly tones fell upon the ear. The eye of Walenah softened yet more beautifully, and a brilliant flash sprung to her dark brow, as she gazed intensely upon the noble face of the young officer, and a glad smile as of recognition played upon her lips, as she bent yet more eagerly forward, and heedless for the moment, of the chance of detection, pushed the dew-dropping leaves of the vines impatiently aside; but the flush faded, and the smile died upon her lip, as her eye fell upon his companion. Oh, very beautiful looked that fair young creature by his side, her jewelled and snowy arm resting lightly upon his own, her deep blue eyes upturned to his face, and the crimson lips just parted with the rich music of a gay laugh. Like waves of shining gold fell back the fair tresses from the fillet of pearls, that circled her pure brow, and the dainty foot, in its white slipper, fell as lightly on the rich carpet, as a snow flake might descend on crushed roses. Her light robes floated zephyr like around her, half revealing, half concealing the exquisite symmetry of her slight form; and as she glided down the hall, an expression of admiration unconsciously mingled with the cloud of jealousy and newly awaked suspicion that darkened the countenance of Walenah. Little did Victor Armand dream, as he bent over the fair face of his young companion, and murmured words of impassioned tenderness, with that voice whose every tone had music in its modulations, that the dark eye of the young Indian girl, whom long ago he had found and wooed in the heart of the forests of her own native

isle, was eagerly watching every expression which flitted over his countenance, or that another ear, beside that of the young girl whose snowy eyelid drooped, and whose fair cheek grew crimson beneath his ardent gaze, caught imperfectly the rich tones of persuasive eloquence, that fell from his lips, as he led her out upon the balcony, and down the flight of steps into the partially illuminated garden. They passed Walenah, who shrank hastily into her hiding place, passed her so closely, that she caught more than half the sentence which fell from Armand's lips, and heard the low quick breathing of his companion. One after another of the gay group followed them, and when Walenah again looked out, the hall was deserted, save by two or three who yet lingered. There was a bitter smile on the quivering lip of the Indian girl, and with a quick, impatient movement, she dashed away the tear drop from her glistening eye, and with a gesture of bitter scorn, she unclasped a glittering bracelet from her arm, and crushed the jewelled circlet beneath her moccasined foot. It was the gift of the young French officer, Victor Armand, and as she looked upon its glittering fragments, a tide of memories swept across her heart. She remembered, a twelvemonth ago, ere the British foe had encamped on her own beautiful island of Orleans, when its waving forests were the home of the red man alone, how the pale faced stranger had come, solitary and fatigued with hunting, to the wigwam of the old chieftain, her father; how the best cheer it had afforded was spread before him, and in her own canoe, she had carried him back to the fortress of the pale-faced nation, with whom the Canadian Indians were at peace. Then, as day after day passed on, their stolen interviews in the forest shade, the protestations of unchanging fidelity which her woman's heart was ready to receive, and her trusting faith had never doubted. Perchance, with these thoughts, and with a remembrance of the errand which had brought her thither, and which, for the last half hour, had been forgotten; softer feeling had taken the place of jealousy and anger; for, with a firmly compressed lip, and an eye once more misty with tenderness, she stole noiselessly down the steps of the balcony, and stealthily turning his footsteps toward that part of the garden, where the gay party had assembled, she stood once more in silence in the shade of a willow. Victor Armand had for a few moments re-

signed the hand of his fair partner to her father, and with folded arms was gazing, abstractedly at the various groups at a short distance from him, when he was startled by the pressure of a hand upon his arm, and a face was bent calmly to his ear. "Listen ! listen !" said the voice. "The night-hawk seizes his prey in the darkness ; the panther hides himself in the thicket. There is danger to the Frenchman and the Indian. Beware !" With a half-suppressed exclamation Armand sprang forward, but caught only the glimpse of a dark figure rapidly gliding through the shadows of a by-path. That voice was strangely familiar, and a vision of the beautiful face of the Indian girl swept across his brain. He essayed to follow, unobserved by those beside him, but there was nought to be seen. He called aloud, "Walenah !" but only the night-breeze sighing through the trees replied, and Armand left the vision and the warning unheeded.

The morrow came, and the night, and starlight lay once more over Quebec ; but what a change was there from the gay festal of last night. The thunder of artillery had passed from rock to rock of the stern old fortress. The armies of England and France had made red with blood the plains of Abraham, and in a single day, the power of the French in the provinces received its death-blow. The brave young Montcalm was no more, and his no less brave and gallant foe and shared the same fate, while England's banner floated triumphantly from the towers of the castle of St. Louis, and the proud, the noble, and the gallant were laid low. Serenely as ever looked the calm stars upon the battle-field, revealing the mangled forms and distorted brows of the dying and the dead. Armand was among them, his brow cold and pale with the death-dews, his dark locks matted and dishevelled, and his lips compressed in the agony of the last struggle. Beside him knelt Walenah. Faithful to him in life and in death, through desertion and neglect, she had sought him out even here, and bending over him, wiped the cold moisture from his brow, and lifted his head from the ground to her shoulder. With a dying effort, Armand slowly unclosed his eyes, and even in that indistinct and varying light, he recognized the dark, tearful face above him, and whispered "Walenah." The eye lid closed slowly once more, a slight convulsion passed over the pale noble features of the young soldier, and the Indian girl was alone with her dead.

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## THE DESTRUCTION OF PHARAOH.

BY W. J. ANNABLE.

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Through the night that was palled by Jehovah's dread wrath,  
The Egyptians came down in the fugitives' path ;  
In the cloud they beheld not the Torch-Bearer's form,  
They heard not His voice in the rush of the storm.

All fearless they groped—an armipotent host—  
Through the darkness that brooded o'er Mizraim's coast ;  
And the noise of their march was like Edom's loud roar,  
When her tempest-roused billows are hurled on the shore.

Through crystal-walled valley, o'er rock-paven steep,  
With the fierce cry of vengeance the myrmidons sweep ;  
Their chariot wheels crush through the shells and the weeds,  
And the sea caverns quake 'neath the tramp of their steeds.

And the chasms re-echo the trumpet's hoarse peal,  
The shrill neigh of chargers, the clangor of steel ;  
And the blackness and spray like a funeral veil,  
Shroud the pomp of their banners, the sheen of their mail,

Yet onward, still onward ! 'mid chaos and gloom,  
They madly defile through the pass to their tomb ;  
While Death, like a vulture intent on his pray,  
Outspreads his dark wing o'er the mighty array.

Far down in the coral ravines of the sea,  
No flambeau is burning, oh, Egypt ! for thee.  
Wo, wo ! for the deep shall return to its might,  
And thy glory shall fade like a dream of the night.

Dim twilight glides down to Arabia's coast,  
And opens her gates to the fugitive host ;  
While through the dread passage retiring afar,  
Jehovah wheels fiercely His flame-girded car.

There is wrath on his brow as he rides on his way,  
And the stern waves recoil from his path in dismay ;

The lightning's fierce glare from his armor is sent,  
And the cloud like a down-trodden banner is rent.

Hark ! listen ! oh God, how appalling that cry !  
The Lord is against us, fly, Mizraim. fly !  
Wo, wo ! for the day of thy triumphs is o'er—  
Destruction awaits thee behind and before.

Their prayers avail not, their flight is in vain,  
For the rod of Jehovah is lifted again ;  
And the deep, as if eager to own its dread away,  
Rears its hoar crest aloft and leaps down on its prey.

Where now are the hosts who were wont to prevail ?  
The steel-harnessed coursers, the warriors in mail ;  
Whose course o'er the plains was as fleet as the roe's,—  
Whose might was a terror to Mizraim's foes ?

The storm gathers wildly to howl o'er their grave,  
And drowns in its thunder the roar of the wave ;  
But high o'er the sound of the wind and the sea,  
Rolls the glorious anthem of Israel free.

*Hebron, 1848.*

## ODDS AND ENDS.

### THE FIRST SNOW.

It is impossible for me to recall any reminiscence of childhood, which is so suggestive of boyish enthusiasm as the "First Snow-storm." It was waited for with impatience. All the picture-books, which represented winter scenes—the sled gliding down the white slope upon the glassy pond—the skater striking boldly out on the field of crystal, or ingloriously prostrate in the centre of countless radii on the cracked ice—were conned and studied.

until I almost enjoyed the reality, before the first flake came or the smallest pond was skimmed over for the first time. I went to sleep at night, hoping that my eye might at daylight fall on the neighboring roofs sheeted over with snow or the blackened branches of the trees laboring under their fleecy load. Often was I cheated by my own ardent enthusiasm into believing that I saw the glistening white, and leaped from bed only to be undeceived. Generally, however, the first credible warning fell on my ear as I half-woke from the sweet slumbers of the night. I heard the gusty dash of the myriad flakes as the moaning and fretful wind drove them in flurries against the window-panes. Then with what rapture did I spring out of my warm quarters, and strain my eyes through the sleeted glass, into the mysterious air, dimmed and silvered with the whirling, quivering, subtle veil of snow. Or perhaps the swaying chime of sleigh-bells was the first announcement, that the year had put on its bridal white and hung the eaves and window-sashes with pendant jewels. Five minutes after, I was floundering in drifts, squinting and winking in the driving storm, with no extra clothing but a red tippet, and without a thought of breakfast, although immense "slap-jacks" were already appealing to the dry palates of a score of my father's apprentices, as they stood at early candle-light around that old fashioned cooking-stove, which burned a cord of wood a week and which even affected the brain of our old Grimalkin by its excess of heat.

During that delicious morning I lived the pleasures of the whole winter in advance. While the aforesaid apprentices were obsequiously holding the candle for Rhoda as she turned the crisping buck-wheat cakes, which were full a foot in diameter,—receiving for their pains a fretful snap from her tongue or a hideous grin from her rare-roasted face,—I was thinking how soon I should be coasting down the long hill, from which that cross old Skinner was too apt to drive us off, although, like Cataline, we "went but to return;" how, with reckless daring, I should be thrown into the air by the dangerous "jolter," laid across the sled-path on the steepest part of the hill, or steer, with the coolness of a pilot in a harbor, among the apple-trees, which skirted the shore and towards which our sleds would sometimes take their inevitable course; how soon I should see the fair and comely, full brunette,—who



the far South, especially to bewitch me—in front of myself upon my mimic sleigh and speed with her down the icy bank of the beautiful mill-stream not far from my father's house, and pass whole moonlight hours in catching thrilling warmth from her large deep-hazel eyes, while my lips kept happy silence and my heart swelled with emotions, which were overwhelmingly sweet in the consciousness of being near her and of affording her delight : how my comrades, more bashful than I, would stand aghast with jealousy every time that this fairest of our juvenile band stepped with ineffable grace upon the sled, throwing around her a quick bright glance and the delicate womanly smile of precocious coquetry : how soon, in the presence of a dozen fair girls, "we boys" should be able to sweep, in the unmatched sport of skating, over the surface of the river, straining every nerve to outrival each other in skill and grace ; how soon we should collect in little circles after the fatigues and excitements of the day, with our inamoratas, and play forfeits until every girl blushed and every boy was jealous,—cut ruddy fruit and "name" it, too happy if the number of seeds in Sophy's apple could, by any twisting whatever, be made to match exactly the letters of our own name—dance to the jolly music of Uncle George's violin, and play with conversation-cards, with which Sarah was always so pert and prudish and Francis was always so flattering and affable—to exchange mottoes, which then had meanings unutterably deep, and were carried in our pockets until they were no longer legible.

Such were the dreams of the first snowy morning, in the days of my childhood. And what New Englander does not consider winter the most delightful of seasons ? Nay, what New Englander, who has grown up to man's estate, does not bless the Northern winter, as the season, to which he owes the robust virtues of his character—the frugality, the charity, the rugged firmness and the domestic attachments, which dignify and beautify his nature ? The "first snow" drives the boy forth, reckless of the dismal sky, the flying flakes, the pinching cold, and the difficult roads, to enjoy his most exhilarating sports. It reminds the man of his duties to his home, to his wife, to his children. It stirs in him a sense of quiet "comfort,"—that word unknown to Southern  
is thankful, if he has any heart at all, to his  
is to his recollection his duty to the poor,

and he thinks where to send a load of wood, a fowl, and perhaps a little money. It teaches him to be frugal, for the earth has finished its production for the year, and he must now expend his garnered stores. It makes him feel strong to breast the storm, proud of his manhood. careful to provide, and makes his hearth seem Paradise, and his blazing fire the altar of his dearest earthly devotions.

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READING FOR THE SAKE OF READING.

WE think we are safe in saying that man is a reading animal. He has a natural tendency, a bias, a bent, towards books. We are not stating a truism, or about to recite a homily on the number of books gorged by modern readers, or the vastly greater number which are published by modern bibliopoles. We mean to say, that the mere mechanical gestures used in handling a volume, the turning over of leaves, the motions of the eye from left to right over printed pages, are the result of a natural impulse, "lying back of the will." It makes no difference whether a man understands the art of reading, whether he sees any thing in the letters of the alphabet except so many cabalistic signs, or not—he still loves to hold a book and study it. Still less does it matter, whether the book is interesting, or even intelligible. Often have we seen a child apparently completely absorbed in "Edwards on the Will." In fact, the profoundest works on metaphysics were said to be the favorite reading of Charles James Fox, when he was only nine or ten years old, and some people are verdant enough to believe that it was an indication of his extraordinary precocity, as if he was capable of appreciating and understanding the problems of casuistry. We have seen, very often, men and women devouring columns of old advertisements in newspapers, seemingly lost in the luxury of the perusal. You, gentle reader, have no doubt often beguiled your time, when you have been laid up, without books, in a country town, by reading, with the minutest attention, a miserable scrap of some miserable old pamphlet. Nay,—we confess it,—we have ourselves shown this strange weakness of human nature in actually perusing over our own printed lucubrations.

Many stories are in circulation, illustrating this tendency among our race. Persons have been suddenly informed, that their newspaper *might* prove more interesting if they would turn it right side up instead of studying its pages inverted. Others, no adepts in foreign languages, have been detected in the act of being intensely excited in the perusal of a Spanish Bible. An instance in point occurred in our native town some few years since, if we may believe the witty auctioneer who made the statement. It seems that a speculating Yankee had bought up a large quantity of unsold and unsaleable pamphlets from one of our booksellers. He had the impertinence also to cross the street and contract with a book-binder for the binding of the trashy sheets into volumes; each volume to contain twelve pamphlets, *all of the same kind*. Hardly a fortnight had elapsed, before "books at auction" were advertised, and the collection consisted mainly of "bound pamphlets." A large number were sold at moderate prices, to those who buy books only to fill up shelves. Encouraged by this, our Yankee determined to try another auction for the sale of the residue. It came off, and was attended by some of the dupes of the former "transaction." As the auctioneer began to sell, a by-stander shouted out the question: "Haven't you got there a dozen pamphlets just alike bound together?" "I don't know how that is," replied the man with the ivory hammer, "but an old lady, who bought a volume at the former sale, called yesterday to tell me that she had read eleven of the twelve pamphlets and thought that she observed *considerable of a sameness*."

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#### NATURE AS A MECHANIC.

The perfection of the handicraft of Nature is made very clear by a comparison with the works of art. If the former is taken as a pattern for the latter, it becomes instantly obvious that a design and ingenuity, infinitely beyond those of man, have been exercised by the Architect of the Universe. Nature cannot be rivalled, even in her simplest contrivances. It seems as if lenses might be so combined and shaped as to be entirely achromatic: that is, to operate without any loss of light, and represent an ob-

ject with perfect distinctness. But the truth is, that, although we have the human eye for a model, and although its structure seems simple and imitable, yet no lenses have yet been made, which do not, when combined, delude the eye by the effects of color. Objects are not faithfully represented, on account of aberrations which are due to the imperfection of shape in the lenses. The eye, on the contrary, is perfectly achromatic. Every object, as discerned through its perfect lens, is exactly represented, without distortion or dimness.

The tyrant Dionysius, it is known, had a prison built underground, on the principle of a whispering gallery, in order that he might hear the menaces and repinings of his incarcerated victims, and then torture them for their harmless and helpless contumacy. It was called the "Ear of Dionysius," and is said to have been constructed after the pattern of a human ear. The narrative may not be true; it is certainly not incredible. But how infinitely inferior must have been its vibrating apparatus to the tympanum of the ear, which thrills and responds to the finest tick of a watch or the most delicate note of an insect's song.

Many attempts have been made to shape a mechanism which should imitate and represent the motions of the human arm. A single member of a machine rarely has more than two or four different movements, but a French mechanic at last succeeded in making an inanimate limb susceptible of *twelve* different motions. But those of the human arm may properly,—nay, *must* properly—be said to be innumerable.

Years were spent in finding out the the curve which would encounter the least resistance or friction in moving through air or water. The propellers, which are now used in some of the best steam freight-boats afloat on our rivers, are the result of these experiments. They are so constructed as to be retarded to the smallest possible extent in moving forward through the water, and to encounter as much resistance as possible in the backward movement, by which they propel the craft to which they are attached. This curve, after all the experiments, was found to be exactly the same as that of a *bird's wing*. This is one of the most appreciable and beautiful illustrations of the precision and simplicity of nature's mechanism, with which we are acquainted.

## QUOTATIONS.

It is vain to deny the force and beauty of a well-introduced quotation. After long endeavors to enter fully into the manner, meaning and mind of an author,—losing our sense of beauty in the monotony of his style, or wearied with the uniform flow of his thoughts—it is refreshing to come in contact with some favorite expression, or snatch of poetry, or eloquent period, familiar to the ear and thoroughly appreciated by the understanding. It is like encountering, after a long journey through strange scenes, a place that reminds us of home,—a cottage, a garden wall, or a green slope, that resembles the

“—— schoolboy spot

We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot.”

It is wonderful, with how much more telling force a quotation can be applied, than the same thought, expressed in less familiar phrase. The scriptural clause, introduced in the pulpit, to close up a magnificent train of thought, is reckoned by the hearers the most eloquent passage in the discourse. The political orator introduces some party by-word, some familiar sentiment of a distinguished partisan statesman, and his voice is drowned in thunders of applause. It is because the whole idea of the speaker is taken instantly, entirely, and vividly. And this should always be the object of the introduction of a quotation: to give force, pungency and perspicuity to a course of thought: not with a desire for a vapid display of learning, or from an indolent disposition to use borrowed ornaments, but because it is the best vehicle of the idea which one designs to convey, and will add to the graces of aptitude, clearness and power, the charm of familiarity. There is a sort of slang writing, which seems to be an attempt to disguise one's own dullness under quotation marks; to make others responsible for one's own poverty of thought, by interspersing a page of original matter with irregular fragments of familiar phraseology between inverted commas. In short, wherever quotations are particularly liberal, unusual weakness may be expected. These borrowed plumes should be used carefully and frugally, and only when the train of thought seems to make it impossible to leave them out,—in fact, when to leave them out

would be a serious blemish in the paragraph. There is room for the exercise of great art in the felicitous introduction of a citation. Robert Hall, Fielding, Macaulay, Addison, Washington Irving, and Channing, are among those who have been more successful than other writers in this art. We are sorry that we have no room for specimens.

We have often been intensely amused at the mode, in which quotations are introduced into style. Sometimes it can be imagined long before the thing appears, that it must be coming. Every successive sentence is a new fling after the precious quotation. Sometimes the writer seems to be thrown back, to halt, and even to go beyond it, but he is sure of his game ultimately, and is not to be baffled.

We remember once listening to a lecture on Clouds and Atmospheric Phenomena from a distinguished meteorologist. As he rambled along in his discussion of the various species of clouds—the *nimbus*, *cirrus*, *cumulus*, and so on—he introduced a couplet from Milton's *Il Penseroso*, by remarking that great writers were usually correct delineators of nature. "You remember," said he, "Milton's lines respecting the "wandering moon," in which she seems—according to the poet—

—"as if her head she bowed  
stooping through a fleecy cloud."

"This cloud," continued the learned lecturer, "was manifestly of the *cirro-cumulus* order."

Another distinguished gentleman, the father of some religious neology, was one day addressing his theological students on the "beauty of holiness." Being often carried away on his own train of ideas beyond the path of his written notes, he was always sure to come back to the point from which he had started on his tangent, in order that none of his precious thoughts might be lost. On the occasion alluded to, he was unusually digressive, and might be called guilty of a genuine episode. Catching up his manuscript, his eye fell on the place from which he had unmoored his thoughts. "Oh," he exclaimed, "*here's some poetry.*"

'Abashed the Devil stood,  
And felt how awful goodness is! and saw  
Virtue in her own shape how lovely—saw  
And pined his loss.' "

The consummate art and appropriateness with which this memo-

able quotation was introduced, excited restrained, but unequivocal, merriment in the grave auditory.

We once had the luck to live in a small city, where the impetuous "Town-Committee" of one of the political parties of that day were wont to summon their troops to caucuses, by a glowing post-bill, introduced with the following motto, in flaming letters :

"Come, as the winds come, when forests are rended !  
Come, as the waves come, when navies are stranded."

The habit was only broken up, by the appearance of a paragraph in an opposition print, complimenting the "Committee" on the aptness of their motto. "For," remarked the editor drily, "if our adversaries carry out their principles, they will 'come,' very much, if we mistake not, like 'the ill wind, that blows nobody good ;' and as for the 'waves,' we should judge that they had 'come' already, from the amount of political 'flood-wood' that has been found by the selectmen in our back-streets lately."

We don't think opera-airs sound very well in church, even when played only as symphonies. But these would hardly shock us more than did a certain mincing young divine, who one day shaking perfumes from his white handkerchief, introduced into his sermon a quotation from the first canto of *Don Juan* :

" 'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark  
Our coming, and look brighter when we come."

Any thing but *Don Juan* in a surplice and bands, thought we : and were reminded of Addison's description of the masquerade, in which a heathen god makes an assignation with a nun.

Much amusement has been derived by a little coterie we wot of, by suggesting certain trite quotations to the circle, and inquiring the name of the original author. It is wonderful, how "doctors" will "disagree" on this simple question of fact. One is sure the line sounds like Thomson : another has certainly read it in Cowper's *Task*, and a third gruffly insists that it is from the pen of Shakspeare. We recollect on one occasion seeing nearly the whole company at variance with respect to the common citation :

"The feast of the reason and the flow of soul."

At first a majority declared in favor of Pope, but being unable to suggest the *locus in quo*, they all gradually come to the conclusion that they had been deceived by the cadence, and that it was less likely to be Pope's than any one's else. Perhaps Cowper at last had

rather the more friends, although two clung to Will Shakspeare, and one was absolutely sure that he had met with it in Dryden's poems. It is to be found, we believe, in Pope's Imitation of Horace's Second Satire :

"There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl,  
The feast of reason and the flow of soul."

On the contrary, the mention of the famous couplet,

"He who fights and runs away  
May live to fight another day,"

excited great unanimity. Of the original locality of those lines there was no doubt. They were of course in Butler's *Hudibras*. The stalwart knight, with all his various accomplishments in war, love and theology, cannot, however, be held responsible for the couplet. Nor is it to be found in any part of Samuel Butler's works. We have never seen it elsewhere than in Pope's *Letters*, and we have no doubt that the little man of Twickenham threw off the rhymes in sport, while writing to his friend.

The newspaper scribblers are somewhat addicted to the use of the phrase—"hide their diminished heads." Their "odorous" comparisons would hardly be complete without it. Few of these, however, may suspect, that it is an extract from the finest address, which Milton puts into the mouth of Satan. He is appealing to the sun :

"——At whose sight all the stars  
Hide their diminished heads,——"

The expression—"confusion worse confounded"—has passed into such indifferent use that very few would think of claiming for it anything but a vulgar paternity ; yet it originated in the Second book of *Paradise Lost*, where we are told also that Death,

"—Grinned horribly a ghastly smile ;"

a quotation which school-boys have made as familiar as is the hackneyed passage from Thomson's "Spring" to their masters :

"Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,  
And teach the young idea how to shoot."

It is Thomson's *Musidora*, too, who is compared to the *Venus de Medici* in that glorious line :

"So stands the statue that enchants the world."

Although Lawrence Sterne is the author of that charming allusion to the merciful care of Providence ; "He tempers the wind



to the shorn lamb ;" yet we are justified in inferring that it is generally believed to have a more "inspired" source. We have even labored hard to convince a pastor, who used the phrase, that it was from the pen of the sensual and volatile biographer of "Tristram Shandy."

Few poets escape without being charged, from some quarter, with inditing

"Thoughts that breathe and words that burn,"

but we never admired it half so much elsewhere as we do in Gray's Ode on the Progress of Poesy, where it is fitly and generously applied to Dryden :

"Hark, his hands the lyre explore !  
Bright-eyed fancy, hovering o'er,  
Scatters from her pictured urn  
Thoughts that breathe and words that burn."

Milton is much oftener quoted than read. Those charming words—

"Grace was in all her steps ; heaven in her eye ;  
In every gesture dignity and love"—

were first used by him in honor of the mother of us all. It is in his *Comus*, that we find that delicious description of exquisite music :

"——— I was all ear ;  
And took in strains that might create a soul  
Under the ribs of death."

It was his sublime fortitude, which found utterance in the last sonnet he ever wrote, addressed to Cyriac Skinner :

"——— Yet I argue not  
Against Heaven's hand or will, or bate a jot  
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer  
Right onward."

It was he, and not Shakspeare, who has expressed, in "*Comus*," that sincere opinion of his heart :

"How charming is divine Philosophy !  
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,  
But musical as is Apollo's lute ;  
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,  
Where no rude surfeit reigns."

Campbell is generally acknowledged the author of the line,

"Like angel's visits, few and far between :"

but he unquestionably borrowed it from Blair's "Grave," in which we find the verse :

"Like angels' visits, *short* and far between"—

a less tautological phrase than Campbell's copy of it.

Good quotations are "great wit," and Pope says that

Great wit is nature to advantage drest :

What oft is thought, but ne'er so well exprest.

In justice, therefore, these scintillations of lordly minds ought not to be parodied by mis-quotation. The forcible and eloquent passage in Scripture—"in the sweat of thy *face* shalt thou eat bread,"—is commonly refined and enfeebled into the sentence : "in the sweat of thy *brow* shalt thou eat bread." One compiler of hymn-books, displeased with the "amatory expression," (as he said,) of the exquisite lines :

"Jesus, lover of my soul,

Let me to thy bosom fly"—

has altered it into "Jesus, Saviour, &c.:"—a most useless sacrilege. We often hear the line :

"Small by degrees and beautifully less ;"

but this we suppose is a modern improvement on Matthew Prior's admirable couplet :

"That air and harmony of shape express,  
Fine by degrees, *yet* beautifully less."

One of the favorite novelists of the day, in his last work, seems to quote Juvenal from imagination rather than memory, and furnishes his readers with the following prodigy of metre :

"Vacuus viator cantabit ante latronem."

We are safe in saying that the most promising pupil in scanning within our broad land cannot make a hexameter of the line, or justify the use of *ante* made in it. Juvenal wrote a verse, illustrating the happiness of having nothing to lose, in which he says that a penniless traveller can afford to be very jolly even in the presence of a bandit : but he expressed himself thus :

"Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator."

To crown the joke, the author of Charles O'Malley introduces the quotation *twice* into his book, and each time with the same blunders.

## LITTLE THINGS.

It is bad policy to despise small persons or small things. A single grape-shot settles the destiny of an empire, and a diamond necklace has contributed largely to a bloody revolution. The gabbling of geese saved Rome from an overthrow. The accidental position of two spectacle-glasses at proper focal distances gave the world the telescope. The fall of an apple revealed to Newton the law which hangs the worlds in space—the grandest law of the material universe. The clinking of two hammers of different weights upon a blacksmith's anvil suggested to Pythagoras the first hints of the mathematical relations of musical sounds, upon which he laid the superstructure of musical science. The disputatious temper of a college boy upset the philosophy of Aristotle and established forever the Baconian system together with its magnificent application by Newton. We are ourselves too small, our faculties have a range too narrow—to make it right for us to despise small things; for it is only through them that we become acquainted with great things. We cannot comprehend a great truth by intuition. It is only by learning now and then and here and there a small truth, that we are enabled to ferret out and at last construct the great idea which we seek. And especially is our destiny suspended on slight and trivial things, and he who despises them despises the law of his own life, fortune and happiness.

A friend at our elbow suggests that we have told only half the truth about the geese. Although these bipeds warned Rome of the invasion of the Gauls and thereby saved that *ancient* republic, it is certain also, that the gabbling of some modern goslings has caused serious disasters to our own. He insists also that two spectacle-glasses, placed at *improper* distances from a key-hole, have caused a great deal of trouble in families. The apple too, he says, which suggested to Newton the law of gravitation, hardly compensated for the evil effects of that other apple, which brought upon mankind the law of sin and death. The musical hammers of Pythagoras bear no honorable comparison in his view with that single hammer of Luther, which nailed to the door of the church the memorable theses,—that hammer, the echo of which still rings in the ears of mankind and shook irrecoverably the most powerful Empire that ever lorded over the world.

night, while the malady was at its worst. But the somnolency of Mr. ——— was so well known among his family, that they begged him not to make the experiment when his uncle's sickness was at the crisis. They assured him that he would inevitably fall asleep. However, with suitable self-reliance he retorted, that it was his duty to watch, to learn to keep awake, and that his resolution was unalterably fixed that he *would* keep awake. He entered upon his duties; found out that he was to wake his patient every hour to offer liquids, powders, and nauseous mixtures; was very attentive during the first part of the night, administered the medicines, of which there was a whole bottle-full near the patient's bed; smoothed the pillow, rested his uncle's head, and discharged every minute item with his usual energy. But the "small hours" came on. The eyelids, unused to wakefulness, drooped, and sweet insensibility succeeded. Daylight had come before Mr. ——— woke. He opened his eyes, to find the ashes cold, the sun streaming through the chinks of the window-shutters, and his uncle supine on his face in the bed and motionless as death. The watcher supposed that he saw before him a corpse, who would need no more "medicine every hour." He approached the bed and found his patient in a sound sleep and generous perspiration. He woke him, and the first words of the old man were to announce how well he felt. The eye was bright, the skin soft, the lips no longer parched, the pulse strong. In short, the crisis was passed, and the old gentleman although he had not been dis-  
turbed eights of apothecaries' com-  
pounds the faithless but fortunate  
watcher celebrated the result of his happy vigil by emptying out of the window of the sick-room the contents of vials and pill-boxes almost innumerable.

## STANZAS.

BY ALFRED B. STREET, ESQ.

When fresh blows the blast o'er the breast of the ocean,  
And the free swelling canvass is spread to its might,  
And the vessel speeds on in its fetterless motion,  
Like the eagle that darts through the clouds in his flight.

Oh! long doth the mariner linger in sorrow  
To view the last mountain tops vanishing dim,  
And he bitterly sighs as he thinks that the morrow  
Will but widen the distance between them and him.

Thus the youth, when the ocean of manhood before him  
Is spreading, and time bears him rapidly on,  
Views the visions, that late shone in loveliness o'er him,  
Fade away, and the wide waste around him alone.

Gone hopes, that like rainbows around him were beaming,—  
Gone joys, that like spring birds, sang sweetly their call,—  
When the flag of young life bathed in sunshine was streaming,  
And the soul, that bright fountain, shed light over all.

This world, oh this cold mocking world, how it scatters  
The future's soft pictures, so brilliant and sweet,  
And the garlands of pleasure how quickly it shatters  
For the blossoms to perish like weeds at our feet.

How soon at its upas-like touch are they blighted,  
The flowers and the green of the short summer day;  
And Fancy, bright Fancy, too, dim and benighted,  
Flies swift with her wild harp in sadness away.

But in the past's twilight will memory linger,  
Like the glow of the west when the sunbeam has set,  
And the rock of the heart at the touch of her finger  
Will burst, and old feelings will flow from it yet.

The sky may be dark, but the sunlight will glitter,  
The Winter be gloomy, but Spring brings her wealth,  
And the cup of existence may sometimes be bitter,  
But the pearl of some joy will lie always beneath.

Then on through the world ! let us ride o'er the billow,  
And when come the dark clouds of sorrow and care,  
To the force of the blast lightly bends down the willow ;  
We will yield to the storm, but oh, not in despair.

Let us on, but not weakly, in gloom and in sadness !  
And Hope from our wild tossing ark will depart,  
And bring from the future, on white wings of gladness,  
Some green olive leaf to give joy to our heart.

The night is the blackest when day is just waking,  
The tempest the fiercest when nearest its close,  
And the spirit that thinks it in anguish is breaking,  
Feels some sweet precious balm calming all in repose.

#### GOVERNOR TRUMBULL.

It is a fact, now notorious in American History, that the little State of Connecticut furnished men and means for carrying on the great Revolutionary struggle far beyond her just proportion. In Marshall's Life of Washington it is stated that the Father of his Country frequently said that he could depend more safely on Governor Trumbull of Connecticut for money, men and provisions than on any other person in the United States. George Washington Parke Custis, the venerable relative of Gen. Washington and who still survives, once related an interesting incident in illustration of the reasons of the foregoing opinion, to a prominent citizen of Connecticut—expressing at the same time an ardent wish to visit the Land of Steady Habits.

It seems that once when Gen. Washington was quartered in New York, the necessities of the army were at a discouraging extremity, and such frequent and exhausting calls had been made upon the various States, that he despaired of being able to draw

any substantial quantity of supplies from any quarter—even from Connecticut. However, as a last resort, he wrote to Gov. Trumbull on the subject, expressing his mind with perfect frankness and sending his letter by a special messenger. The Governor received the letter in the afternoon, and, after reading it, told the messenger to rest for the night and call the next morning to take its answer. The envoy supposed the case was desperate and as he galloped his horseback to New York the next day, believed that he was carrying information of the utter inability of Connecticut to supply the provisions asked for.

The letter was opened by Gen. Washington and, much to his surprise, informed him that on a stated day he might expect a certain number of barrels of beef, a certain number of barrels of pork and other provisions in detail. The news was joyfully received, for the Governor was never known to prove false to his promise. On the day assigned, squads of American soldiers might have been seen on the highest hills in the vicinity of the camp, straining their eyes down the line of the road from the East, in which the longed-for waggons were expected to appear in sight.

Within half an hour of the time assigned by Governor Trumbull for the arrival of the stores, the expectant eyes almost filled with tears of joy at discovering through the mists of the valley the teamsters cheering along their jaded horses. It was like the cry of "sail-ho" to the shipwrecked. Every heart bounded with ratification, and Gen. Washington was delighted to receive such fresh evidence of the trustworthiness of the sterling people and punctual Governor of the State of Connecticut, during "the times that tried men's souls."

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

It is with unfeigned pleasure, that we present to our readers this month a biography of the late distinguished Chief Justice of New York, AMBROSE SPENCER,—from the pen of an eminent writer, whose name, for certain personal reasons, we are obliged reluctantly to withhold. It will be eagerly perused by the friends of the distinguished jurist and admired by the public at large.

The portrait, which accompanies the biographical sketch, reflects credit on the artist who engraved it, and is copied from what we believe to be the most accurate and finished picture ever taken of its eminent original.

Mr. STREET—who has now in press in London, to be published by Bentley, an epic poem of about six thousand lines and said to be of great merit—kindly furnishes us with a page of verse, which is agreeable in sentiment to the honorable pride of our natures as well as in form acceptable to our tastes.

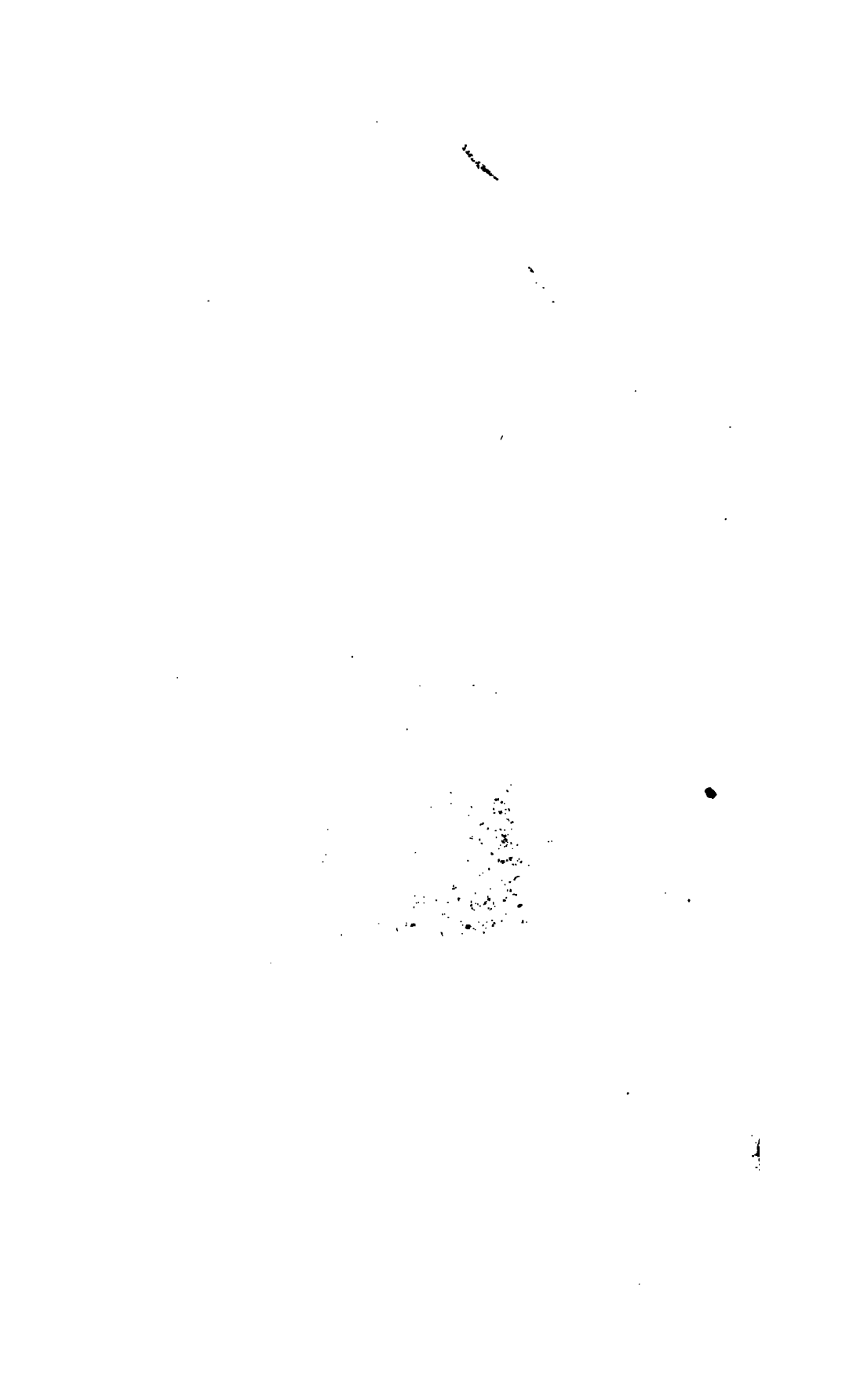
REV. DR. KIP's interesting translation, is concluded in the present number.

Mrs. SIGOURNEY's poem is worthy of her genius, and we must express our acknowledgments of her repeated kindness.

The remaining articles will not be complained of, as wanting variety.

We shall make an early appearance before the public in December and hereafter issue the Magazine at the *commencement* of each succeeding month.

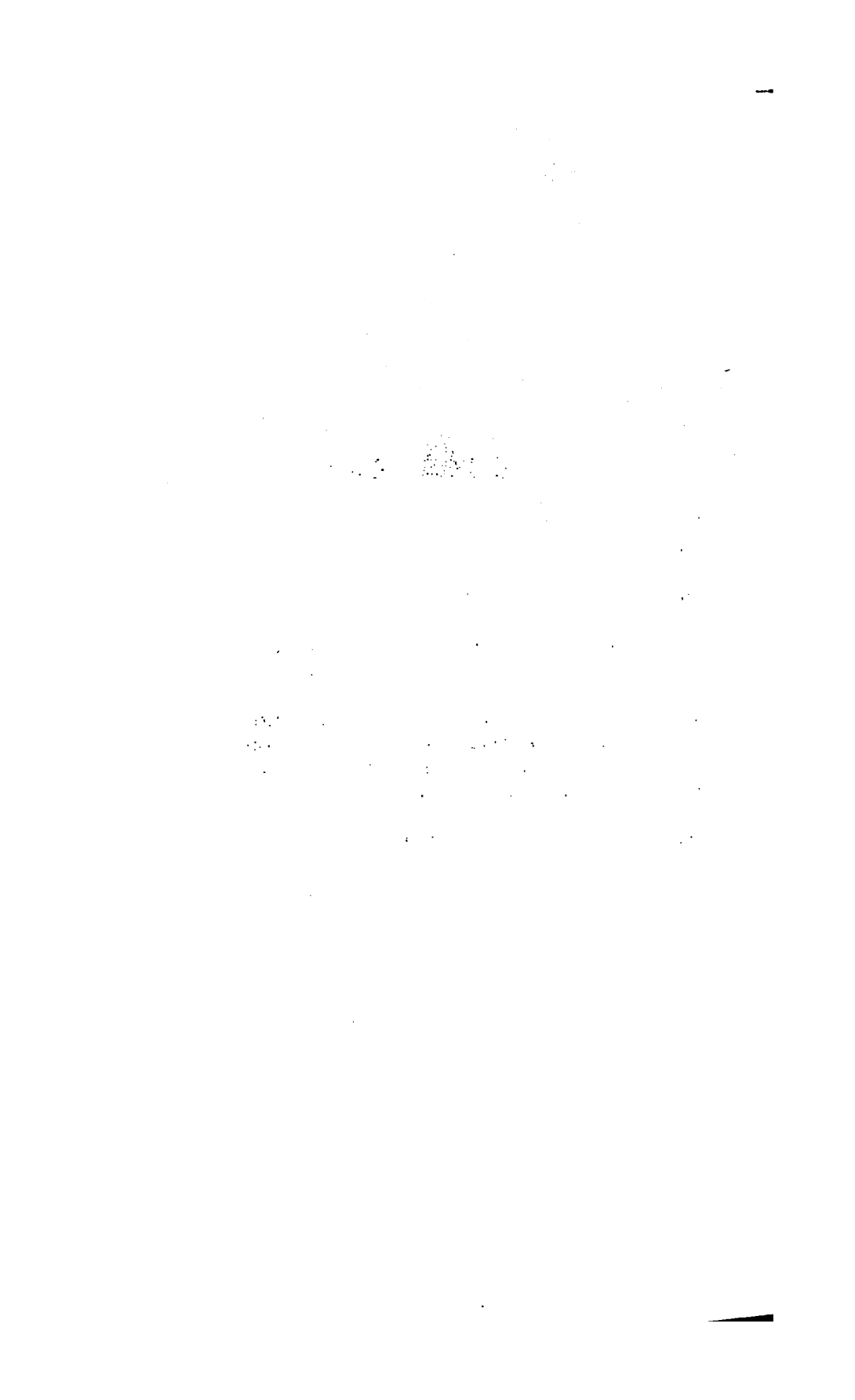






Alfred B. Smeel.

Engraved for the American Literary Magazine from a Painting by A.W. Tinsell.





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# AMERICAN LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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No. 6.

ALFRED B. STREET.

THE life of a poet is in his works. However his days may glide on, whether peacefully or checkered by adventures, he lives more in the Ideal world he has created for himself, than in that Actual world which is about us all. It is difficult, therefore, to show him as we would wish, before that public into whose ear, as into a confessional, he has been accustomed to pour his noblest thoughts. In this case, too, we are attempting to sketch one who has hardly yet reached the maturity of his years, and whose writings are, we trust, but the first fruits of a still more abundant harvest.

Alfred B. Street is descended from one of the oldest and most respectable families in the State of Connecticut—one which has held its place for more than two hundred years, and enrolled among its members learned scholars and eminent divines. It sprang from an ancient English family, one member of which, Sir Thomas Street, in 1681, (reign of Charles II.) was a Baron of the Exchequer and Justice of the Common Pleas, while some of the name are still found in the church and army in the parent country. In Sussex there is still in existence an old grey ivy-clad edifice, called "Street Church," mentioned in the Domesday Survey, and a Rectory of Street, in the Diocese of Chichester and Archdeaconry of Lewes.

The first Ancestor of the family in this Country was the Rev. Nicholas Street, who was settled at Taunton, in the Colony of

Plymouth, about the year 1638,\* and subsequently became the Pastor of the first Church in New Haven.† He was a good theological writer and noted for his piety, learning and eloquence.—His son, the Rev. Samuel Street, after graduating at Harvard College, organized a church at Wallingford and became its Pastor.—His early ministry was cast in those wild and picturesque times when the tomahawk of the Savage was ever threatening. Consequently the male portion of his people—half settler, half soldier—listened to his preaching in the little fortified church, with loaded muskets at their backs, and at the breaking out of King Philip's war in 1675, his house was also fortified. He continued Pastor of this church forty-two years, and until his death, which happened in 1717.||

The Hon. Randall S. Street, father of the subject of our notice, was the lineal descendant of these two eminent clergymen. He removed with his father, in early life, into the State of New York, and his branch of the family has continued to reside there ever since, but the other branch continued in Connecticut, and is still represented by Augustus Russell Street, Esq., who resides at New Haven.

Randall S. Street studied law at Poughkeepsie, married Miss Cornelia Billings, and settled there for the next thirty years of his life. Such was his standing at the bar, that while still young, he was appointed District Attorney of the District composed of the counties of Wayne, Ulster, Dutchess, Delaware and Sullivan, under the old organization of districts, and subsequently he represented the county of Dutchess in Congress. He was an eminent lawyer and accomplished gentleman, and among the recollections of the writer of this sketch, is one of a day spent more than thirty years ago at the residence of Gen. Street, when it was the home of hospitality and elegance. In 1824 Gen. Street removed to Monticello, Sullivan Co., N. Y., where he died in 1839.

The natural grandfather of our author was Major Andrew Billings, who married Cornelia, daughter of James Livingston, of the well known family of that name in New York. Cornelia, the daughter by this marriage, who became the wife of Gen. Street, was the mother of the poet.

\*Bacon's Historical Discourses.  
†Dr. Dana's Century Discourse.

||Trumbull's History of Connecticut.



He was born in the village of Poughkeepsie, and received an academical education at the Dutchess County Academy, which stood in the front rank of kindred institutions. Poughkeepsie is well known as one of the most beautiful villages in the State.—Situated on the side and summit of a slope that swells up from the Hudson river, from College Hill there is a prospect of almost matchless beauty. A scene of rural and sylvan loveliness expands from every point at its base—the roofs and steeples of the busy village rise from the foliage in which it seems embosomed—the river stretches league upon league with its gleaming curves beyond—to the West is a range of splendid mountains ending at the South in the misty peaks of the Highlands—whilst at the North, dim outlines sketched upon the distant sky, proclaim the domes of the soaring Catskills. It was among these scenes that our author passed his childish days—here his young eye first drank in the glories of Nature, and “the foundations of his mind were laid.”

When, however, at the age of fourteen he removed with his family to Monticello, he was immediately surrounded with scenes in striking contrast with those of his former life. Sullivan county had been organized but a score of years, and was hardly yet rescued from the wilderness. Monticello, its county town, was surrounded by fields which only a short time before were parts of the wild forest which still hemmed them in on every side. These forests were threaded with bright streams and scattered with broad lakes, while here and there the untiring axe of the settler during the last quarter of a century, had been opening the way for the industry and enterprise of man. Secluded as Sullivan county is in the South-westernmost nook of the State, it would be difficult to find within its bounds another region of such sylvan beauty and wild grandeur. The eye is filled with images that make them an enduring places in the mind, storing it with rich and unfading pictures, and among these scenes, as might be supposed, Mr. Street ranged with a ceaseless delight, probably heightened by the strong contrast before mentioned, between their startling picturesqueness and the soft quiet beauty of those of Dutchess. Instead of the smooth meadowy ascent, he saw the broken hill-side blackened with fire, or just growing green with its first crop—instead of the yellow cornfield stretching far as the eye could see,

he beheld the clearing spotted with stumps, with the thin rye growing between—instead of the comfortable farm-house peeping from its orchards, he saw the log-cabin stooping amid the half-cleared trees ;—the dark ravine took the place of the mossy dell, and the wild lake of the sail-spotted and far-stretching river.

Thus communing with nature, Mr. Street embodied the impressions made upon him in language, and in that form most appropriate in giving vent to deep enthusiastic feeling and high thought—the form of verse. Poem after poem was written by him, and being published in those best vehicles of communication with the public, the periodicals soon attracted general attention. Secluded from mankind, and surrounded with nature in her most impressive features, his thought took the direction of that of which he saw most, and thus description became the characteristic of his verse. Equally cut off from books, his poetry found its origin in his own study of nature scenes, and in the thoughts that rose in his own bosom. The leaves and flowers were his words—the fields and hills side were his pages—and the whole volume of Nature, his treasury of knowledge. This, while it may have made him less artistic, was the means of that originality and unlikeness to any one else which are to be found in his pages.

But while thus employing his leisure in tracing his thoughts in language, Mr. Street was engaged in studying his profession of law in the office of his father, and in due time was admitted to the bar. After practicing for a few years at Monticello, in 1839, he removed to Albany, where he has continued to reside until the present time. In 1841, Mr. Street married, Elizabeth, daughter of Smith Weed, Esq., a retired merchant of fortune and great respectability of character.

We have spoken of the general characteristics of Mr. Street's poetry, or rather of the peculiar mental training he received, and which gave a direction to his imagination. And beautifully has a writer\* in the Democratic Review summed up this view we have given : " Street is a true Flemish painter, seizing upon objects in all their veri-similitude. As we read him, wild flowers peer up from among brown leaves ; the drum of the partridge, the ripple of waters. the flickering of autumn light, the sting of

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\*Henry T. Tuckeman.

sleepy snow, the cry of the panther, the roar of the winds, melody of birds, and the odor of crushed pine boughs, are present to our senses. In a foreign land, his poems would transport us at once to home. He is no second hand limner, content to furnish insipid copies, but draws from reality. His pictures have the freshness of originals. They are graphic, detailed, never untrue, and often vigorous; he is essentially an American poet."

A writer\* in the *American Review* remarks thus of his poetry: "The rhythm in general runs with an equable and easy strength; the more worthy of regard because so evidently inartificial; and there is often in the frequent minute pictures of nature a heedless but delicate movement of the measure, a lingering of expression corresponding with some dreamy abandonment of thought to the objects dwelt upon, or a rippling lapse of language where the author's mind seemed conscious of playing with them—caught as it were from the flitting of birds among leafy boughs, from the subtle wanderings of the bee, and the quiet brawling of woodland brooks over leaves and pebbles. In the use of language, more especially in the blank verse, Mr. Street is simple yet rich and usually very felicitous. This is peculiarly the case in his choice of appellatives which he selects and applies with an aptness of descriptive beauty not surpassed, if equalled, by any poet amongst us—certainly by none except Bryant."

"Besides his observation, keen as the Indian Hunter's, of all Nature's slight and simple effects in quiet places, Mr. Street has a most gentle and contemplative eye for the changes which she silently throws over the traces where men have once been. For instance, in "The Old Bridge" and "The Forsaken Road." When he comes to the quiet scenes in America which he has seen and felt, he has passages which in their way, Cowper, Thomson, Wordsworth, or Bryant, never excelled.

Thus of Spring.—

"In the moist hollows and by streamlet sides  
The grass grows thickly. Sunny banks have burst  
Into blue streets of scented violets.  
The woodland warbles, and the noisy swamp  
How deepened in its tones.

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\* The late George H. Colton.

And of summer :—

“ O'er the branch-sheltered stream the laurel hangs  
Its gorgeous clusters, and the bass-wood breathes  
From its pearl blossoms, fragrance.

But now the wind stirs fresher ; darting round  
The spider tightens its frail web ; dead leaves  
Whirl in quick eddies from the mounds ; the snail  
Creeps to its twisted fortress, and the bird  
Crouches amid its feathers. Wafted up,  
The stealing cloud with soft gray blinds the sky,  
And, in its vapory mantle, onward steps  
The summer shower : over the shivering grass  
It merrily dances, rings its tinkling bells  
Upon the dimpling stream, and, moving on,  
It treads upon the leaves with pattering feet  
And softly murmured music.

“ How exquisite are these pictures ! With what an appreciation, like the minute stealing in of light among leaves, does he touch upon every delicate feature ! And then, in how subtle an alembic of the mind must such language have been crystallized. The ‘ *curiosa felicitas* ’ cannot be so exhibited except by genius.”

Another critic\* says “ Mr. Street is the Teniers of American poets. Perfect in his limited and peculiar range of Art, as Longfellow in his more extended and higher sphere, Street is the very daguerreotype of external nature. And yet his portraits are not mere mechanical copies of her features—so much feeling, as well as truth, is there in his microscopic delineations.” And the *Columbian Magazine*, in noticing his poems, remarks : “ His *Sunset on Shawangunk Mountain* ” alone would make a poet's reputation. It is a true picture from nature, redolent of Summer-evening's balmy air, and rivalling in poetic beauty and minuteness some of the most choice passages of Thomson's *Seasons*.”

And in England his claims as a poet have been fully recognised. We find his poem of “ *The Lost Hunter*,” finely illustrated in a recent London periodical, and the *Foreign Quarterly Review* speaks of him as “ a descriptive poet at the head of his class.” It remarks that “ his pictures of American scenery are full of *gusto* and freshness.” The *Westminster Review*, in noticing the collection of his poems by Clark and Austin, says : “ It is long since we met with a volume of poetry from which we

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\* Charles F. Hoffman.

have derived so much unmingled pleasure as from the collection now before us. Right eloquently does he discourse of nature, her changeful features and her varied moods, as exhibited in "America with her rich green forest robe," and many are the glowing pictures we would gladly transfer to our pages, in proof of the poet's assertion that "nature is man's best teacher."

Besides the numerous pieces published by Mr. Street in different periodicals, he delivered three very able poems before the Englossian Society of Geneva, and the Phi Beta Kappa and Philomathean Societies of Union College, from which latter institution in 1841 he received the honorary degree of A. M. A complete and beautiful edition of his poems, in a large octavo volume of more than three hundred pages, was published two years since by Messrs Clark and Austin, of New York, and has already passed through several editions. We have room to quote from it but two specimens to illustrate the view we have given. One is a picture of Autumn:—

"The beech-nut falling from its opened burr  
Gives a sharp rattle, and the locust's song  
Rising and swelling shrill, then pausing short,  
Rings like a trumpet. Distant woods and hills  
Are full of echoes, and all sounds that strike  
Upon the hollow air let loose their tongues.  
The ripples, creeping through the matted grass,  
Drip on the ear, and the far partridge-drum  
Rolls like low thunder. The last butterfly,  
Like a winged violet, floating with the meek  
Pink-colored sunshine, sinks his velvet feet  
Within the pillared mullein's delicate down,  
And shuts and opens his unruffled fans.  
Lazily wings the crow, with solemn croak,  
From tree-top on to tree-top. Feebly chirps  
The grasshopper, and the spider's tiny clock  
Ticks from its crevice."

Is not this a painting? as much as any ethereal and dreamy landscape by Cole or Durand?

The other is a pencil sketch of an ancient forest road.

"Old winding roads are frequent in the woods,  
By the surveyor opened long ago,  
When through the depths he led his trampling band,  
Startling the crouched deer from the underbrush  
With unknown shouts and axe-blows. Left again  
To solitude, soon nature touches in  
Picturesque graces. Hiding here in moss  
The wheel-track—blocking up the vista there

In bushes—darkening with her soft cool tints  
The notches on the trees, and hatchet-cuts  
Upon the stooping limbs—across the trail  
Twisting, in wreaths, the pine's enormous roots,  
And twining, like a bower, the leaves above.  
Now skirts she the faint path with fringes deep  
Of thicket, where the checkered partridge hides  
Its downy brood, and whence, with drooping wing  
It limps to lure away the hunter's foot  
Approaching its low cradle ; now she coats  
The hollow, stripped by the surveyor's band,  
To pitch their tents at night, with pheasant grass,  
So that the doe, its slim fawn by its side,  
Amidst the fire-flies in the twilight feeds ;  
And now she hurls some hemlock o'er the track  
Splitting the trunk that in the frost and rain  
Asunder falls, and melts into a strip  
Of umber dust."

We are writing of one, however, who we feel has only commenced his career. His next publication will, we think, add to his reputation, in a way to exceed the hopes even of his most ardent friends. For several years Mr. Street has been engaged on a poem called "Frontenac," a tale of the Iroquois in 1696, which is now finished. The writer of this sketch has had the pleasure of reading it in manuscript, and has no hesitation in asserting that it will stand at the very head of American poems. It is no small evidence of Mr. Street's reputation in England, that the distinguished London publisher, Mr. Bentley, to whom this poem was casually mentioned, at once made propositions to the author to have it brought out by his house. Arrangements to this effect have been made, and the poem will appear in England in a few months. Its descriptions of natural scenery—so bright and vivid—and its sketches of life in the forest and the Indian village will be something most novel to the reading public abroad. There is a freshness about it which cannot but charm those accustomed to the poetry of the Old World, and we believe that shortly no American poet will be better known in England than Mr. Street.

## COLLEGE EDUCATION.

PUBLIC opinion concerning the value of collegiate education is rapidly changing ; and, what is worse, we fear that public opinion has the best reason in the world to change. We fear that its verdict in this matter is one of those gradual, sober, diffusive judgments, that express the concurring opinion of reflective men, and that tremendous dictum, known, though unheard, as the Voice of the Age.

Perhaps we ought to state here, in order to secure the decently respectful attention of the reader, that we are not one of those, who make their own history the universal solvent of all problems ; who think that because they have succeeded in spite of ignorance, in obtaining a position of notoriety, neither they nor any one else can be any better for an education. This conceit only reveals depths of ignorance most contemptible and dishonorable. And more—we are rather skeptical about the advantage of taking a degree in “ Nature’s University ” only. The North American Indians tried the benefits of that sort of graduation for many centuries, and did not at the end exhibit any striking attainments, either in religion, morality, refinement, scholarship, or even in common decency. Let not the public then charge us with the envy of an ignoramus, who would sneer at the advantages which he has never himself enjoyed ; for it is as true as strange, that we did, by dint of four years’ toil, long, long ago, obtain an engraved diploma, significant of a baccalaureate degree in the Arts. Heaven forgive us, for not obtaining a great deal more than we did, in addition to that sheep-skin !

To return. We said that the public estimation of the value of a college education was declining. Once it was an advantage that overawed the gaping crowd. Its very name was a challenge of success. It imposed on one, who had enjoyed its benefits, high duties, which he would have been considered a reprobate not to endeavor to discharge. We will not say, that it has not still a

traditionary estimation of this kind attached to it. In modern times, grey-headed fathers linger over the musty ledger, or imbrue their hands in menial work, and fond mothers toil and spin and sew for many a weary hour, for the sake of affording to their son the talismanic advantage of college learning. Still, they expect to see a halo surround the brow of their awkward boy, as soon as he passed through the regular course of academic studies and honors. Still, the college anniversary attracts crowds of strangers to some modern Athens, and great as ever is the greatness, in the esteem of some, of the heroes of the carpeted stage of Commencement Day. The student, too, while in college, imagines himself breathing an atmosphere fit only for high natures, and fancies that if he excels there, the *world* outside of college must of course bow to his eminence. We admit all this. But at the same time, we must assert that this high opinion of college advantages is confined to those who are under the despotism of some old opinion on the subject, or are, in some form or other, overshadowed by college influences. Professors and tutors are especially besotted on this subject. Like the Chinese, they think that all the world are ready to acknowledge that they live in a "flowery kingdom." The only reason why they think so, is because they are not in communication, either by sympathy or knowledge, with the great world outside of the college microcosm. And this is the very thing that exposes them, like Chinamen, to the scoffs and jeers of every body. There is nothing so damning in this age as self-conceit. If any one stops to plume himself on what he has accomplished already, he will find the world improving his silly delay to get far in advance of him.

With all the earnestness of one, who is enthusiastically friendly to the cause of education, we insist that the public are losing their respect for the system of training practised at present in American Colleges. As an English cockney would say, college education is "getting too *slow*." It "must move on," or be trampled out of sight and honor. The student himself is often the one, who is most painfully convinced of the truth of our remarks. He finds himself, after the ardent devotion of four years, in the flower of his life and strength, to the pursuit of knowledge, in a most mortifying state of backwardness. He comes out into busy life, not merely unable to find a ready appreciation of his colle-



giate greatness, and a free path to laborious success, but is actually deficient in what he most wants, and cumbered with what he does not want: not with too much learning, but with scholastic habits and with false judgments of mankind, and a divergence and want of definiteness in his aims. He finds that he has taken discipline, which is at best only means to an end, as itself the end of pursuit. He is "at sea" in an infinite ocean, well supplied with corks and bladders, but without having learned to swim. The world has no reverence for his scholasticism, smiles at his airs, and dares him to wrestle with it. We verily believe, that if thousands of common schools did not annually open their friendly doors for the installation of hosts of teachers, and if country parishes in the Eastern and Middle States did not offer to college-learned stripplings a life-long insurance against starvation, that a large number of the persons, annually thrown loose from college-walls in our country, would be tempted to commit suicide.

They try to write for the press; but they know nothing about the popular taste. They are surprised that their fine sentences are received with yawns of weariness; that their classical allusions and high-flown sentences fall from their lips "stale, flat and unprofitable; that their elaborate tissue of metaphors disguises all the thoughts which they meant to impress, and confuses and destroys the interest of the hearer. They discover that they are not *practical*—that they have none of the glow and sparkle of common sense. Here comes into view their great deficiency.—They are only retailing the fruits of their own *disciplinary* education. They have had no ulterior object before their mind's eye, and no great thought dropped into their minds by their instructors. They have not studied the age and its wants. They have made no grand resolution to fix this and to fix that truth in the heart of the world.

The prominent poets of two hundred years ago, if they lived now, would find that almost every body can spin as good rhyming couplets as they did then. Many of their effusions would be rejected by a common newspaper editor. It is so with college learning, as at present administered. The graduate often finds the faithful readers of the cheap scientific publications of the day far in advance of himself in practical acquaintance with the leading and minute features of modern science. Almost any intelli-

gent merchant and mechanic can instruct him. He is "behind the times." The boy, educated in the printing-office can stir the popular spirit thrice quicker than himself, and spread his knowledge before the public in a manner more appropriate, because it is more lustrous with the flash of intelligence. These evils seem to be somewhat worse in our oldest and most venerated institutions than elsewhere. A fossil system of education is adhered to, as if the world would never demand any thing higher and better. Professors mew themselves in private houses; take no pains to feel the world's wants themselves, and inspire none of their pupils with a laudable ambition to meet and supply, in some measure, the demands of the age. They are not *models* for their charge, if they are *instructors*. There is no inspiration in their lives, no enthusiasm in their characters, as a general thing.

If the design of a college education was to make men *scholars*, then the habits of mind gendered by a college life in America might not be inappropriate. But this our academic corporations and Faculties do not claim. They do not, will not, in a single college in this country, pursue a course sufficiently extensive to make *scholars* in any department. They recognize in the curriculum of their institutions a preparatory course to the active and practical professions of life—to the pulpit, the bar, the political arena, and the practice of medicine. They do not expect that one man out of every hundred whom they instruct, will devote himself to scholastic pursuits. The temptations in our age and country are all the other way. Conscious, then, that mere scholarship will not be the result of their discipline, ought they not to take a lesson from the times and seek to direct the minds of their pupils to the great objects at which it is almost certain that their ambition, if they have any, will level itself? In one American College (perhaps we ought to state,) there is a prevailing spirit among the students themselves which checks, in some measure, the scholasticism of College life. They take a deep interest in the political and moral questions of the day, and know at least what the newspapers talk about from week to week. Their minds are excited with some great thoughts, and they get intellectually inured to some of the conflicts of life. At another institution, an attempt has been made to consult the tastes of students, and to leave to them an artificial choice of those academical pursuits which the

young men think to be most in keeping with their future profession. This we cannot admire, for if preparation for a particular line of business is the sole object of College life, then no time at all would better be wasted at an institution, where studies of this sort are always pursued loosely or have a very faint and questionable bearing on the future profession. The student should at once, without any academic training, be put directly in an institution or under a master, specially devoted to the art or profession which he means to follow. This dainty choice among the various ordinary studies of the College course, is only specious fooling, at best. In another institution—an honored one, too—all the tendencies of the course of study, the system of discipline, and habits of the instructors, is to scholasticism. The course of study, or that part of it on which the great part of the student's time is spent, is that of a foreign High School. It is narrow, unpractical and uninspiring. The habits of the instructors are not such as call out some of the ambition for noble imitation, which stirred the spirit of such pupils as Cicero and Hortensius. The course of discipline is calculated to weaken the self-respect of the student, to destroy all sympathy and mutual regard between instructor and instructed, and to supply the puerile side of a young man's character with plenty of meat to feed on.

Want of space compels us to bring these hurried remarks to a close. In future, we hope to be able to suggest a remedy for the evils we deprecate. It is sufficient to say for the present, that more professors, different professors, and better professors are wanted. Our collegiate institutions want *more* professors, as many new sciences, of the greatest practical value, are constantly taking rank in Europe and this country, and of which no educated person should be ignorant. The application of science to the arts, elegant and mechanical, is now-a-days engrossing a large share of public attention, and suggests an important change in our collegiate course of study. We need professors accomplished in these branches; men fresh from contact with them; and, if possible, men who have won distinction in them.

We must have *different* professors. It would be undoubtedly good policy to retain a little of the old leaven of scholasticism in our institutions of learning, but where this usurps every thing, earthy odors must prevail, and the spirit of college-life must be

practically deadened. Men, who are great somewhere else besides in college-walls, ought to be selected to fill the chairs of science, philosophy and rhetoric : men, whom students would wish to imitate as well as to receive instruction from. The professor of Chemistry should be one who has really added to the treasures of science. The professor of Rhetoric should be an elegant and impressive writer, not a dull analyzer of old English Literature, incapable of stirring the blood with a single great thought, or pleasing the ear with a single rhythmic period. We want men who will now and then drop some vital idea into the minds of their pupils—which will take root and grow in the fructifying soil of a young intellect. We want Wilsons and Macaulays and Hares and Longfellows to fill our chairs of Science, Art and Literature : men, in one sense, of the world—men, of whom the world knows something, and around whom generous-minded youth will gather with eagerness and pride as the ancient orators flocked in early life to the gardens of Plato.

We want *better* professors. By some wire-working—some secret influence of sect, or personal friendship, or family affection,—some collegiate institutions have entitled themselves to as much disgust as political cliques sometimes merit by their selections of official incumbents. Persons, at the present time, hold important stations in American Colleges, which they only disgrace : whose instructions are repudiated by the students under their charge. This point need not be explained or argued. We are perfectly understood, when we say that we must have *better* professors.

## CALIFORNIA.

CALIFORNIA is the theme of the day. It is one of those all-engrossing topics, which from time to time arrest and absorb public attention, until one fancies that he reads its name placarded on every face he meets, and that he knows what thoughts are passing behind the working features, or the thoughtful brow. In our country, there is no class whom the recent intelligence from California does not affect. No part of American society is so settled into a dull dependent routine of thankless labor, or so hopelessly miserable, as to lie below the ambition excited by the discovery of a *real* El Dorado. From bank-desk to bar-room, in counting-house and cellar, the watchword of good conversable souls is invariably California. The scrawny hag hangs on the gray-haired sinner whom she calls her husband, and vows that he shall not leave her to starvation by emigrating to the gold-region. The elastic young clerk is impatient to be a San Francisco capitalist, or a Monterey trader, realizing enormous profits in a cash business. The laborer, who is tired of looking for new employers, shrugs his shoulders, strikes his hat over his eyes, and sets out for the land where manual work commands from twenty dollars to fifty dollars a day. Within two months about twenty-five vessels, of a large class, will have cleared from the single port of New York for California. Even in the country towns of New England, young men are organizing emigration-clubs: hoping, by a union of forces, to be able to charter some craft for a voyage to the Isthmus. Already an enterprising firm of New York merchants have established a line of steamers to ply from the west side of the Isthmus of Panama to San Francisco. In short, our American people are now prepared to really find the Far West: to touch the Pacific shore, and forever put an end to the fables of poetry about unvisited regions of delight just under the drapery of the setting sun, by turning the remotest occidental land into an active, work-a-day scene of commerce and agriculture.

The American seems a pilgrim by nature. It requires a very small inducement to enable him to shoulder his pack and commence his plodding march towards a new home. Surely, he will not hesitate long to move, when he is officially assured that beds, sown with gold, await him on the banks of mill-sites, and that he can dig masses of the finest yellow metal with his jack-knife, out of the clefts of rocks, on the western coast of his own country's soil: that, without going off from Brother Jonathan's own land, or trespassing on any body but his Uncle Samuel, he can fill his pockets with flakes and scales of gold.

But we have not taken our pen to write a newspaper rhapsody about our new territories, and their mines of platina, gold and quicksilver, and the fine chance now presented to emigrants to go and dig, or to carry out cotton cloth and flour and seidlitz powders, to sell at two dollars a yard, and fifty dollars a barrel, and thirty dollars a box—as some have actually done. The stupendous results of the drama now passing before us are our concern: not the colossal fortunes to be made in commerce and in real-estate speculations at Monterey and San Francisco, and in excavating metals. We will not even discuss the probable effects of the discovery of such vast quantities of the precious metals upon stocks at home or the balance of trade abroad. The only facts in this department, important to us, are two in number.

First, gold and quicksilver have been found in California in miraculous quantities. The official despatches of Colonel Mason and the testimony of Rev. Walter Colton and others leave no doubt in any candid mind on this subject. The estimate of the value of the mines at one thousand millions of dollars may be far beyond or far under the mark of truth. But it is enough to know that gold is washed out of every handful of earth that is gathered up in certain localities, and that these localities seem illimitably numerous: that scattered masses of gold lie in the clefts of rocks as if they were scattered deposits from some undiscovered veins of countless value. Moreover, the discovery, although unexpected, might reasonably have been looked forward to. Not because dim traditions have always pointed to an El Dorado in the Far West—traditions, which greeted Europeans almost as soon as they first touched the shore—  
derful display of gold in

he Mexicans must have had some vast treasury of supply in by-gone years. And if the careless, improvident savage should, by accident, here and there discover a Mexican gold-mine, is it not more than probable that he left very many undiscovered? Many facts, too, on this subject, have been long-known, although undoubtedly under-estimated. Perez Galvez, proprietor of two mines, in Guanajuato, is said to be the richest man in this hemisphere. Some of the Spanish nobility derived their patents of aristocracy from the sudden wealth acquired by them through the accidental discovery of Mexican mines, which enabled them to make extravagant presents to the Spanish crown. Temeros thus became Conde de Regla, and the Obregon family were the descendants of the Conde de Valenciana, who was ennobled for a like cause.

Many stories are told of secret mines, the owners of which have died without disclosing the source of their wealth. In fact, the Spaniards were always referred by the natives of Mexico to the West as the fountain of gold and precious stones. They found some pearls in California, which excited their cupidity to the highest degree. But most of the adventurers were gradually discouraged, and some undoubtedly discovered mines, the existence of which they kept jealously guarded from public knowledge. The indolent Mexicans troubled themselves very little by exploring for metallic ores.

The other important fact for us is that an unexampled wave of emigration is rushing after this golden prospect. The population of the gold region and San Francisco has nearly doubled within a year, and probably amounts at present to nearly 10,000. Vessel after vessel is equipped, and is overrun with passengers, bound for the Californian harbor. This is enough to show that, as the climate of San Francisco is fine, and about the same as that of Philadelphia, that this region will be rapidly filled up, and that the prodigies of the Mississippi and Ohio valleys are about to be enacted anew.

Having taken these facts for granted, we can now look with a cold philosophical intuition upon the probable consequences of the wonders now passing before us. Nor can we move a step without being struck with the providential aspect of this new movement of Anglo-Saxon energy. It seems to have come upon

us just at the right time. When new inventions have been crowding upon us, within the last ten years, as they never did in any half century before ; when motion seems to be unlimited in rapidity ; when the action of electricity has been so methodized as to communicate thoughts and words for any conceivable distance without the apparent loss of a moment ; when even our vast Union can be traversed diagonally by the traveller within a week by the agency of steam : when we were already discussing the wisdom of uniting the Atlantic and Pacific by one immense railroad, and of severing the rocky bond—the Isthmus of Darien—which for ages has united the two great divisions of the western hemisphere, by a ship canal, in order to give us a readier communication with our Pacific shore ; when we are more than ever flooded with foreign immigration ; when we had already begun to introduce our manufactures into the East, and the public attention was strongly directed in pursuit of an increase of our commerce to rival the increase of our manufactures, we suddenly come into possession of a new empire of soil upon the western coast of our continent, salubrious and fertile, well-wooded and well-watered, and especially attractive by its rich mines to the money-loving American. Had it been discovered sooner, it would have been idle on our hands for a time, or might have prevented the glorious agricultural development of the interior of our country, the so-called Western States. It comes at a time, when the wonderful discoveries of the age will make it comparatively near—will bring it under the immediate moral power of our institutions and prevent a lapse to barbarism—will keep it as bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, instead of raising up a separate republic on the Pacific, either permanently a rival to us, or compelled to go through the forms of annexation, which might so alter its domestic policy or our own as to occasion trouble. We do not mean to say, that we stood in need of more territory, or that there is no danger of distraction of our interests by such a diffusion of our population. But as the territory seemed destined to fall into our hands, it is well that it has come upon us as it has—at a time when our institutions can easily be transplanted to it, and when it may bring us so much pecuniary advantage, and be bound to us by ties of interest.

Another reason why the settlement of this new territory is



eminently timely, is found in the manner of its colonization. The emigrants rush thither, "as the horse rushes to the battle." They go in such large bodies as to be able to fix the character of the population of the country, its political institutions, and its relation to the United States. It is henceforward inevitably Americanized. Its spirit, temper, interest, are all Republican and American. The die is cast forever. No foreign foot can invade that Pacific shore and claim it in the name of any crown. No revolution can throw it back to barbarism. No propagandism can rear upon its free soil the institutions of absolutism or aristocracy. The destiny of California is fixed. It will soon be a part of our republican confederacy.

But the physical condition and resources and position of California are what make the acquisition of the territory by the United States especially timely. It lies on the Pacific shore, as yet unoccupied by our commerce, but the nearest point within our domain to China, India, and the Polynesian Islands. It contains one of the finest harbors in the world—San Francisco—where ships of any burthen can lie in perfect security, and which is remarkably free from dangerous obstructions. The imagination fails, as it endeavors to conceive the amount of commerce which may be carried into successful operation between our own land and the almost untried market of the populous East. Already have our manufactures found their way into Turkey and the Barbary States. Why should they not be introduced into Birmah and Thibet? As access to Asiatic centres of trade, ports and metropolitan cities, is nearer from our own California than from any of the great manufacturing and commercial countries of Europe, and as American enterprise is so prompt and persevering, why should not California gradually engross the trade of the pagan countries of Asia? As the reality of this advantage becomes more clear, emigration will set more strongly towards the Pacific, and there is no reason why San Francisco should not become in time another New York—with its fine harbor beautified by immense ware-houses, and lined with thick groves of masts,—thriving, populous and magnificent. This is, to be sure, a glance into futurity, but it is not mere fancy; for miracles of the same kind have already occurred in this country, without half the aids and advantages offered by California.

The resources of California, however, are more important to us than its position. The stupendous development of our agricultural resources within so short a space of time—the growth of cities and villages, and the construction of our country's external greatness—have far exceeded our wealth, as represented in currency. They have made demands upon us, which we have been obliged to supply by immense issues of paper currency, multitudes of credit-institutions or banks, and an extravagant use of the credit-system. We have been pinched for want of the standards of value—gold and silver. Hence we have had sudden reversions—undue expansions and violent contractions—which have left commercial ruin in the wake of pecuniary explosions, and loaded us with sudden bankruptcies. Nor has this want of money merely made our progress spasmodic and broken it by reverses: it is fair to believe that it has seriously retarded our development—startling as it is. It is true that an abundance of money has been of serious disadvantage to other nations. The “hard-money countries” have been justly derided for their sloth, luxury and decline. England and America seem to have been spurred on to gigantic development by the comparative scarcity of money, while Spain has been rendered thriftless, hopeless and barbarous by her splendid robberies of Mexico and Peru. Nor can there be a doubt, that our infant energies have been fired and quickened to that powerful internal development—the building of cities, railroads and canals,—the raising of immense crops,—resolute endeavors to open a trade with foreign countries,—the determined devotion of our country for several years to the manufacturing interest,—by this very want of money. But at the same time, the want has come of late to be a serious inconvenience. The Western farmer is obliged almost to make wheat and grain his currency. If we are to credit some of the agents of Western collegiate institutions, positive suffering in the midst of plenty has been the result of the want of the circulating medium, as every body was ready to pay in wheat and nothing else. In the mean time, fluctuating prices are the consequence of the want of money—sellers being ready to make great sacrifices in order to obtain the scarce article known as cash. In short, the West has needed more money to aid its development. Our country, as a whole, has been distressed from time to time, especially on occasions of extraordinary importation, for the lack of the precious metals.

But now, from a new source is pouring in upon us a stream of gold. A mint will undoubtedly be established soon at Monterey, and the precious metal will be coined there to fix its value and to enlarge the currency of our country. Money is what we have wanted, and money is what we shall now have. We shall get over our panics about the exportation of specie, and cease to scrutinize and question, with anxious eyes, the hold of every vessel that leaves our shores for foreign ports, lest it should carry away gold and silver enough to leave the money-market at home in a state of pressure. There will be a steadiness and security in our commerce with foreign nations, which has been hitherto unknown. In this view, the acquisition of California is of great advantage to our people.

But while we talk of these results and prospects with, perhaps, some patriotic pride, their moral aspect is of far higher moment than their economic relations. It becomes us to see the finger of Providence in all these gigantic movements, and to believe that Providence is confiding such great power and resources to the Anglo-Saxon race with some vast ulterior views. Our national progress seems to be mysteriously ordered: even our sins seem to be overruled for the ultimate good of the world. Such wonderful and unexpected aids to our growth, coming upon us at a time when they are most valuable to us, seem to be a part of some grand design. Territory, which has ruined other nations, instead of distracting, seems to consolidate and stimulate our union. Money, which has overwhelmed other nations with luxury, cannot be accumulated fast enough to do more than supply the vast enterprises of our physical and moral energies. Our country is evidently in the hand of God, as the instrument of some stupendous moral revolution. Our institutions are not overrunning a hemisphere in vain. The Anglo-Saxon race is not surrounding the world in vain. An intelligent, moral, cultivated, industrious and Christian race is permitted to fill every corner of the earth with its influence. Why is not France thus permitted to permeate all human society with her national temper of civil broil, irreligious recklessness, and military idolatry? Why was the adventurous spirit of Spanish chivalry compelled to end in vanity, leaving Spain the victim of her own conquests? Why was a little persecuted band of Englishmen permitted to plant a grain of mustard-seed, which has sprung into the fair tree of

American civilization, overshadowing a continent? Is it not obvious, that some stupendous result is to be impressed upon the world's history by the agency of our Anglo-Saxonism and Americanism? The sons of New England are now hurried down, under the spur of ambition and cupidity, to the very verge of the opposite boundary of our country. Our institutions take root in that strange soil instantaneously. Great facilities for a commerce with the Pagan countries of Asia are offered to us. Missionaries and tract-agents keep even pace with the strides of emigration.

The United States seem to be arraying their moral enginery, through the aid of physical advantages, to bear upon the benighted and enervated nations of Asia and inspire them with the energy of a true religion, free government, and intelligent industry. Surely, Providence is directing the magnificent dramas, in which we are engaged. The waggons rumble on through the prairies; the ships spread their canvass, in rapid succession, to the gale; the sturdy yeoman plies his spade in the new El Dorado; the statesman fancies he is directing all these results; the Cabinet supposes that it is arranging the policy of the country in such a manner as to favor its manifest destiny; the people discuss the whole matter with overflowing pride of country and of race; the scene seems to be only the working of human activity of body and of mind. But above the din of hurrying masses, the boasts of human pride, and the applause of admiring nations, may be heard by the ear, that listens rightly, the echoes of Omnipotent Energy, as it drives on the machinery of human progress, and works by visible but unappreciated means, the destiny of the world.

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### THE BEACH, NEWPORT.

BY E. W. ROBBINS.

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And this is Ocean! this the measured march,  
To its own music chanted, of that surge  
Which, coming ever onward from the deep,

Breaks on that shore of storms ! Inspiring sound !  
And sight still more inspiring, where afar,  
Chafing amid its rocky barriers,  
The tide-wave ebbs and flows—tremendous swell !  
Which, moving on in its resistless might,  
Swept by the wind's cold breath, still heaves on high  
Its crests of foam ; with each successive flow  
Encroaching on the sands, whose pebbly shore,  
To diamond hardness worn, scarce feels the print  
Of waves upon its surface. Yon tall cliff,  
That rears on high its frowning battlements ;—  
How like an aged sentinel it stands,  
Guarding that ancient main !

The parting glow  
Of Nature's sunset kindles on the steep,  
Diffusing its rich radiance, and a light  
Caught from the garniture of dying day,  
Making the billows smile, rests on them now.

But see ! the wave is all alive with being,  
And human forms are plashing in the surf,  
Making huge riot with the ocean's top,  
And tossing high its spray ; within its depths  
Holding strange masquerade ! Not such as late  
Appeared, confined within yon edifice,\*  
Woven in party colors, mocking sense  
With feeble imitation,—but the free,  
Mad frolic of the elements, instinct  
With life and merriment. Such gambols wild  
The sea-nymphs, Thetis or Amphitrite,  
Or Triton with his crooked shell, ne'er played,  
Joined by their watery followers in the heart  
Of Neptune's old dominions. Hither comes  
The child of ease and affluence, roving far  
To bathe within these waters, and with him  
The fainting invalid still plunging deep  
For treasures richer far than those of yore  
Sought by the diver on the Persian main,—  
Life, health and happiness. Such treasures found  
Within these depths, blessing the seeker's toil,  
And such the favoring gales that on him blow.

*Fartford, December, 1848.*

\* The Fancy Ball lately given at the Ocean House.

## SCOTLAND.

It is now several months since we had laid upon our table the third edition of Turnbull's "Genius of Scotland." We are not minded to review the book, or to attempt augmenting its reputation by our praise; but the subject of it will perhaps supply a brief article in which our readers may feel some interest, and from which they may derive a little instruction. Moreover, as Caledonia is the country we love next best to our own Free Soil, we shall minister to our own gratification by a few reminiscences of travel in the

"Land of the mountain and the flood."

St. Andrew's day, just passed, has vividly recalled to our minds, as AULD LANG SYNE did to Lord Byron's,

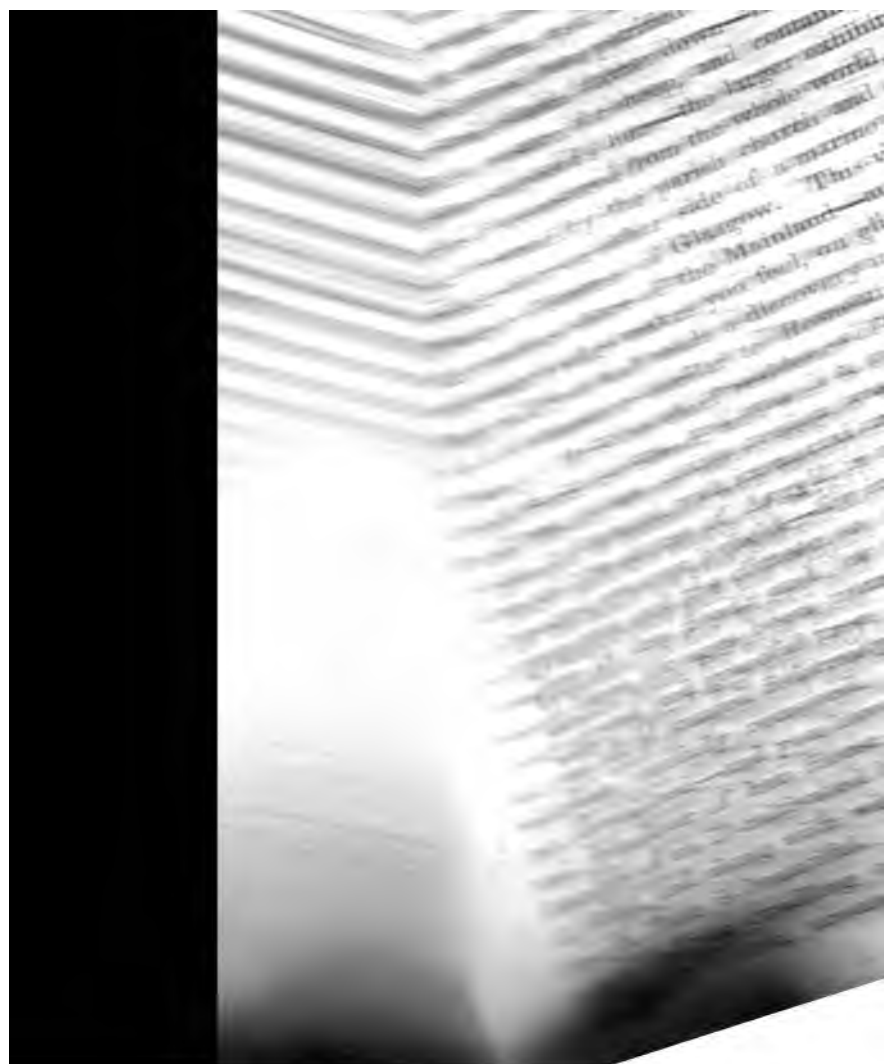
"Scotch plaids, Scotch snoods, the blue hills and clear streams;"

and we long to make our journey over again in memory's car, and to view the storied localities of North Britain through the enchanting haze of time and distance.

Most Americans, eager to commence their European sight-seeing in England, and now tempted by the speed of steam, choose Liverpool as their port of landing. But, if you please, you may go to Glasgow as easily, as soon (by wind,) and a little more cheaply. Moreover, who that has time to spare would exchange the taught and trim packet, with its bounding motion and crowded canvass, for the tearing, and churning, and trembling and struggling even of the noblest steam-ship? The sail-clad voyager, with tall and triple mast, is like a politic ruler who makes way amid the changing multitude by dexterous management, and timely compliance, and catching the popular breeze, and humoring the nation's will, that it may do as he inclines: the fiery steamer resembles some impetuous conqueror who clears his path by main force, rushes straight to his point through every shock, and thus sacrifices ease and smoothness to rapid accomplishment. But though strongly tempted, we cannot afford to say any thing at present of

our voyage across the Atlantic. Indeed, we should only have to recount the same pains and pleasures, adventures and enjoyments, which others have described before us. Let us therefore suppose that, having skirted the coast of Ireland, we are about to enter the estuary of the Clyde. We are now in Scottish waters. The day is a lovely one in the beginning of July. Any injuries that our good ship had sustained during the voyage have been repaired, and with a gentle but favorable breeze, we progress at the rate of five or six knots an hour. At half-past ten o'clock we pass Arlsa Craig, a high triangular rock which has been looming in sight for a considerable time. It rises abruptly from the sea, shooting up to a mere point, and whitened all over with the droppings of sea-fowl—chiefly of the solan-goose, a large oily bird, which, it is said, the Highlanders relish, doubtless because its oleaginous qualities supply an apology for an extra dose of whiskey after the feast. We would as lief dine on whale blubber. It is related of a certain *laird* who complained of defective appetite, that he was advised to eat solan goose as a whet before dinner, and that having made the experiment, he declared that after devouring two, he felt no hungrier than when he began!

As we advance, the estuary begins to narrow. The coast of Galloway and Ayrshire is visible on the right, and of Argyleshire on the left. Before us are the mountainous isle of Arran, and the contrasting loveliness of Bute; ground rendered famous in history as the refuge of the heroic Bruce and classical by the pen of Scott, in the Lord of the Isles. It is impossible to conceive any thing more magnificent than the sail up the Frith of Clyde as far as Greenock. We say this advisedly, and with the glorious Hudson fresh in our recollection. Of course, as inland streams, the Clyde and the Hudson are not once to be compared; although the vale of the former for a long distance above Glasgow is beautiful and romantic in the extreme. But the Scottish river, a short distance beneath that city, begins to expand into an arm of the sea, varying in breadth from two or three miles to ten or twenty; and while its shore exhibit all kinds of scenery, from soft and sloping lawns to piled up mountains, its estuary, where it widens, is adorned with islands that seem placed side by side in order to exalt each others' beauties by comparison. Rosneath—the home of Jeanie Deans in her days of well-earned rest and prosperity





here and there, and an ancient residence of the Duke of Hamilton—another of the royal line—we could not desire a more romantic abode wherein to rusticate and write poetry in summer. And leaving these islands, as you coast along, the shores on one hand sweep away in gentler eminences, while on the other the mountains approach and retire—and the long sea lochs wind far amid their recesses—and villages nestle in the loveliest corners—and noble mansions come forth like princesses of the land to greet you as you pass; and in the very uncertainty of the climate there is a variety of shade and sunshine—of squall and rainbow, and gorgeous clouds, which throws an enchantment over the whole region. We could have sojourned there for months and not exhausted half the beauties of the river. The country is in summer extremely populous; for all in the cities of Glasgow and Greenock, and even from other parts of Scotland, who can afford to go, seek here, from May to October, health and recreation for for their families. We wish we could at this time record our recollections of their hospitality to ourselves, and of the rambles which we took among the hills, and the boating excursions on the lakes, and the swimming baths in the river which we enjoyed with our friends during our visit. And now, we think of it, instead of confining ourselves to a little sketch, as we intended, but which we find would stretch to a huge length, we would better, perhaps, recur to this topic hereafter in a series of notices, and here for the present say good-bye. We shall learn before next month whether or not our friends would care to hear farther about Scotland and the Scotch. If they do, we can tell them something.

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LEGENDS OF 1689-90.

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"THE UNPARALLELED REVENGE."

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BY MISS A. A. GODDARD.

THE house of James Roberts stood just beyond the outskirts of the town. It was a humble, one story dwelling, roughly framed,

yet claiming to be a trifle more genteel than those of ordinary settlers. Roberts had chosen this spot from sheer wilfulness; it being asserted by his neighbors that it was the height of folly to venture so far beyond the block-house. "In case of an attack," said they, "Roberts will be the first to suffer, and we shall be unable to render him suitable assistance; for, long before we could be alarmed, the enemy will have done the mischief, and be beyond reach of pursuit." Confident in himself, Roberts took strange pleasure in combatting the arguments of his friends, and resisting the pleas of his family. Mrs. Roberts, with her only daughter, Ellen, or Nell, as she was familiarly called, often expostulated with the infatuated man, but to small effect. "Silence, woman;" Roberts would say, as he puffed his then fashionable pipe; "Silence, if you please. There's no use in fretting; and beside, if the danger comes, we are as well off alone, as though our neighbor's houses were a few rods closer. I'll do my best, and Betsey (the pet name of his rifle) is n't slow to speak in time of need. She'll do as well alone as a dozen ordinary barkers;" and Roberts would nod affectionately towards "Betsey," as she stood well loaded and primed behind the outside door. As all readers of history are aware, the depth of the snow and the severity of the weather had quite lulled the fears of the inhabitants of the interior towns, and induced a degree of carelessness. On the night in question, Roberts was sitting in the chimney corner, smoking, while his wife and daughter were plying their busy fingers upon some articles of apparel. Slowly knocking the ashes from his pipe, Roberts called out to his wife in a tone of raillery: "What say you to a bout with the red-skins to-night?"

Mrs. Roberts shuddered as she gave a look toward the window, and replied,—

"Ah! the thought is too horrible!"

Her mind had been intent upon the old topic, "The Indians," and her husband's carelessness jarred gratingly upon her ear. James Roberts rose from his chair, and, placing his pipe on the mante, went across the room, and taking up "old Betsey," carefully examined the priming, smiling at the folly of his wife in turning pale, because he mentioned a red-skin.

Just as he turned to set the gun down, the crack of a rifle startled him. With but a single groan, his wife fell to the floor.

Ellen sprang to her side, and raised her up, but before Roberts could reach her, the terrific war-whoop assured him that a bullet, and not fear, had prostrated her. The echo of the war-cry and the groans of Mrs. Roberts mingled together. She struggled but a moment, and falling back, expired almost instantly.

The bursting open of the door, the striking down of Roberts, whose gun had already sent death to one of their number, and the seizing of Ellen, was but the work of a moment. So intent were the savages upon attacking the town, that they did not stop to scalp the fallen, but with Ellen as prisoner, made their way to the gates, designing to take their trophies, and fire the dwelling on their return.

The after events—the sacking of the town, and the hasty retreat of the enemy to the Canadas, we need not repeat.

Soon after the savages had left his house, Roberts recovered his consciousness. Fearing lest some of the enemy might be left on guard, he lay quite still some minutes; then hearing nothing, he ventured to open his eyes. Upon the floor, in the very spot where she had fallen, with her work beside her, wet with blood, lay his murdered wife; but of Ellen, his daughter, the pride of his eye, he saw no trace.

Venturing to move, then to creep across the floor to where his wife was, he took a hasty survey, and concluding that his daughter was a prisoner, and hoping that she was yet unharmed, Roberts made a mighty oath of REVENGE.

To remain and dispose of the body of his wife, would be to sacrifice his daughter's life; so carefully reloading his gun, arming himself with his hunting knife, and slinging his ammunition across his shoulder, Roberts crept out into the moonlight. Following the trail of the redskins through the snow, he traced them into the town. Here all trace was lost, for the Indians had divided themselves into bands, and taken so many directions, that the route of the party with whom he was certain of finding his daughter, could not be identified.

With the coolness of a desperate man, Roberts resolved to put himself in such a situation as to command a view of the Indians as they left the town. To assist the flying inhabitants, was no

use; it was only to revenge the death of his wife, and save his captive daughter.

After the sacking of the town, the prisoners were brought out into the open square, and here, by the light of burning dwellings, Roberts discovered his daughter bound, standing between two savages. As the number of prisoners was great, after binding them they were placed in bands with but one or two to guard them, while others busied themselves in collecting the plunder. Horses, cattle, and indeed every living thing were let loose; and, blinded by the flames, dashed frantically through the town, adding their neighs and fierce bellowing to the general confusion. Adroitly managing to escape observation, Roberts kept his eye upon the spot where stood his daughter, chafing with angry impatience, and swearing vengeance at one breath.

At length, the motley procession moved on. With yell, and whoop, the furious Indians pointed to the burning houses, and expressed their satisfaction still farther by merciless blows upon the half-naked bodies of their prisoners. All that weary night, Roberts hovered upon their track, as also the next day. Toward night-fall, after a brief consultation, the band separated,—the greater portion, with the prisoners, making toward Canada.

The two savages, who from the first seemed to claim authority over Ellen, kept with the smaller body. On the evening of the second day, the Indians halted, and made preparations to camp; the severity of the weather rendering the possibility of pursuit incredible.

None, but the similarly situated, can imagine the impatience of Roberts as he watched the preparations. Without food, and half-frozen, yet all unconscious of physical suffering, he watched with fervid impatience for midnight.

It came, but still the sentinel Indian slept not. As hour after hour passed, the sleepless watcher still sat by the blazing fire. To endure longer was impossible. Roberts, with the desperation of a madman, crept closer and closer to the quick-eared sentinel, till he could grasp him with his hand.

With a sudden spring he clutched the throat of the Indian, whose half-uttered "ugh!" had nearly betrayed his presence, and wakened his slumbering companions. To draw a knife across the throat, still keeping tight his grasp, was but the work of a moment. Then, creeping stealthily from one to another, this desperate man slew Indian after Indian. Each victim, as he partly

roused from sleep mingling the emphatic "ugh!" with the gurgling sound of the ebbing life tide. Not one of that fated band escaped. Then loosing his daughter, the over-taxed nature of the man became trembling and weak as the captive child. One after another the captives were set free; and when the scouts from the Mohawk castle, two days after the massacre at Schenectady, set off in pursuit, they met Roberts returning with the recaptured captives.

The other band of Indians, following afterward to look for their companions, found twenty-five stark bodies, with throats cut from ear to ear, as terrible witnesses to a husband's and father's REVENGE.

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On returning to his dwelling, Roberts found all where he left it. Upon the floor lay his wife, with scalp untouched, the Indians having, in the hurry of departure, neglected to return to fire his dwelling.

## A RAINY DAY.

READER, did you ever pass a rainy day in the country? If so, you have some idea of the *nondescript* character of the scene,—a thick murky fog, hanging all day long in the self-same spot,—enshrouding every thing in its misty mantle, having not even the accompaniment of lightning-flashes, or the deep-toned thunder bass to give variety to the performance. We refer to such a day, as would tempt an Englishman to hang himself in very spleen, making his way through wet streets, or shut up in his own cloisters, engaged in the pleasing task of tracing, all day long, the devious windings of the element pattering in quiet drops on his dim window-panes,—suggestive of nothing else than somnolence and sleep. Wonder not, therefore, if, in such a state of things, some drops of rain fall into *our* communication, which must be

our only apology for inflicting on thine ear this dull, prosaic performance.

And yet a rainy day has its pleasures! Start not, delicate female, whose timid foot irketh the very idea of stepping abroad, and in regard to whom, every fresh gust of the inky element sends thee shivering, with new apprehension, to the window. Nor thou, disciple of Esculapius, wrapped in thy shaggy garment, armed with thy stout preservatives of weather-proof leather and well-lined beaver, making thy desperate way through the tempest on thine errand of mercy. The drivings of the storm without shall but give fresh impulse to the flowings of the kindly current within, as thou pursuest thy rough way to the abode of the humble cottager. The tempest shall rage abroad, and the rain drench the straw-roofed thatch, only to open more effectually the sluices of thy benevolent heart, in that noblest of occupations, the bestowment of Heaven's bounties on the suffering and afflicted. But the poor peasant himself, how shall he bear the visitation of the pattering rain, when it bears down on his defenceless head through his habitation! God help the poor when it rains, for too often, man has little mercy upon them! In regard to the contact of the element itself, how delightful is the idea of going abroad to meet it, and by the dint of a hearty resolution, to overcome the invader, thoroughly encased with material for the attack. The very excitement which the scene produces, itself furnishes a motive for the highest pleasure,—such as the mind derives from the circumstance of having overcome great obstacles, which serve only to stimulate in a higher degree its powers.

But a rainy day has advantages of another kind. How often, when the sky is lowering without, and a gloomy curtain hangs over the face of nature, has the mind turned in upon itself, from the contemplation of its own resources deriving pleasures abundant and refreshing. How many of those immortal productions which have won the homage and admiration of mankind have owed their origin to the inspiration of such scenes! Ford undoubtedly wrote his *Trivia*, or *Art of Walking the Streets of London*, under the influence of a rainy atmosphere, and his verse does not belie the effect of such an influence. How has the great master of the drama also depicted the character of the frenzied Lear, 'biding the peltings of that pitiless storm,' imaging forth that

more terrible storm within—the ingratitude of his own daughters ! Graphic indeed is the shadowing !

“ I tax not you, you *elements*, with unkindness :  
I never gave you kingdoms, called you children ;—  
You owe me no subscription ;—why then let fall  
Your horrible pleasure.”

Thus Milton also in describing the effects of the Fall, exclaims :

“ Sky lowered, and muttering thunder, some *sad drops*  
*Wept* at completion of the mortal sin  
Original.”

Who can doubt that these and other passages were written under the influence of a *rainy* day ?

Egypt—first home of civilization and of science—birth-place of that statue which at sunrise sent forth strains limpid and refreshing—clime of the Nile and the Pyramids—repository of those hieroglyphics whose key was stolen by Champollion,—how would I fly to thee ; for in thee it never *rains* !

But a rainy day has its romance also. Henceforth talk not of fire ; *water* is the true element of heroes. From that famous night, when, lighted by love's torch, Leander crossed the Hellespont, to that last fatal embarkation with her highland seducer, of Lord Ullin's daughter, water has mingled in every high emprise of lovers and the loved—the true heroes and heroines of the world. Does not Shakspeare say “ her eyes *rained* starry influences.” Forgive the chance pun, reader, Napoleon was defeated at the Battle of *Water-loo*. And did not the wife of Socrates *storm* ?

Yonder see that couple under an umbrella. The rain beats down upon them, illy-protected by their artificial roof,—now driving full in their faces, anon blinding their eyes by its bewildering mist, rendering their course sufficiently hazardous, as, with unsteady footing, they take their way along the distant street. The storm increases, but they heed it not, for in their hearts Love has lighted its vestal fire, which renders them insensible to the chilling influences from without—nay, gives even a pleasurable excitement to the scene. Closer they draw into proximity, each rendering mutual aid to the other ; and united in the perilous adventure, the soft touch, the delicious thrill, for the first time felt, will return to them in after years, as the first *breathings* of a sentiment inspired under an umbrella.

That idea of Longfellow's :

" Into our life some rain must fall,"

has in it no more poetry than truth. No one, but in the retrospect of life, can remember such instances—periods when the mind has worn a sober aspect, and under the influence of deep sorrow, the face of Nature often has been less cheering than in its wonted aspect. The common cares and disappointments of life—the toils and vexations of the world—these are the rain-drops which fall into the existence of each individual, making life itself a chequered scene. Sometimes, indeed, the visitation comes not in mere drops, but in pelting showers, driving the sufferer to seek consolation in higher sources than those which such a life can impart. Happy indeed, is he who can welcome cheerfully the *rainy* days of existence—to such an one even sorrow itself can become no sorrow—sustained by the calmness of a resigned soul !

Rain ! Rain ! Still the inky torrent pours, with most provoking assiduity, drenching the face of nature with its showers. And now memory is busy with its reflections, evoking images of the past—associations connected with our early childhood—fragments of a dream not yet forgotten ; while voices whose notes have long since been hushed—forms which had almost faded from our recollection, again come back to us, restored as by the wand of enchantment. Anon the scene changes, and we are far away in the woods and hills of our infancy, retracing each familiar step, listening to the murmur of the well-known rivulet, still lingering on our ear with the sweetest cadence, as when our hearts were yet buoyant, and the cares of life were known to us only in imagination. Just so the rain pattered on the roof ; the storm howled against the casement, in vain endeavoring to gain admittance to the fireside around which were clustered warm hearts, whose genial flow of feeling could never be chilled by the cold atmosphere without—defying Old Boreas with its fiercest blasts. And now the rain has filled the pools ; the muddy torrent flows through the streets, and plain, hill and field are inundated with the general freshet. Heaven grant that the fountains of the great deep be not broken up—that it be not the waters of an universal deluge !



## COME IN JUNE!

Yes, come in June, when bending skies are purest in their hue,  
 With here and there a snowy fringe, just swimming in the blue;  
 When gauzy veils of rising mist hang o'er the tepid clod,  
 And every sunbeam calls a blade forth from the quickened sod;  
 When scarce-perceived aromas fill the soft and summery air,  
 And dew-drops burn along the grass, like gems in maiden's hair;  
 When warm voluptuous breezes bring their music and perfume,  
 And court the trembling blossoms and revel in their bloom;  
 When the mountain-range at morning is rimmed with radiant gold,  
 And every bannered cloud unfurls its bright, auroral fold;  
 When the languid air of evening drowns the soul in sweet eclipse,  
 And the misty moon at midnight calls music to the lips,—  
 If *then* we stray, with twining arms, along the busy street,  
 Or seek some trellised arbor, with slow reluctant feet,  
 If 'tis only in the month of June, I know you'll love me then;—  
 As you are loved already, you'll love me back again.

Yes, come in June, I pray you, when the Spirit of the Spring  
 Has passed and left some fairy gift with every living thing:  
 Has left the thorn-flower in the hedge, narcissus in the border,  
 And daisies by the road-side, in exquisite disorder;  
 The hyacinths in perfumed beds and jonquils at their side,  
 And Virgin Mary's cowslips in blue and purple pride;  
 The butter-cups in pastures, wild-pansies in the clover,  
 And many a violet by the fence and wild-brier hanging over;  
 The flower-flakes on the fringe-trees, the garden-walk that hem,  
 And yellow tassels pendent on the smooth laburnum's stem;  
 And on the humble cottage-porch and lordly portico  
 Rich drooping folds of roses, with love's own blush a-glow,  
 If *then* we range through Summer's realm—her fairy microcosm—  
 In fields ingrained with countless flowers, where fruit-trees are a-blossom,  
 I know, fair girl, you then will speak the word before unsaid—  
 Your heart for me will, bud-like, ope, some fragrant thought to shed.

Yes, come in June, I pray you, when a world of lustrous green  
 In mossy vale, on wooded hill and rolling plain is seen:  
 When lindens through the evening air a dewy essence fling,  
 And chesnuts, in the zephyr's swell, their bearded pendants swing;  
 When the hazle and the alder surround the birch and larch,  
 And grand columnar elms spread out their vast cathedral arch;

When many a glassy water-path in emerald frame is set,—  
Where the ivy and the wild-grape in amorous clasp have met,  
And round the willow's pensive limbs and oak, so gnarled and staunch,—  
Weave soft festoons of foliage, to rock upon the branch ;—  
Where plashing ducks seek unctuous spoil and where the cattle drink,  
Just seen among the clustering trees, through many a twilight chink ;  
And when upon the forest's edge the shadows flit and pass,  
And roll, like waves of creeping smoke, along the bending grass.  
If then we sit beneath the shade and talk of joyous themes,  
Our hearts will melt together in the glow of happy dreams.

Yes, come in June, I pray you, when the social robins throng,  
And thrashers peal, in tangled bush, their loud emphatic song ;  
When circling swallows, tireless, thread their labyrinths in air,  
And hang their hammocks under eaves, with fond parental care ;  
When the meadow-lark so gaily from dewy tussock springs,  
And shrill grass-hoppers, as they leap, make timbrels of their wings ;  
When droning bees lap honey in flowery cisterns shed,  
And, in their horny baskets, bear home their mimic bread ;  
When creeping wrens, o'er carious trunks, like misers, come and go,  
And furious king-birds gallantly attack the felon crow ;  
When the humming-bird with scarlet cap and vest of golden green,  
Suspended on his filmy wings by trumpet-flowers is seen ;  
And weaves a silver halo around his tiny form,  
Or fights his stripling rival, in contests fierce and warm.  
If you only come when quiring birds are wooing in the trees,  
I know, sweet maid, you cannot then be very hard to please.

I promise you that we will mount two sleek and airy steeds,  
And gallop o'er the rattling road, and scour across the meads ;  
Down into peaceful valleys and up commanding hills,  
Whence we can see the dotted plain, the church-spires and the mills ;  
Through vaulted groves of evergreens and crowded alder-hedge,  
And up the long rough mountain, and o'er the rocky ledge ;  
Now enter grassy clearings, with birches all around,  
Now overlook some ancient wood, with matted verdure crowned ;  
Now seek that cherished meadow-road, along whose margin breeds  
The pallid morning-glory, among luxuriant weeds ;  
Now leap across a wimpling brook ; now coast beside the stream,  
Upon whose banks in boyhood I used to sit and dream.  
We'll bound away from thought and care, while flying flecks of foam  
Attest the madness in our hearts, as cheerly on we roam,  
With maiden courage on your cheek, in deep vermilion dye,  
And pride upon your curling lip and laughter in your eye.

I promise you that we will seek some spot unsought before,  
Where the path is cleft with grassy ridge or with the weeds grown o'er.

We'll startle, in his dim retreat, the owl of moping mood,  
 Who, as we pass, will silently fly deeper in the wood.  
 We'll check the love-song of the thrush and scare the screaming jay,  
 And stoop beneath the braided boughs along our woodland way.  
 And when we gallop one by one, you may, with maiden grace,  
 Lift gaily up your small gloved hand to beckon to the race.  
 We'll brush the dew-drops from the bush, the laurels and the weeds,  
 And sing some gipsy roundelay, as we cheer our panting steeds.  
 And when we reach some tufted bank, beside a brawling brook,  
 We'll sit awhile beneath the shade and you shall take a book—  
 A book of choice old ballads, or sonnets short and fine,  
 And read to me, in silvery voice, some favorite page or line.  
 Perchance we'll throw aside the book and talk about the scene—  
 The birds—the colonnaded trees—the brooklet's rippling sheen.  
 Then each to each shall tell a tale, more sweet than zephyr's tune,  
 Or whispering leaves, or twinkling brook ;—so prithee, come in June !

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SHORT TALKS ABOUT GOOD MANNERS.

BY AN EX-MEMBER OF SOCIETY.

*(Addressed to his Second-Cousin.)*

MORE ABOUT PARTIES.

As you begin the duties of the festal evening, dear Stanhope, your deportment will generally take the complexion of your disposition. If you are to a certain extent a bashful man ; if the "original sin" of bashfulness is just plated over with the brass foil of educated assurance ; you will probably be contented to sidle almost imperceptibly into a corner with some young lady, whose limited attractions or retiring manners will prevent her from being disturbed by a rush of admirers. You will evince a passion or *penchant* for what are technically termed "wall-flowers"—those delicate plants of womankind which always, at a

party, retire into the shadow of a corner for protection against the breath of flattery or the light of chandeliers. Having thus retreated, you and your comrade will modestly open your lips at each other, and await, with miserable apprehension, the time when your stock of conversation will give out, and you will be obliged to gape silently at the dashing belles and happy beaux who sweep by you in a seeming flutter of delight. Stanhope, if you are a person of the sort I have been describing, I am disappointed in you. If you *are*, you need not take Tony Weller's advice and "p'ison yourself," but *overcome* yourself—it is your duty to do so.

Do not laugh and say that bashfulness cannot be overcome. Nothing is more ridiculous than to suppose either sheepishness or laziness incurable disorders. Both may be hard subjects for regimen, but resolution is a panacea that will cure them both. It is unmanly to be bashful, although it is the highest manliness to be modest. Let me give you one prescription for the malady under which I am supposing you to suffer; especially as my maxims will come lawfully under the subject of "Good Manners at Parties."

Select with your eye, the person, whose manners at the party strike you, as being at the same time the most popular and captivating, and indicating on his own part the most enjoyment. Now imitate him: not because he seems to meet everywhere with gracious receptions, but because he is a model of what politeness, in its perfection, requires. He is laying out great exertions to please others, and he succeeds. He is making those, with whom he converses, conscious of enjoyment as well as pleased with him. He is doing no more than his *duty* as a gentleman.

Did you mark him as he entered? Exchanging an amiable sentence with the hostess, he at once began to patrol the room, with a bright smile and a ready recognition for all whom he knows. In this way, he once for all, guards himself against the impoliteness of neglecting to address any acquaintance of his in the room. Exchanging a few words, he passes along as if he was canvassing the assemblage, until his rounds are completed. Every one has received the compliment of a recognition. and now, if he pleases, he can give over his general for special attentions. He is now at

liberty to relapse into quiet *tete-a-tetes* or long and agreeable chats with such of the company as have for him unusual attractions. Imitate him, Stanhope,—if necessary, by a powerful exertion of the will—and your bashfulness will, for once at least, make way for a glow of self-satisfaction at your own brave and manly discharge of the duties of a gentleman.

A great deal of embarrassment is sometimes felt by young gentlemen, in leaving one lady to address another. I have often seen a hopeful youth writhe and make grimaces and fully convince a lady of his anxiety to leave her, long before he had screwed his courage up to make a rough and ill-mannered departure. Nothing can be more out of taste. Although you feel as if your feet were painfully riveted to the floor, and your jaw is ready every moment to drop with *ennui*, never give the slightest sign of weariness; and, when you leave, seem to move away with reluctance, and from a sense of duty, rather than from satiety.

Should you ask me when you may leave, I could not, with good conscience, give the answer suggested in some books on etiquette—"at any time." In fact, most of the manuals of etiquette and good manners are unsafe guides, for many reasons. They contain too much on artificial etiquette and too little on the natural and spontaneous dictates of politeness. Their advice is predicated, in general, upon the assumption that all persons in good society are alike well equipped with a ready intelligence of what good manners are, and are alike easy and self-possessed in company. This is not true, and never was true. Dispositions create varieties of deportment, where the education of all has been equally good; and, until the end of time, what will be polite to one will be actual rudeness to another differently situated. Take the case we are now considering. It is true, that some ladies have tact enough never to be left in an awkward position. Others are always the focus of a circle of admirers, one or two of whom can leave at any moment without being missed. Others again have that graceful consideration and skill, by which they are able to relieve a gentleman, or rather perhaps, dismiss him, after an interview of reasonable length. They turn, perhaps, with a smiling adieu to greet some female friend, or stop some promenading pair and begin a brief conversation with them, during

More anon, my dear cousin, and so—*au revoir*.

———"Volume in a word, an ocean in a tear,  
A seventh heaven in a glance—a whirlwind in a sigh,  
The lightning in a touch—a millenium in a moment.

has never been depicted in a more glowing portraiture than in the effusions of the bard, drawing thence his sublimest inspiration and expending on its delineation the whole force of his genius. Shakspeare has discussed the entire subject of love, in the creation of his inimitable heroines, presenting us with every variety of female character in which this passion can be exhibited, becoming thus in an emphatic degree, the historian of the human heart. Viola and Beatrice and Miranda and Desdemona and Juliet are not so much imaginary beings as impersonations of

real existence. On the other hand, as love has inspired the strains of the poet, so has the poet been formed by the inspiration of love. Some being of the heart has forever hovered before the fancy of the poet, associated with all ideas of purity and beauty, and mingling with every aspiration of his soul. The annals of the world are replete with instances of this kind—the narrative of poetic lovers owning the gentle passion, who utter their complaints and send their sighs down to us through the past centuries, living through all time, and immortalized in song. From that Pindaric poetess who sang so sweetly of love, whose swan-song rises so magnificently over the waters which were her living tomb, to the loves in the vale of Vaucluse, of Petrarch and Laura, Love has been the inditer of the most glowing strains,—the choicest inspiration of the muse. It has mingled with every tone of the poet's lyre, in his brightest as well as his saddest moments, revisiting the passages of memory, and awaking responsive echoes in the human heart.

We propose to consider a few of those immortal lovers, whose breathings have come down to us in the productions of the bard; in regard to whom, though the passion may have been on one side only, yet its effects have been important in the extreme. We begin with

**DANTE AND BEATRICE.** That, contrary to the opinion sometimes entertained, the heroine of the "*Divina Commedia*" was a living personage, and not a creation of the poet's fancy, is evident from the Italian records, which not only give us an account of the lady, but mention particularly her birth and family. Her real name was Beatrice Portinari. Dante entertained a passion for her in her ninth year—a passion which continued years afterward and ceased not long after the individual who had inspired it had passed away from being. She rose on the poet's sight like a constellation of splendor. The effect produced on his mind, at that first interview, is described by the poet in a sonnet of exquisite feeling and beauty. Unfortunately, however, the passion seems to have been mainly on one side, the fair one not heeding, or if heeding, lending only a cold ear to his suit. Indeed the passion itself seems to have been purely Platonic in its character, yet producing on the mind of the bard the effects of real love. What this

feeling really was, how strongly it took possession of Dante's being, is seen in his production of the "*Divina Commedia*," in which, as the poem originated in a profound resolution to immortalize her memory, the image of Beatrice continually hovers around her lover. celestial as when she first dawned in robes of beauty on his soul. As love cannot live without hope, it cannot be doubted that Beatrice may have encouraged, at least in some degree, the sentiments of her admirer, yet her subsequent conduct in life, having been married to another, evinces that the sublime breathings of the poet, though they might flatter her vanity, did not profoundly affect her heart. Be this as it may, the passion, on one side at least, was genuine, producing effects as wonderful, perhaps, as any recorded in the pages of romance. It was undoubtedly a case of platonic love, which, operating on the medium of an excited imagination, became the one idea of life, prompting the sublime strains of the poet's lyre, and swaying the deepest emotions of his soul.

We turn now to the vale of Vaucluse, and the loves of

**PETRARCH AND LAURA.** It was in the church of St. Clire at Avignon that Petrarch first saw the celebrated female, who, under the name of Laura, was destined to exert so conspicuous an influence on the poet's heart, and to be immortalized in that delicious *ottava rima*, whose melting *canzones* have charmed the lovers of song through so many centuries. She was the daughter of Audibert de Noves, and was of a high and noble family at Avignon. At the time of Petrarch's first glimpse of her, she was in her twentieth year, just budding into the grace of womanhood,—a vision of beauty, and endowed with all the charms of her sex. To Petrarch himself the vision was fatal: the poet was immediately affected with all the sympathies and tortured with all the pangs of love. From that moment peace and quiet forsook him; he found no rest for his distracted spirit; but renouncing the pleasures of society, he retired to the vale of Vaucluse, to give vent in the solitude of its retreat, to the conflicting passions which disturbed his breast. The image of Laura continually hovers before him, the impersonation of loveliness, listening to impassioned breathings of her lover, and blending with motion of his soul. Indeed, from all that can be gath-



ered of her history, the Laura of Petrarch must have been a being of extraordinary purity, capable of inspiring the most profound passion, and of exerting the most absolute influence over a poetic sensibility. As in the case of Beatrice, however, although undoubtedly affected by the passionate pleadings of the poet, the "*cara sposa*" of Petrarch was cold and reserved : indeed, from her situation as a married woman, she could not well be otherwise ; yet, less coy than Dante's mistress, she seems by her purposed caprice, to have been willing to prolong the captivity of her lover, taking even an exquisite pleasure in listening to the music of his complaints. On the poet himself, the passion seems to have exerted a peculiar influence, not merely as moulding his character, but as actually forming his genius, and dictating to his imagination those exquisite *canzones*, which yet linger in the gondola-songs of Italy. The love of Petrarch is an instance of sublime passion, chastened into a holier sentiment, and associated with all ideas of purity and loveliness, becoming immortalized in the productions of poetic genius. The memory of it can never cease to influence the minds of men, while genius itself shall live, or love shall continue to exist as the master passion of the human heart.

We come next to the loves of

**TASSO AND LEONORA.** There is perhaps no more affecting narrative on record, than that which relates to the history of these individuals—connected, indeed, with that strange episode in the annals of genius—the love and madness of Tasso. Despite those who are inclined to doubt the existence of such a being as the poet represents by Leonora, we have it on good authority, that it was to no imaginary mistress that the poet dedicated his immortal strains. There were indeed many distinguished females in the court of Ferrara to whom Tasso may have paid his romantic and exalted homage, yet the Italian annals point, with peculiar significance, to *one*, who appears to have been the feminine inspirer of his song—Leonora D'Este, of the princely house of Este, a sister of the Duke of Ferrara, and a lady of peculiar beauty and accomplishments. In an age, when gallantry was common, and every knight had his lady-love, in a chivalrous court like that of Ferrara, a poet might have found many objects to

whom to have addressed his amatory effusions, without creating any suspicion of his truth. Yet that the poet regarded Leonora D'Este with sentiments higher than those of a mere boyish passion, seems evident from the epistles which he addresses to her, and which betray the humility as well as the depth of his love. He appears before her as a profound suppliant, conscious of his unworthiness, yet seeking to lay all his faculties at her feet—the pole-star, in whose superior brightness all other planets grow dim—expressed in that melting Italian language, whose accents are the very *soul* of love. Although Leonora might have favored his passion, yet the poet's suit seems not to have prospered much better than in the case of Dante and Petrarch, and from some indiscretion committed in the presence of the princess, the poetic lover fell under the displeasure of her brother,—the Duke of Ferrara, and was consigned to a gloomy prison. In connection with this circumstance, literary troubles preyed upon his spirits; and, tormented with the passions of love, jealousy, and a sense of the wrongs inflicted upon him, we find the frenzied bard in the recesses of a dungeon, spending his advanced life pining in almost hopeless misery, and dying at last, but only antecedent to a coronation which arrived too late for his acceptance. It is indeed a melancholy circumstance to see the author of the “*Gerusalemme Liberata*,” in his declining years, endeavoring in the intervals of lunacy to repolish those immortal pages which had given him celebrity, composed under the inspiration of a more felicitous enchantment. The connection of the love with the madness of Tasso is indeed too apparent to admit of dispute;—both passages in the same mysterious drama, at once the brightest and the saddest episode in his eventful existence.

We had intended in this connection to speak of the loves of Byron and the Countess Guiccioli, of Shakspeare and Ann Hathaway, of Burns and the innumerable divinities, who at one time or other were the objects of his passion; but time will not permit us to pursue the subject further. Love makes the poet, if the poet sometimes makes love. Indeed, the soul of the poet is the essence of love,—and woman herself, as the most poetic object in existence, is by hereditary right the inspiration of his genius!

## OUR SCULPTORS.

**WE** have *sculptors*. Let not this statement astonish those who, affected with an undue regard for foreign institutions, are accustomed often to decry the efforts of native talent and genius. As individual artists, we do not mean to place them in competition with the great masters of European sculpture—Thorwaldsen, Canova, or Michael Angelo, (yet has not Greenough caught the very spirit of Ancient Art, and Powers revived in his “Greek Slave,” the lineaments of the Medicean Venus ?) ; still they have won for themselves a high place in the annals of American Art, commanding the admiration of their country and of mankind.

It is the peculiar glory of our sculptors, that they are emphatically self-made men—from their own indefatigable labors elaborating the material of their fame. Influenced by genius—or that inspiration which is but another name for genius—by slow yet successive steps have they ascended to their present position, adding new glories to the wreath which adorns the brow of American Art. The fame of Greenough is European as well as American,—self-exiled from the country of his birth, devoted with undiminished zeal to the sublime objects of his profession, studying on foreign shores antique classic models, and chiselling the form of American heroes in Roman mould. The banks of the Kentucky have produced a native sculptor,\* who has sought to perpetuate the memory of one of our most illustrious statesmen in a statue although of marble, yet of CLAY. In the suburbs of Florence lingers an artist, wrapt in the contemplation of beauty, which he seeks to reproduce in his own inimitable creations. The moon rises on the Arno, and finds him still at his work, still occupied in the object of his earliest and his latest love. That sculptor is Powers !

It is always an interesting study, in tracing the history of individual life, to observe by what steps the mind has succeeded in accomplishing its development, by what process it has wrought

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\* Hart, the sculptor.

itself, but also, as furnishing a model and exemplar for the efforts of future minds, to follow in the same path. This is particularly the case in regard to artistic life, which more than any other, seems to be an independent vocation, requiring the exercise of original self-sustaining powers, in order to the attainment of success. Other men *may* have genius—the *Artist must* possess it. The artist in this respect is like his own production, a solitary statue, chiselled out of a single block of marble, yet warmed with the life, and glowing with the inspiration of genius. Now it is a Hercules, anon a Jupiter Tonans, anon an Apollo Belvidere. This, as it is the inspiring, so also, must be the self-sustaining power, which, conjoined with industry cannot but insure success. In regard to our own Sculptors, it is this peculiar attribute, which as it claims our attention, enforces also our regard. Alone, have they worked out the problem of their success. Early in life was the inspiration felt, determining them to their peculiar line of pursuit, and as the Muse of Burns found him in the field, and threw her inspiring mantle over him, so have they on the restless bias of their genius, recognized the presence of a power pointing out their future destiny and giving an earnest of success. Greenough, like the infant Canova, moulded his play-things into statuary. Powers had forever before his eye the Grecian splendor and the Grecian God. And others of our artists have on foreign shores richly fulfilled the expectations of which their early efforts gave promise.

But there is still a deeper question involved in this subject, than that which relates simply to the efforts of individual genius. Whence comes it that Sculpture at the present time, should have gained the ascendancy among other forms of artistic manifestation? In other words what is the relation of American Sculpture to our free institutions?

The connection of Art with the institutions of a country, is a subject which it is interesting to analyze, not only as it is important in itself, but as it tends to throw a light on the development of national character as exhibited in its manifestation. As the province of Art is to draw out the lineaments of that character, so it is moulded by the influences that surround it. In the ancient Greek and Roman institutions, Art was fostered by the character of the government itself, and the highest honors were awarded

to its votaries. Greece was the home of Art—the clime of beauty, whose natural productions were not *more* olives and myrtles than temples and thrones, radiant with the impress of genius, and carved after the models of Praxiteles and Phidias. The physical character of the Greeks was peculiarly adapted to artistic manifestation; in form and beauty, the most heroic men and women the world has ever seen.

‘*Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit.*’

In architecture, as in sculpture, the lineaments of this immortal beauty still remain, in those monuments which have come down to us—landmarks on the ocean of time—indestructible as its indestructibility. With us, however, the case is different. Art is not, strictly speaking, indigenous to our institutions. It is an exotic, produced in other climes, yet transplanted on our soil. Through strife and toil, it has arrived at its present state of distinction. Nay, from the progress which it has already made amid the struggles through which it has already passed, like the country in which it has achieved its proudest triumphs, it has become the eternal child of our institutions,—none the less, because that “sorrow seems half its immortality.”

Doubtless, the highest form of art is Sculpture. The power from inert matter of striking out thought and intelligence,—of moulding marble into being,—of chiseling the cold block into forms of beauty and of grace, is such as can belong only to the highest form of genius, as it is the most powerful manifestation of its exercise. Painting and Architecture each have their accessories in the object of revealing artistic power, but Sculpture stands alone, in its capacity of embodying ideal truth. The sculptor repeats the conduct of Prometheus, who stole fire from heaven and communicated it to mortals. As such, sculpture is peculiarly adapted to the delineation of original thought—those grand powerful lineaments of individual and national character which find their highest development in free institutions. Properly to educe those lineaments, to catch those fleeting, ever varying forms of expression and combine them in one unique model, is the true province of the sculptor—the glory of his Art.

The materials of Sculpture in our country are indeed abundant. They are found in the features of individual and national life, in the commemoration of great men and great deeds,

and in the ideal of our institutions. As the circumstances through which our nation has passed have been in the highest degree grand and imposing, so also has been the development of our national character. The aborigines of our country were a lofty race. The Indian mind was cast in a powerful mould. Its deeds of prowess and of might—of cunning and revenge, were the result of passions strong, through depraved. In all that constitutes physical character, the Indian far excelled the white man. Tall, athletic in appearance, with a hardy frame, and a form moulded in the lineaments of strength—he was the very model of the Grecian artist. It was the exclamation of West on first viewing the Belvidere Apollo;—"My God! how like a Mohawk warrior!" The incidents connected with the annals of Indian warfare are indeed worthy to be worked into shape, and moulded in the productions of the sculptor. The character of Philip—that stern Narragansett warrior—of Osceola and Black Hawk, renowned chiefs; of Red Jacket, the Demosthenes of the forest, affords lineaments of Sculpture not only powerful but sublime. Persico has indeed laid hold of this subject of aboriginal character in its finer forms of expression, in his portraiture of Columbus and the Indian maiden; the latter shrinking from the presence of the white man, to represent the conquest of the European over the Indian race. The grouping is at once beautiful and unique.

But the character of the aborigines of our country is not the only element which offers material for the labors of the sculptor. The Puritan character has its own claims to scholastic regard. The Puritan mind was cast in stern, lofty, and heroic mould. The founders of our nation were not imperial nobles, but kindly men. The persecutions which drove them from their native shores did not so much create their character as give scope for its development. They would have been *princes*, had they not been *pilgrims*. Robinson and Carver and Winthrop and Standish were models of a nation's founders—gems worthy to be set in an immortal chasing. Such forms, such characters, it is the province of Sculpture to render eternal. In delineating these attributes it does not so much give as receive immortality.

An important design of Sculpture in our country is to perpetuate the memory of great men and great deeds. The influence of

great men, and particularly of good men, on society, is always beneficial; and it is by dwelling on the characters of such men, and by cherishing their memory, that mankind become improved under their influence. So reasoned the Roman youth, who were accustomed, as Sallust informs us, to carry the images of their ancestors before them, that they might be stimulated to the performance of great deeds. As with great men, so with great actions, their memory deserves to be embalmed, for the benefit as well as the admiration of posterity. Indeed, it is but a simple act of justice in a State to perpetuate the memory of her great men—an office which it is the province of the historian or biographer to discharge, but which affords peculiar material for the labors of the Sculptor. Those immortal lineaments of thought and feeling—those lines graven deep on the countenance expressive of the hero or the patriot,—graven still deeper in Pentelican marble, become thus to after times a model and a monument. In the character of these lineaments—in the moulding of these lines, we behold a striking exemplification of the influence of free institutions. Our youth, with such examples of greatness before them will aspire to be what they behold, and in the midst of statues and monuments commemorative of departed greatness, will emulate a like virtue and fame. It is thus that our sculptors in foreign lands have sought to perpetuate the memory of our great men, moulding their lineaments in enduring marble, and carving them after the model of an immortal grace. Powers has made busts of many of our distinguished statesmen—and, side by side with Persico's group of Columbus and the Indian maid, as the presiding genius of the city called after his name, is Greenough's statue of WASHINGTON.

There is, indeed, one difficulty, which attends the progress of American Sculpture, as also of American Art, viz. the want of Government patronage. It is matter of reproof that our Government should be so deficient in lending its aid to the fostering of such an institution, connected as it is with the true prosperity and glory of the nation—which, if it be not the corner-stone, is yet the Corinthian pillar of the edifice. Patronage is indeed bestowed on other objects, appropriations made to other departments of intellectual effort, yet art as a general thing has been too greatly neglected. The enterprise of building a new rail-road,

of establishing new steam-ships, commands at once the attention and patronage of Congress; but the founding of a national gallery becomes a subject of doubt and reluctance. Unlike other governments, in which it has flourished, supported by the patronage of their institutions, Art in our country has struggled into fortune and into favor. The history of our artists sufficiently attests the reluctance of government thus to bestow its influence on an institution so worthy of its aid. They point to Trumbull, presenting in vain his proposals for the establishment of a gallery of Art, and of Vanderlyn, neglected by the Government which should have honored him: like his own Marius at the Ruins of Carthage, petitioning in vain for a commission—'till, like Moses, his eye was dim, and his natural force abated. Happily, however, this reproach is being fast wiped away, and in the late action of Government, in regard to the subject of establishing a Gallery of Art in the Smithsonian Institute, the commencement of a bright era of artistic glory is cordially anticipated.

Such as we have stated, is the province of American Sculpture. It is indeed a lofty mission, and one worthy of the highest efforts of its votaries. To accomplish this mission—to achieve these grand objects—years of exile and privation, of labor and of toil, are but a small sacrifice compared with the magnitude of the results. The subject makes its appeal to our sculptors, inviting them, with still more earnestness than before, to press on in the high path which they have chosen. Nay, in no other way can the sculptor better employ his talents, and, while he pays that debt which, as Bacon says, every man owes to his profession, secure the immortality of our institutions, than in presenting to the world the sculptured form of Freedom.

It was about four years since that we visited the Dane Hall, Cambridge. As we entered, an appearance of gloom pervaded the apartment. Veiled statues occupied the several niches except *one*, and around that one all bent, as around Joseph's sheaf bent the sheaves of his brethren. That statue was *Story's*. We had heard of his fame in jurisprudence—a fame European as well as American. We knew that in this country the public mind bowed to his talents in veneration, but never did we feel such an impression of homage to departed greatness, as in that expressive yet silent obeisance.



## WINTER.

BY H. A. RODMAN.

Yes, this is winter ! Yonder range of hills,  
So brown and bare, the line of vision fills,  
Like frame-work to a picture. To the eye  
Its clear, bold outline seems to meet the sky,  
And many a waving line of beauty trace,  
Or clasp the clouds within its cold embrace.  
Near to its base, in unrobed beauty, stand  
The virgin oaks—the glory of our land ;—  
While, through the meadows of the vale below,  
A silver streamlet softly seems to flow.  
The slant rays of the fast-descending sun  
Proclaim the reign of night almost begun ;  
While the bright region of the far South-west  
Glow's like a dream of Araby the Blest.  
And gorgeous clouds are resting lovingly  
Upon the yielding bosom of the sky,  
As if to catch the last expiring ray,—  
The dying splendors of the god of day.

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But lo, the scene is changed ! Yon bank of cloud,  
Which rested on the hill-tops, like a shroud,  
Already, by the coming tempest driven,  
Shuts from the sight the eastern half of heaven.  
Again the prospect changes. Morning light  
Presents a scene insufferably bright.  
The warm rays of the sun, thrown back again  
From every portion of the extended plain,  
Too dazzling to the unaccustomed eye,  
Compels an upward glance towards the sky.  
Thus has each season its distinctive charm,  
The mind to stimulate, the heart to warm.  
Spring clothes the earth with beauty. Summer gives  
A feast of joy to every thing that lives.  
Ripe Autumn, mother of the plenteous year,  
Fills human hearts with thoughts of goodly cheer.  
Then Winter, throwing down his silver pall,  
Spreads a peculiar glory over all.

## CHRISTMAS EVE AT SEA.

THE captain would have it so. His generosity instantly took the form of obstinacy after he had once made up his mind to do any body a favor. I verily believe, that if one should succeed in obtaining a promise of a kindness from him, but should afterwards think it inadvisable to accept it, that the worthy captain would compel the reluctant beneficiary to receive it, if necessary, by a round "dozen," at the foot of the mast. His invariable reply was, when he gave a favorable answer: "Deuce take me, sir, but you shall have it: I tell you, sir, you *shall* have it, and shiver the rascal who says you sha'n't." This was said with a reddening face, a swelling throat, a shake of the head, and a look of warning cast at every individual within sight at the time. It was a universal defiance to passengers, crew, cabin-boy and cook.

But the captain need not have been in such a putter in the present instance. The young clergyman, who made the request, was a universal favorite on board the ship, and his request was of a nature calculated to please persons worn out with the monotony of a ten days' voyage. The meek, smooth face of the young churchman, resting on a faultless white cravat, and his mild eye, had inspired general regard and sympathy. His sallow skin and deeply crimson lips were marked with an expression of great meekness and resignation. He was bound to the island of Trinidad for the sake of his health, and had improved the time consumed in our voyage in making the acquaintance of every passenger and seaman in our company. The rough tars seemed to like him almost as well as a young Spanish senora, whose large, deeply curtained eyes followed every motion of his. However, I ought to say that she showed off to him none of the languishing coquetry of her race. She seemed rather to shrink from his calm, spiritual manner, when he approached for conversation. She appeared to be relieved the moment he left her, when her glances would instinctively be fixed upon him as if they were never weary of studying his face and motions. He was so unlike her father confessor, who was on board, that his religious character and position seemed to her, without doubt, a mystery un-

fathomable. Perhaps the padre had pronounced some quiet anathemas against the heretic priest in the ear of the young girl. Certain it was, that she was at once deeply interested in and gloomily afraid of the meek divine.

Having probably convinced the reader by this time, that he does not know what I am talking about, I will now mention to him, that in the month of December, 182—, the good ship *Bertha*, bound for Trinidad, from one of our American ports, was in latitude  $14^{\circ}$  North, longitude  $58^{\circ}$  West,—about opposite, the captain said, to the island of St. Lucia. We had been driven, by the wayward although not violent winds, far eastward of our intended course, and had not yet touched at one of the Carribean islands, as we had intended. It was our ardent desire to reach our destination by the 25th, in order to celebrate Christmas on shore; as there is no place where they make more of the festival than in the West Indies. The mixture of races, the universally careless and holiday disposition of all the inhabitants, together with their unsurpassed fondness for religious pomp, unite to make Christmas a rare occasion among them. But we were, at the time of which I am speaking, full two hundred miles from Trinidad, and had therefore despaired of reaching it on the desired occasion, as it was now December 23d. Accordingly, the young divine, who had succeeded in inducing a few persons to listen to evening prayers nightly, and had gradually brought within the circle of devotion nearly all the passengers and occasionally a man or two of the crew, suggested, that we should celebrate Christmas Eve on board. To this the whole fourteen passengers—aside from the padre, his charge, and her servant, who were not consulted—agreed, and the reverend youth was instructed to request the countenance and assistance of the captain. The leaders in the movement, for certain manifest reasons, had concluded not to consult the young senora and her protector, although it was agreed that, when the occasion arrived, they should be invited to be present—not with any expectation that they would do so. As I have already stated, as soon as the petition was presented to the captain, he roared out his peremptory and furious assent.

Operations commenced immediately. The wife and sister-in-law of an English physician, a resident in Puerto Espana, who was on board, with the aid of paper-cuttings, green veils, and artificial flowers, contrived to fashion some very pretty wreaths

and a neat semblance of a crucifix. Next morning the cabin was cleared, and large boxes, suitably arranged, and draped over with white cloth, made quite a classic altar. This was festooned, and on its front, in small letters of green baize, was fixed the pregnant abbreviation, "I. H. S." The excitement and *esprit de corps*, which these preparations stirred up in our little circle, made the day decidedly the happiest of our voyage. The padre and his fair charge looked curiously on, and the former, when caught watching us with an air of eager interest, would devoutly cross himself, as if in behalf of us poor heretics, whom he, without doubt, esteemed ignorant worshippers of his God.

The sun went down. The water, bright and placid as a mirror, appeared to feel the sacredness of the hour. The sky was divinely blue, and the stars seemed to burn with unusual lustre. I thought of the shepherds on the Judæan hill-sides, watching their flocks by night, as I never had before. I could easily fancy, standing in the luxurious climate of the tropics, how much real enjoyment there might be, in lying all night in the open air, beneath the skies of Palestine, tending quiet sheep. Although a ship's side was a strange place to suggest to one fine fancies about green slopes, dotted with snowy flocks, and sleeping in the silver garniture of the moon-beams, yet my imagination went so far as to bring a counterfeit of the scene which was acted eighteen hundred years ago, before me. I saw the misty blue of the sky roll away like a curtain from a centre, and the circle filled with a white dazzling effulgence, crossed with auroral flashes, which it is impossible to describe. This heavenly amphitheatre was girded on every side by angels clad in the glistering white of the Mount of Transfiguration—myriads upon myriads lining the whole outside of the circle, and stretching far back into its invisible depths. I saw them lift their harps, and waited for the first swell of that sublimest anthem ever sung within the hearing of earthly ears. But here my imagination faltered. There was nothing in the bushed plashing of the water against the sides of the vessel, or the sharp creaking of the cordage, to suggest ideas of that glorious chorus. I turned my head, and silently followed the sound of the bell, which was to be the signal of the commencement of the evening's exercises.

The services went on. Perhaps the circumstances of the time had wrought me up to a pitch of excitement, but the rich old Eng-

lish of the ritual seemed never to have been read in a tone half so thrilling. The rough old Captain was there, looking a defiance at every body, which at last grew so serious and marked, that I began to suspect him of being deeply affected by the scene. Occasionally he would shake his head so resolutely, that I believed that his own sensibility was the object of his defiance. Full half of the crew were present, with that studious solemnity, which always makes Jack's devotion seem a sort of pious deference to the company present. The passengers, as a body, seemed deeply interested in the scene, and invariably echoed the response of the two or three of our number, who were evidently the only persons among us accustomed to the service. The Spanish girl, her *padré* and servant were in her private cabin. They had treated the invitation to be present politely, but told the Captain that they desired to conduct their devotions in their own apartment and according to the ceremonies of their own church. To which suggestion the Captain retorted with his usual violent affirmative, and menaced the man who should dare to say nay, with his most awful frown. In fact, I believe that, for the special assurance of the *padré*, he vouchsafed to use a round Spanish oath on this occasion.

But I could not but feel a little annoyed at the absence of the beautiful young girl. To tell the plain truth, all the passengers, and myself particularly, had taken a sort of chivalrous interest in the affairs of the fair Spaniard and the young minister. We had read the intense meaning of her glorious eyes, and knew by the very shyness of the youth, that he was carrying on a mighty struggle with himself on account of the beautiful Romanist.—Observing and being convinced of this, we felt outraged that there should be any thing to interfere with so delightful a romance.—In default of surly parents, or jealous duenna, we were obliged to pounce upon sect—religious bigotry—as the infamous meddler that was keeping these young hearts apart. We became liberal apace in our religious views, and, within this little world on ship-board, came to the conclusion that nothing was more malevolent in its influence upon the sweet charities of life and the spontaneous goodness of human hearts, than sectarian animosities. We learned then, what it has taken me all my life since to learn in the great world of society, that such animosities are essentially unchristian, for the reason that they often raise war and division between

you seem to detect the steady intensity of her passion. Maria, therefore, I had perused like an open book, and found that she was heart-sore with an interdicted love; that the young minister had inspired her with a power of passion, which was to her—laboring under the ban of sect—terrible. Such a secret I would not tell, and preferred, therefore, to listen to the speculations of others.

The conversation showed that her uncommon sweetness had completely won over every person on board. The Captain vowed, that, next to his absent daughter Virginia, she was the loveliest lass that ever trod a ship's plank. It was especially amusing to see the manœuvres of speech employed by our clerical friend. He seemed to be in a haze as we talked, and only showed his intelligence of the subject-in-hand by careful confirmations of the opinions advanced. The very caution he showed in tempering his expressions, so as to make his praise faint and moderate, indicated what a concentrated rapture he had within him, which circumstances compelled him to repress. The ladies used their fondest vocabulary in describing the virtues of Maria, and made her out a very flower in sweetness and a dove in gentleness.

The evening was verging towards midnight, when we heard a sudden stamping of feet below as in a chase and pursuit. In another instant, the deck-stairs creaked under the rush of steps and Maria sprung from the scuttle towards us, while the old priest, with arms wide extended after her, was doing his best to catch hold of the skirt of her dress and stop her. In her hand, thrust far out from her body, was a document, which, as she rushed up, she pressed into my two hands. I understood, of course, so marked a gesture, and ten thousand brandished daggers could not have induced me then to relinquish my trust. The padre saw that the case was hopeless and, turning abruptly from the circle into which his chase had conducted him, he retreated down into the cabin. Maria staid close at my side, while I called for a light. Soon after, I had deciphered enough of the document (which Maria told me she had found in the good padre's prayer-book with some comments thereupon on another piece of paper,) to find that it was a copy of Leo XII's permit—of the existence of which Maria had been kept in profound ignorance, allowing Catholics to marry heretics on certain conditions. These conditions amounted to nothing more than the commutation of a little money

everlasting fire and brimstone. Maria, therefore, was perfectly re-assured and beside herself with joy. Drawing her one side, I told her how deeply I sympathized in her delight, and promised her, that the passengers should not know the reason of it ; and read of which had come upon her with crushing weight, as the first flush of excitement had passed off and left her to appreciate the strangeness of her position. Never shall I forget the changing color and starting eyes of the young clergyman, as he passed through the company with Maria hanging on my arm, and went into the cabin. I then asked her, if she feared the padre. With flashing eyes and expanding form, she gave me her reply without saying a word. I knew she was sublimated above fear.

I returned almost immediately, in order to check the surmises in the company, upon deck. There I was greeted with congratulations on my good fortune, called a lucky fellow, assured by the captain, with all the solemnities of his usual oath, that I deserved a girl if any body did, and was, in short, overwhelmed by flattering remarks. What to do I hardly knew. Here was a chance of being admired and respected on very small capital, and also of revealing in part my fair friend's secret. I determined on the instant to let things take their course ; not, however, without a pang of pity for the sad young priest, who had withdrawn to the deck of the vessel, where he leaned over, speechless with despair. Soon after he wandered carelessly off towards the bow of the ship. I waited a few moments and then, with an affected yawn, allowed drowsily, humming a tune, in the same direction. He turned abruptly as I came up, and started back towards the after part of the vessel. I stopped him and called him by name.

"You love Maria,—stop—don't glare at me so ; for, as your father said to night, 'behold I bring you good tidings of great joy.' The fact is, that Maria loves you or some other clerical young ascetic, and has just found out that it is a sin which may be wiped out by a few pistoles. So brighten up and let us talk."

He caught me by the hand, as I finished this bantering speech, and asked me with his eyes, whether I spoke the truth. "I always liked you—trusted you instinctively," said he.

"Well, you will trust me more hereafter : besides, I think I shall have to trust you a long time, in default of your ability to pay down, for the good news I bring you."

There is no need of relating the remainder of our conversation.

Next day, the evergreen mangroves, dallying like water-nymphs in the lake-like blue of the Gulf, along the shores of Trinidad, were just in front of us. The tremendous cliffs, over whose desperate edges masses of verdure were crowded, as if pushed thither by their own luxuriance, were impending on the left. The water lay twinkling in the delicious light of the sun, while far beyond rose the cloud-lost peaks of the Cumana. It was the most enchanting view I ever beheld.

Maria stood, leaning on my arm, in the middle of the deck, while her *padré* was bustling among the baggage which was near at hand. Rev. Mr. — stood modestly a few paces off, looking unutterable things at Maria.

"I wonder," said she, "senor, whether my father will be glad to see his daughter after her four years' absence at a convent?"

We landed and the *padré* took off his charge through the fine rectangular streets of Port of Spain, to her home. The young clergyman and I separated. We were both to visit friends.

I staid upon the Island about three months. The minister and myself called together upon Maria, and found a warm welcome even from the sober old Senor, her father. *Padré* ——— looked gruff and hardly deigned to recognize us. The senor was so delighted at his re-union with his daughter, that he could not restrain the overflow of his affection from falling upon her *compagnons du voyage*.

Before I left, Rev. Mr. ——— had changed his residence. He was visiting his old friend no longer, but was fairly domesticated at the plantation of Maria's father—her accepted lover. He thought that he should stay on the island and pursue the duties of his profession there. He wrung my hand most earnestly at parting, and told me to inform his friends in Yankee-land that he was happy beyond measure. He said that Maria and he agreed on nearly all the points of faith, although he despaired of making her a proselyte. I devoutly wish that my charming friend may not be corrupted by the bad company of some English clergymen on the Island, who were at that time as thorough-bred scape-graces as ever played cards for a pistole, bet on a cock-fight, or told a poor negro that Satan made black men.









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